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DEVOTED TO

Religion, Literature and Social Progress.

W. H. WITHROW, M.A., D.D., F.R.S.C.,
EDITOR.

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CONTENTS

PAGE

AFRICA IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. Frederick Perry Noble, Ph.D. 223
APOSTLES OF THE SOUTH-EAST, THE. Frank T. Bullen. 65, 163, 265, 357
BAXTER, RICHARD, A GREAT PURITAN. Editor. 259, 311
BOOK NOTICES. 94, 191, 287, 383, 478, 571
BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS, THE. 417
CAMP-MEETING, A TYPICAL CANADIAN. Alexander Sutherland, D.D. 405
CANADA: ITS DEVELOPMENT AND DESTINY. Rev. F. A. Wightman. 26, 125, 249
CANADIAN WOMEN, TYPES OF. 498
CASTILIAN SKIES, UNDER. L'Inconnu. 230
CHARITY ORGANIZATION AND THE SOCIAL QUESTION. Rev. J. W. Dickinson. 30
CHARLATAN ELIJAH, A. 529
CHENIER, ANDRE. Pastor Felix (Rev. Arthur John Lockhart). 146
CHINA, WEST, OUR FIRST MARTYR IN. Rev. George E. Hartwell. 445
CHINESE HATRED OF FOREIGNERS. Rev. George Owen, Pekin, China. 118
CHRISTMAS CAROLS. 559
CHRISTMAS CONVERSION AND WHAT CAME OF IT, A. Rev. Arthur Browning. 541
CONFERENCES, THE. 81
CONFERENCE IN CORNWALL, THE. 474
COREAN HILLS, AMID. Pictor Ignotus. 130
CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS. 85, 182, 277, 377, 467, 563
DE LA SALLE—THE DISCOVERER OF THE GREAT WEST. Editor. 109
DEWART, DEATH OF THE REV. DR. 91
DUTY THAT LAY NEAREST, THE. Mrs. A. H. Doane. 61
EIGHTEENTH CENTURY PENTECOST, THE. Rev. J. S. Ross, D.D. 439
EMERSON CENTENNIAL, THE. Hamilton Wright Mabie. 14
EPWORTHIANS IN DETROIT, THE. 281
FUTURE OF THE AMERICAN NEGRO, THE. Booker T. Washington. 343
GREAT REVIVAL, IMMEDIATE RESULTS OF THE. Rev. James Henderson, D.D. 24
HAND THAT FALTERED, THE. Maude Petitt, B.A. 77
HAWTHORNE'S MASTERPIECE. Frank C. Lockwood, Ph.D. 58
HUMBERT SWINDLE, THE. Eugene P. Lyle, Jr. 172
IRELAND, PICTURESQUE. 387
JAPAN, OUR FIRST DAYS IN. L'Inconnu. 43
JERRY MCAULEY'S PRAYER-MEETING. George Kennan. 348
KESWICK MOVEMENT, THE. 424
KING STREET METHODIST CHURCH, TORONTO. 89
KIPLING, RUDYARD. E. M. Graham. 400
LYNCHERS AND LAW BREAKERS. 469
MECHANICAL CONCEPTION OF THE UNIVERSE, THE. Rev. William Harrison. 411
MILN, THE LATE MR. ROBERT. 286
MOON, GLIMPSES AT THE. A. D. AUSTIN. 339
NORWAY, A CANADIAN IN. Arthur Coleman, Ph.D. 195
ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE, WHITBY—INSIDE THE WALLS. Mabel Burkholder. 506
OXFORD MOVEMENT, THE. Editor. 432
PARIS THE BEAUTIFUL. Christopher Cross. 99
PEARSE, THE REV. MARK GUY. W. Scott King. 177
PROVIDENCE AND PALESTINE—THE RETURN OF THE JEWS. Israel Zangwill. 316
RELIGION IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOL, THE PLACE OF. John Millar, B.A. 516
RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE. 89, 186, 281, 380, 473, 568
REST AND FATIGUE. G. Stanley Hall. 523
ROMANCE OF THE RED RIVER SETTLEMENT, THE. Editor. 420
ROMANCE OF THE FUR TRADE, THE. 330
ROME REVISITED. The Editor. 291
SALISBURY, LORD, DEATH OF. 375
SANGSTER, CHARLES. The late Rev. E. H. Dewart, D.D. 427
SCIENCE NOTES. 189, 465
SEALING OFF THE GRAND BANKS. Patrick L. McGrath. 3
SIFTON, THE HON. CLIFFORD. 181
SINGULAR LIFE, A. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward. 452, 554
SOME DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE I HAVE MET. Mrs. de Touffe Lauder. 253, 305
SPONGE FISHERS, AMONG THE. 321
STORM CENTRE OF EUROPE, THE. Rev. Henry Otis Dwight, LL.D. 33

PAGE

SWINBURNE, A STUDY OF, FROM HIS SHORTER POEMS. Maude Petitt, B.A..... 138
TENNYSON, MAN AND POET. Sydney Hope..... 537
UNDERGROUND RAILWAY, THE. Editor..... 52, 153, 215
VISION OF THE SOUL, THE. Ian Maclaren..... 372
WESLEY'S DOCTRINE OF CHRISTIAN PERFECTION. Rev. N. Burwash, S.T.D., LL.D..... 272, 368
WESLEY, JOHN—A PROPHET OF THE CHRISTIAN FAITH. The late Dean Farrar, D.D..... 20
WHISTLER, JAMES ABBOTT M'NEILL—AN ECCENTRIC ARTIST..... 396
WILLMOTT, MISS SARAH. Rev. W. H. Adams..... 449
WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY..... 189
WORLD'S FAIR, CANADA AT THE..... 552
YON STOUT MAN..... 364
ZUYDER ZEE, DRAINING THE..... 483

POETRY.

ADORATION. Sydney Hope..... 280
AUTUMN RAIN..... 410
BALLAD OF LONDON RIVER, THE. May Byron..... 128
BARBARA HECK. James B. Kenyon..... 1
BETHLEHEM. Maria Elmendorf Lillie..... 515
CHRISTMAS Amy Parkinson..... 522
CHRISTMAS. Phillips Brooks..... 528
CHRISTMAS BELLS. Adene Williams..... 557
CITY OF DAVID, THE. Charles Hanson Towne..... 540
CURE OF THE FIELDS, THE..... 127
CZAR'S VISION, THE. Frances E. W. Harper..... 222
EACH AND ALL. Ralph Waldo Emerson..... 19
EMERSON. Rev. Benjamin Copeland..... 19
EMERSON'S GRAVE, AT. Charlotte Brewster Jordan..... 25
EVENTIDE, AT. Sydney Hope..... 248
FOR CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE MORNING..... 562
GROWING OLD..... 271
HATE. S. M. Baker Hudson..... 57
HEIGHTS AND DEPTHS. Amy Parkinson..... 416
LIFE IN THE SPIRIT. R. W. Emerson..... 64
LITTLE WHITE BEGGARS, THE..... 144
LOCAL PREACHER, THE. Rev. Mark Guy Pearse..... 450
LURE OF THE WOODLAND, THE. Clinton Scollard..... 137
MADONNA, THE. Sophie Jewett..... 536
MENACE TO THE TOWER, THE. Edwin Markham..... 444
MIZPAH..... 438
MOTHER, THE. Dora Sigerson..... 124
MY LADY. Helen A. Walker..... 264
NATIVITY, THE. Sir Edwin Arnold..... 543
NATURE WORSHIPPER, THE. Silas Salt..... 288
NOT COMFORTLESS. Amy Parkinson..... 376
NOVEMBER..... 404
OUR CHRISTMAS SONG. Mary Lowe Dickinson..... 481
PRAYER FOR THE CITY, A. F. M. N..... 180
RECESSIONAL. Charles G. D. Roberts..... 289
REST. Grace S. Brown..... 320
ROSE-MIRACLE, THE. J. H. Fowler..... 29
SALISBURY, K.G., P.C., ETC., ROBERT ARTHUR TALBOT GASCOYNE-CECIL, THIRD MARQUIS OF 385
SEA OF FAITH, THE. Frederick Lawrence Knowles..... 395
SEA IN AUTUMN. C. A. Price..... 363
SHINE OUT, O STAR! Mary Lowe Dickinson..... 542
SINCE ELLEN CAME. Douglas B. Hemmeon..... 64
SUNRISE AND SUNSET. Edith Carter..... 329
SUMMER'S OVER-SOUL. Richard Realf..... 162
TO-DAY. Amy Parkinson..... 258
TO THOSE IN THE VALLEY. A. J. Waterhouse..... 356
TRUE LIFE. Susie E. Kennedy..... 286
TRANSLATED. E. J. A..... 367
TROUBLE-TOSSED. Amy Parkinson..... 310
WAITING. J. S. C..... 384
WESLEY, JOHN. Rev. David H. Ela, D.D..... 84
WESLEY, JOHN. Richard Watson Gilder, LL.D., L.H.D..... 462
WORDSWORTH. R. Boal..... 220

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W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor

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"WE HAD PAUSED A MOMENT AT THE ENTRANCE TO A JAPANESE TEMPLE."

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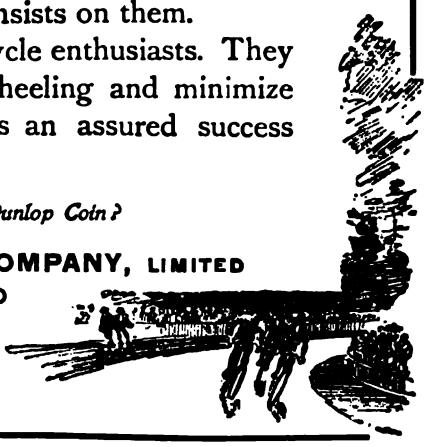

52

These are the only Tools you'll Need.

BARBARA HECK.

BY JAMES B. KENYON.

"OLD BLUE CHURCH YARD."

BURIAL-PLACE OF PAUL AND BARBARA HECK, NEAR PRESCOTT.

THE HECK TOMBSTONE TO THE LEFT.

Below the whispering pines she lies,
Far from the busy world's loud roar;
Above her bend the north's wan skies,
The broad St. Lawrence sweeps before.

A humble woman, pure of heart,
Hers was no dream of age-long fame;
Yet even in the dusty mart
Remembered is her lowly name.

She sleeps the changeful years away;
Her couch its holy quiet keeps;
While some meek pilgrim, day by day,
Turns thither from the world and weeps.

O plenteous tears of grateful love,
Keep green and fresh her grassy bed!
O minstrel birds that brood above,
Sing sweetly o'er the peaceful dead!

Amid the silent sleepers round,
She sleeps, nor heeds Time's wintry gust;
Tread softly, this is hallowed ground,
And mouldering here lies sacred dust.

O world, roll on your noisy way!
O years, go by with wrong and wreck!
But till the dawn of God's great day
Shall live the name of Barbara Heck.

—*American Illustrated Methodist Magazine.*

39 DE#3 6A

ST. JOHNS HARBOUR AT SUNSET.

S.S. "MASTIFF" WORKING BY STEAM, SAIL, AND TOW-LINE THROUGH THE HARBOUR ICE.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

JULY, 1903.

SEALING OFF THE GRAND BANKS.

BY PATRICK L. M'GRATH.

THE NARROWS, ST. JOHNS HARBOUR.

SEAL fishing off Newfoundland is attended with excitement and adventure such as few other pursuits provide. Strictly speaking, it is not a "fishery" at all, but a hunt. The seals are found on the great Arctic ice-floes, and the killing is done there, the hunters ranging over the crystal plains and making regular battues among the helpless herds.

The industry is a remarkable one. It occupies only six weeks in early spring, employs twenty steamers, and 4,000 men, and if successful yields a return of about $350,000. From the departure of the fleet to the ice-fields until the return of the first ships, two or three weeks later, personal anxiety dwells throughout the community, because the venture is associated with such frequent dire disaster that another catastrophe is always dreaded. Scarcely a season passes without some gruesome tragedy, and it is not surprising that anxious hearts should eagerly await the news from the earliest home-comer.

Amid the floes that skirt the coast of Labrador the sealmen ply their adventurous trade. The whited

solitudes are invaded by the hurrying ships and the purity of the ocean-borne fields is stained crimson with the blood of thousands of young seals, killed at their mothers' sides. Frightful storms sweep the region and carry death or mutilation to the luckless hunters who may be caught far from their ships as nightfall approaches.

40,000, and as 4,000 are engaged in the seal hunt, practically every family has a relative among the sealers. Thus it is that the return of the first ship is counted among the chief events of the year; thousands throng the wharves to cheer her as she enters St. Johns Harbour, and the news she brings is especially wired to every section of the colony.

S.S. "NEWFOUNDLAND" IN THE ICE-FIELDS.

The seal fishery begins the industrial year in Newfoundland, and is reckoned of double importance for its intrinsic value and for the impetus a successful quest imparts to the other occupations which follow later in the season. The adult male population of the island is about

In bygone days the seals were taken in nets or hunted in small boats along the shore. Gradually decked crafts were substituted, these being in turn replaced by schooners, which forty years ago gave way to the all-conquering advance of steam. The steamers used in the fishery are

A SEALER IN THE FIELD ICE.

built of wood, stout and strong, their bows being from four to six feet thick, of solid timber, with stem shod with iron bands, so that she can be used as a battering-ram if occasion require, being backed away and driven at fullest speed against a floe, which her impact seams and splinters in every direction. The steamers are from 300 to 500 tons register, short and squat, and they are so firmly constructed as to be able to withstand almost any pressure on their sides. They make about seven knots and are splendid sea boats. All the American explorers who, during the past thirty years, have ventured into the Arctic regions by the Greenland route, have used these ships to transport them there.

The seal fishery opens on March 10th, the steamers not being allowed to sail before sunrise on that day. A very unpleasant feature of the business is the crowding of the men on board the ships without much regard to the conditions essential to health and cleanliness. The precarious character of the industry necessitates large companies of hunters to effect the killing and loading in the shortest time, and from 200 to 300 men are taken on steamers that for ordinary purposes require from twelve to twenty. These large contingents are packed aboard like sardines, without regard for sanitation or material comforts, with the minimum of space, light, and air. To save space on the homeward journey their sleeping quarters are all crammed with pelts, while the men themselves must sleep about the decks at night. The home-coming sealer is anything but attractive. He is black with coal, begrimed

"THE MEN POUR OUT OF THE SHIP UPON THE ICE."

with dirt, and unsavoury with the blubber that coats his outer garments.

The problem of existence is altogether a relative one. The utmost a sealman can earn with a "log loaded" ship is $50, and the average is about $28, and this is obtained through toil more exacting, discomfort more complete, and danger more intense than falls to the lot of almost any civilized people to-day. Yet thousands of men are eager for a place on the ships who cannot be accommodated. During March and April, when this industry is prosecuted, the floes blockade the seaboard and prevent other fishing. The coast folk, therefore, crowd into St. Johns, seeking "berths for the ice," a demand far in excess of what the steamers can meet. Many men come long distances on foot—tramping through the snow to the city on this quest, and it is pitiful to see so many of them going back hungry, sad, and disappointed. Oftentimes the Government has to find them food, and a passage home. Until last year there were no surgeons carried by the ships. Then an experiment was tried, of putting doctors on six of the twenty, but it is doubtful whether it will be repeated. The medicine chest is in charge of the steward, who deals out doses of salts or pills, according to his best judgment.

The Alaska or fur seal is valued for the rich, soft velvet fur which ladies love. This seal is killed in rookeries along the Pacific islets, or when swimming in the ocean there. The Newfoundland or hair seal is valued for its skin and fat, the former being converted into leather and the latter used for various purposes. The finest grades of Russia and patent leather are made from

these skins, and when split they are manufactured into "kid" gloves. The oil forms a basis for high-priced scented soaps, and with the stearin extracted is used in lieu of "olive oil," from which it cannot be detected. The stearin gives it a fishy smell, but as soon as this is removed a pale golden, odourless fluid remains, as pure as the product expressed from Lucca's fruit.

"WHO IS THIS RUDE MAN?"

There are two species of Newfoundland seals, the Harp and the Hood. Of their habits very little is known. They spend the summer and autumn in the far Arctic seas, and on the approach of winter migrate southward. The Harp gets his name from a curious marking on the back, the Hood from a bladder of skin like a monk's cowl, which lies behind its head, and which it inflates when angry. The Harps are mild and inoffensive, placid to cowardice; so harmless that boys of twelve and fourteen, taken to the ice as an excursion, kill them by the score. One captain's son, aged twelve, killed 106 last season, and a chum accounted for 118. The Hoods, on the other hand, are wild and fierce, plucky as bulldogs, and dangerous when aroused. Both come south about the same time, when the winter floes are swept along by the Arctic current. The Harps are gregarious and herd in great armies on the vast plains of sheet ice formed along Labrador. The Hoods are solitary and contentious, and prefer the rough, shapeless masses broken from the Greenland glaciers. The set of the current always keeps the

Hoods outside the coast ice, exposed to the Atlantic swell, and guarding, as it were, the Harps who are between them and the shore.

The young seals are born on the ice-fields, about the end of February, when the floes are off the southern part of Labrador. By the middle of March, when the steamers reach them, the young maturity. To admit of easy access to the ocean in which they fish, the Harps make "blow holes" through the ice, and it is a well established fact, that no matter how large the herd is, every mother seal, leaving her offspring in the morning to procure the day's food, will return to it unerringly at night, though the floes may have drifted miles and been swung half round the

TOWING SEALS.

have grown sufficiently to warrant killing. The young seals are the great prize sought, their skin and oil being the best; but if they cannot be got in sufficient numbers, the ships are glad to fill up by slaying the old ones. The young are known as "whitecoats," because of their soft, creamy covering of hair, that is pallid as the snow they lie upon, which they retain till compass meanwhile. This is a strange evidence of maternal instinct. The reverse is, that when the "pup" has learned to swim—for it must be taught—the mother's love fails and she leaves the youngster to shift for itself.

The Hoods do not need "blow holes," as each family has its own pan, with the water right at hand. The mother displays the same in-

stinct, however. The pups weigh about six pounds at birth, but grow with amazing rapidity, attaining about fifty pounds weight within a month. It is at this time that the hunters descend upon them, and a shipload of them is the most valuble prize known to colonial commerce. The "whitecoats" are too inert to move; they lie and await the hunter with big, pleading eyes, and a strange, human-like whimper, such as that of a baby in distress. So real in its seeming is this plaint that at night young sealmen cannot be persuaded that children are not crying on the floe, and even in the act of slaughter, the sob has been known to unman hardened voyagers.

The whitecoats are killed by a heavy blow on the head from a stout, iron-tipped club or "gaff," which fractures the skull. The body is then cut open; the skin, with its adherent layer of rich, golden fat, known as the "pelt," is separated from the valueless carcass, and this "pelt" is dragged to the ship by the sealmen by means of a "hauling rope" which is part of his outfit. But if the ship is too far off, a large heap of pelts is made on a "pan," or flat islet of ice, being marked with a flag by day and a torch by night, so that she may pick them up as she cruises along behind the hunters.

The parent seals are more difficult to kill, however, especially the Hoods. Upon the cowl the hunter may rain blows unavailingly, while the fierce old creatures menace him with teeth and claw-tipped flippers, and it often happens that the assailant has to beat a retreat. The male seals, or "dogs," are the most ferocious, and no one man will attack them unless he carries a rifle. Two comrades sometimes tackle one, but usually a third is called on, who takes the brute in rear, while the others wait their chance to get in a stunning blow, after which the task is an easy one. The "dog" will, however, desert his offspring if he sees a prospect of escaping, but the female will never leave the side of her "pup," but will die with it. She is the animal most dreaded by the sealmen, for her maternal instinct goads her to desperation, and she displays marvellous quickness in dodging about the floe, avoiding the strokes of the hunters and seeking to draw them away from her offspring. Sometimes a reckless assailant approaches too near and gets a blow from her flipper which strips him of half his clothing, or a bite from her sharp, strong teeth which will mark him to his dying day.

The Hoods are less valuable than the Harps, which yield a finer oil. A man can range amongst the Harps and kill from fifty to seventy in a day without unusual exertion, but in hunting the Hoods he may not get more than twenty in the same period, and to secure these puts his life in peril time and again. It is no pleasant pastime to traverse these ice plains and chase the wary seals. The tracts which the Harps frequent are seamed and broken by the waves and cross-currents, and into one of these an incautious hunter frequently plunges up to his neck. The "blow holes" of the seals, by which they reach the water, invite a like mishap, and the "young ice," the result of a night's frost and a slight covering of snow, is even more dangerous, because when it gives way it is next to impossible for a victim to reach a part substantial enough to bear his weight. Therefore the hunters travel in pairs, one assisting the other in time of danger, and if a man falls in he strips himself naked behind a hummock, which will shelter him from the breeze, and then wrings out his garments and dons them again. Only men of splendid

physique and long endurance of hardship can withstand such experiences, and it is of these men the sealing army is composed.

Hunting the Hoods is a still more dangerous enterprise. The scattered fragments have to be searched, and to jump from one to another calls for decided activity and daring, as a misstep may cost a man his life. The currents and tides also send the pans in various directions, and a sealer is often carried long distances before he can find a tract closely connected enough to serve as a roadway home to his ship.

The seals are usually taken in the latitude of Belleisle Strait, and the hunt lasts about six weeks, though most ships, if the conditions are propitious, return fully laden within a month. The "catch" or load of a ship varies with her size and that of the seals themselves. The young ones cannot be taken before March 12th, and the fishery closes on April 20th. The whitecoats usually weigh about fifty pounds, when at their prime; if under forty pounds they are termed "cats," and are not usually taken. The largest number of seals ever got by one ship was 41,993 by the "Neptune," in 1896, but a goodly proportion consisted of "cats." Indeed, it was this instance of the slaughter of immature whitecoats which caused the enactment of the measure forbidding the killing before March 12th, thus giving the youngsters two more days to grow, during which they add about four pounds to their weight daily. A full load of prime young seals for our largest ships would be about 38,000, and each pelt would at least bring $1.50, so a cargo obtained within two or three weeks nets almost $60,000.

TOWING A "PAN" OF SEALS TO THE SHIP.

This is divided into three shares —one for the ship, a second for the outfitter, and the third for the crew, according to their different ratings. The ordinary hunters make about $40 each, riflemen get an extra $5, masters-of-watch something more, and the captain a percentage on the entire catch. With a full ship he will sometimes make $2,000, the

investment frequently yielding 30 to 40 per cent. for the owner and outfitter. On the other hand, if the season be unsuccessful, the owner has to bear all the loss, for the sealing laws forbid him to carry over the charges against the men from one year to another, a pernicious practice which, while it prevailed, had the effect of making the hunters veritable serfs of the merchants. A bad year now means nothing worse to the men than the loss of a month's labour, for they are fed by the ship, and if they remained at home could find nothing to do.

The uninitiated can form no idea of the vastness of the floes which are expelled from the northern regions each year, or of the size of the seal herds. Thousands of the seals make their way into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, through Belleisle Strait, and some of the steamers pursue them there, but the main "catch" drifts down along the eastern seaboard of Newfoundland. To locate the herds is a task demanding a keen combination of judgment and experience. Some years the ships overrun the herds altogether and fail to secure even an average catch. At other seasons the weather is so stormy that the floes are broken and scattered, and the seals take to the water, with the same result. One spring the ships were scouring the ocean near Belleisle Strait, while the passengers upon transatlantic liners were treated to the novel spectacle of thousands of seals gamboling on the ice islets as the greyhounds raced along the ocean lane south of the Grand Banks. Generally, however, the seal-boats strike the herds at the first trial, spread over a floe many miles in extent, and in such multitudes that a battue of 350,000 is made within a fortnight, while as many more seals escape to help swell the numbers for another year.

The post of captain of a sealing steamer is one of great importance in the colony, and is usually the stepping-stone to legislative honours. It calls for no ordinary courage to start off at daybreak in quest of seals on a floe extending over many miles. The ship may steam out of sight and the men be scattered all over the ice. The pelts have then to be "panned," and the hunter drags his "tow," consisting of five or six pelts, to the pan chosen and displays the ship's flags. Sometimes he has to "haul his tow" for miles, repeating the operation as frequently as he can. The sealing laws prohibit any killing on Sundays in deference to a sentiment among a large section of our people against violating the Sabbath, but it is not to be supposed from this that the men enjoy a day of rest. The following literal extract from the log of one skipper, written in all innocence, and published in the St. Johns papers, sheds a luminous reflection upon sealing methods:

"Sunday, March 25th. This being the Lord's day no seals were taken. Crew busy hoisting seals aboard and trimming coal in bunkers."

A contrast to him was the skipper who, being charged with sailing before the proper hour, and killing seals before and after the prescribed dates, and also on Sundays, remarked to his lawyer, "I've broken all the laws; do your best for me!"

Two skippers were in a very convivial mood one evening after their return from the ice, and one, in a burst of bibulous over-confidence, observed: "I've often intended to own up to you, J—, that I took 3,000 of your seals last year off Cape Fogo!" "That's all right, B—," returned the other, "I took 4,000 of yours the year before off the Grey Islands!" All sorts of devices are tried by the captains to gain a march on their adversaries. One of the youngest skippers, childlike and bland, played an ungener-

ous trick upon two others who, with him, were lying by a small "patch" of seals one Sunday night, awaiting for the midnight hour. Skipper No. 1 put the hands of his clock fifteen minutes ahead, called his assistants into his cabin for their last instructions, then, when the clock struck, rushed his whole crew over the side and gobbled up the whole "patch" ere his rivals realized how they had been jockeyed.

A naive story is told of the religious simplicity of some of these sealmen. One captain had taken a crew composed almost wholly of Catholics. A few "black sheep" were, however, included, and one of the former, after the ship's return, was telling that it was the first time he had ever been shipmates with Protestants. "But," he observed, "they were first-rate fellows. I didn't see any great difference in them from ourselves. They used to come down every night and say the rosary with us." Then, as an afterthought, he remarked, "*But it was mighty lucky for them that they did!*"

The most awful story in the annals of the sealing trade is the wreck of the "Greenland," in 1898, when forty-eight men lost their lives and sixty-five more were fearfully frost-bitten, but this is only one of the disasters of the icefields, and the sealmen are always harried by the horror of the long and melancholy list of past tragedies. Misadventures often occur, when the floes are driven in on the shore, as they are some years, giving a chance to the settlers on the northern coast to reap a portion of the harvest. Its advent is gleefully hailed by them, for a seal taken in this way is as good as three taken at sea, there being no shipowner to claim two shares. And yet it has the element of danger more fearful perhaps than the other. No position could be more perilous than that of the men who go forth on these dazzling, treacherous floes, to seek the spoil they bear. If the wind change, the ice is driven to sea as suddenly as it appears, and there are no steamers among the fleet, to which the men can make for rescue. Usually they go several miles from the shore, where the ice is not packed tightly,

"BACHELOR DIGGINGS."

as it is there the seals are found, having blow-holes or breathing places, by which to reach the surface of the floes. When the wind changes, it is this ice which is first acted upon, and the men are cut off from land before they know it. Then, it may be hours before the floes which bar the harbour are loosened sufficiently to admit of boats or schooners being despatched to their aid, by which time they are, only too frequently, driven beyond reach of human help, and perish miserably of cold and hunger.

Every year has records of grim disaster ; every cove and hamlet sends forth its breadwinners, and mourns the loss of some of its bravest and best; every family has some connection, more or less direct, with the bitter tragedy of the floes. The story of one such is the common tale of all. The vast ice plain gleaming to the horizon's rim is dotted with men, and steadily they move on, killing seals where they can and adding to their spoils while they may. The ice is in irregular pieces, rafted into fantastic shapes, both treacherous and tiresome to travel over. Then a land breeze springs up, the outer floes begin to move, and the scramble for life begins. The hunters, completely alarmed, start for home, exerting every nerve to reach the land before the inner rim of ice has separated from it. Many who have killed seals are forced to abandon them ; others, more fortunate, contrive to drag them to land. Men land where they can, many finding themselves miles from home, and quite as many are at death's door more than once before reaching terra-firma. When darkness comes on, signal lights are shown from the hilltops, and all through the night stragglers are wearily dragging themselves to land, directed by these guiding lights. But some are caught in the awful grip of the " Ice King " and carried out to sea, where in the chill Arctic night, far from home and help, they render up their souls to their Maker. The seal hunt is inseparably associated with disaster and death, and beneath the joy with which the Newfoundlanders hail the reports of a big catch, is the ever-present, heart-searching query, " What will it cost in human life ?"—*Frank Leslie's Monthly.*

FISH-FLAKES, ST. JOHNS.

THE EMERSON CENTENNIAL.*

BY HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE.

EMERSON was born in what has become one of the busiest sections of Boston; but when the future poet and thinker opened his eyes in this world, on the 25th day of May, 1803, it was in a Congregational parsonage "in the silence of retirement, yet in the centre of the territory of the metropolis," where, to continue the words of his father, "we may worship the Lord our God."

Favourable conditions conspired in Emerson's ancestry, birth, and childhood to make him peculiarly sensitive to the influence of star and field and wood, by familiarizing him with the simplest habits of life and centring his interest in the things of the mind. He was the child of a long line of highly educated and poorly paid ministers; men who had the tastes and resources of scholars, but whose ways of living were as frugal as the ways of the poorest farmers to whom they preached. "We are poor and cold, and have little meal, and little wood, and little meat," wrote his father at the close of his Harvard pastorate and on the eve of the removal to Boston, "but, thank God, courage enough."

The moral fibre of the stock was as vigorous as its life had been self-denying and abstemious; but it must not be imagined that the long line of ministers behind Emerson were pallid ascetics. When his father was on the edge of death, he wrote to a relative: "You will think me better, because of the levity with

R. Waldo Emerson

IN 1881.

which this page is blurred. Threads of this levity have been interwoven with the entire web of my life." This touch of gaiety could hardly be called levity; it was, rather, the overflow of a very deep spring in the hearts of a race of men and women who kept their indebtedness to external conditions at the lowest, in order that they might possess and use freely the amplest intellectual and spiritual means. Again and again, in the simple but noble annals of this family, whose name was on the college roll in every generation, one comes upon the fruit of this kind of frugality of appetite in the fine use of common things, and, above all, in an intimate sense of access to Nature and the right to draw freely on her resources of beauty and power.

There were Emersons in the pulpit in Ipswich and Mendon, but it

* Abridged from the New York Outlook.

is upon Peter Bulkeley, grandfather at the seventh remove of Ralph Waldo, that attention rests as typical ancestor. He was descended, one of the oldest of the colonial chronicles tells us, from an honourable family of Bedfordshire ; educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, was given a goodly benefice, but found himself later unable to conform to the services of the English Church ; came to New England in 1635, and after a brief stay in Cambridge "carried a good Number of Planters with him, up further into the *Woods*, where they gathered the *Twelfth Church*, then formed in the Colony, and call'd the Town by the Name of Concord."

William Emerson, who came five generations later, was as notable a leader in Concord as his great-great-grandfather had been. When the miniature but immensely significant fight in which

"... the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world,"

took place at the bridge, he stood on the steps of the Old Manse, which he had built ten years before, and was kept out of the fray only by the vigorous intervention of his friends.

In 1834, when Ralph Waldo Emerson was at the end of his period of apprenticeship, had withdrawn from the pulpit and made his first memorable trip to Europe, he went back to the Old Manse in Concord as to his ancestral home ; henceforth he was to know no other.

In September of the following year Emerson took his young wife to live in the house which was to be his home to the end. The village of Concord was then the quietest of rural communities ; no trains connected it with Boston ; no literary pilgrims visited it ; no city folk had discovered it. The country which was to be the background of Emerson's life and work was in such consonance with his temper and habits that, as in the case of Wordsworth and the English lake country, it is not fanciful to trace a real rather than an accidental relation and resemblance between the men and the landscapes they loved. In a very true sense, all history and all countries were behind Emerson's thought and work ; he seemed to have the two hemispheres in his brain, one lobe being Oriental and the other Occidental. In certain moods he was of the East as distinctly as in the applications and urgency of his thought he was of the West.

He moved lightly through the store-house of the past, with sound knowledge of what it contained and with a sure instinct of finding what was of value to him. He borrowed generously, as he had a right, from the capital of the race, and in every case he repaid the loan at a high rate of interest.

Cosmopolitan as Emerson was in his interests, his surroundings, his tastes, he was nevertheless a true New Englander of the Concord quality. No one roamed further, but no one was a more devout home-keeper. He was eager to get the spiritual product, the deposit in the spirit, of the strain and storm of life ; but he hugged his own hearth and was content to hear faint echoes of the tumult of life in the distance. A cosmopolitan in the range of his intelligence, he was a provincial in his habits and personal associations; and this was the prime characteristic of Concord. To a European it must have been a place of extraordinary contrasts ; it was the home of the loftiest idealism and of the simplest manner of life. The little group of men and women of culture, among whom Emerson took his place by personal and hereditary right, shared this habit of rural or rustic simplicity with the farmer folk, who surrounded them. In the

old-fashioned farm-houses, which stood and still stand along the roads, or hidden among trees in sheltered nooks, there was a mingled air of thrift and generosity. They were built on ample lines, and their frugality was tempered by hospitality. The living was of the plainest ; the mug of hard cider and the pot of beans were in every house; but there were also reverence, sobriety, respect for learning, the peace of God, and a love of liberty that had elements of passion in it.

ment of one of these "embattled farmers," "that he went to the services of the day with the same seriousness and acknowledgment of God which he carried to the church." The spirit of the best in New England is revealed in these few words. They feared God, but they feared nothing else; they held to the highest truths in the simplest speech ; and the best of them carried the world in their minds and stayed quietly at home.

The peculiarity of the New Eng-

THE OLD MANSE, EMERSON'S EARLY HOME AT CONCORD.

"These poor farmers, who came up that day to defend their native soil," said Emerson in a memorable historical address, "acted from the simplest instincts ; they did not know it was a deed of fame they were doing. These men did not babble of glory; they never dreamed their children would contend which had done the most. They supposed they had a right to their corn and their cattle—without paying tribute to any but their own governors. And as they had no fear of man, they yet did have a fear of God." And he recalls the simple state-

land hermit has not been his desire to get near to God, but his anxiety to get away from man. In later years, when Concord had become a Mecca, a whimsical self-consciousness was sometimes evident in the more individualistic members of the community. Alcott said that Thoreau thought he lived in the centre of the universe and would annex the rest of the planet to Concord ; while Thoreau's view of his own relation to the place is reflected in his confession : "Almost I believe the Concord would not rise and over-

flow its banks again were I not here." This note of superiority did not escape the keen-witted neighbours of Thoreau. "Henry talks about Nature," said Madame Hoar, "just as if she'd been born and brought up in Concord."

Emerson was the highest type of this mingled frugality of the life of the body and generosity of the life of the mind; of this harmonization of the highest and broadest interest with the simplest domesticity. He seemed to affect in dress and manner a slight rusticity as heightening the effect of his thought, as the slight hesitation of his speech in public address brought out the marvellous felicity of his diction. He would not have disclaimed the compliment of being called the "Yankee Plato;" so entirely content was he to be a resident of Concord as well as a citizen of the world.

Hawthorne has given us a characteristic report of the strange folk to be met in Concord in the days of the "newness": "It was necessary to go but a little way beyond my threshold before meeting with stranger moral shapes of men than might have been encountered elsewhere in a circuit of a thousand miles. These hobgoblins of flesh and blood were attracted thither by the wide-spreading influence of a great original thinker, who had his earthly abode at the opposite extremity of our village. His mind acted upon other minds of a certain constitution with wonderful magnetism, and drew many men upon long pilgrimages to speak with him face to face."

The foremost idealist of the New World, Emerson rendered incalculable service to the cause he had at heart by holding it clean and clear above the touch of fanaticism, impracticable experiment, and the bitterness of the egoistical reformer. In April, 1824, two years before he took refuge in Concord, "stretched beneath the pines," Emerson wrote the poem which expresses the deepest instinct of his nature and the tranquillity and detachment he was to find in the quiet village:

Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home:
. . . . . .
I am going to my own hearthstone,
Bosomed in yon green hills alone,—
A secret nook in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned;
Where arches green, the livelong day,
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
And vulgar feet have never trod
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;
And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the love and the pride of man,
At the sophist schools and the learned clan;
For what are they all, in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?

Emerson was in no sense a hermit; an inveterate traveller of the mind, he was, for his time, an experienced traveller among his kind. His trips to Europe were memorable by reason of his quick and decisive insight, of which the "English Traits" is a permanent record; and by reason of what he brought back in broader sympathies and clearer discernment of the great race qualities. He was for many years a familiar and honoured figure on the lyceum platform in distant sections of the country, and he came to have a wide knowledge of the United States of the middle decades of the nineteenth century. He had a keen appetite for good talk, and he was often seen in Cambridge and Boston in social gatherings, great and small. But his genius was essentially meditative; he brooded over his subjects until they cleared themselves in his mind.

Tranquillity and peace were Concord's possessions by reason of its isolation and of the conformation of its landscape. It was a shire-town, and it had business relations with lumbermen and farmers who came to it for supplies. The life of the time was exceedingly deliberate in

movement, and the passage of several stages a day did not make a fever in the blood of the villagers. Emerson found there seclusion without isolation, and solitude and silence tempered with the most congenial companionship.

The Old Manse, in which he lived for the first year, is a dignified old house, in a locality of heroic tradition, in a place of singularly reposeful beauty, in so quiet an air that one can easily overhear the whisperings of the pines. Under its roof generations of gentlefolk have lived frugally and in loyal devotion to the highest interests of the spirit; from colonial days books of classic quality have been within reach in the halls and rooms; in a small room at the back of the house Hawthorne wrote a part of the "Mosses from an Old Manse," and Emerson wrote "Nature." When the latter appeared anonymously, the question, "Who is the author of 'Nature'?" brought out the reply "God and Ralph Waldo Emerson."

If tranquillity is the distinctive note of Concord, a tinge of something dim and shadowy seems to touch the Old Manse and impart to it, not gloom nor sadness, but something of the twilight effect of the pine groves. In this rural community, snugly at home in a landscape full of repose, Emerson found the best conditions for his growth and work, and through his long life lived on most intimate terms with his nearest and most companionable neighbour, Nature. "Hail to the quiet fields of my fathers!" he wrote when he had settled himself in the Old Manse. "Not wholly unattended by supernatural friendship and favour let me come hither. Bless my purposes as they are simple and virtuous. . . Henceforth I design not to utter any speech, poem, or book that is not entirely and peculiarly my work. I will say, at public lectures and the like, those things which I have meditated for their own sake and not for the first time with a view to that occasion." In these words is to be found the secret of his relation to Concord and of his beautiful and fruitful life; he came to Nature as to the word of God, and he gave the world only the ripe fruit of his quiet, meditative, consecrated life. The twin activities of his spirit found their field and their inspiration under the open sky. With him, as with Wordsworth, his working-room was out-doors; his writing-room was the place where he made a record of his hours and studies under the open sky. No season barred the woods to his eager feet; he was abroad in winter as in summer, and he loved lonely walks at night, finding companionship with the stars full of inspiration.

The pine woods brought him some of his happiest moods and many of his most felicitous thoughts and phrases. In all weathers he went abroad alert and expectant, waiting serenely and confidently on the ancient oracles; and, holding himself in this trustful, receptive attitude, the pines became for him

> "Pipes through which the breath of God doth blow
> A momentary music."

Emerson was not a successful farmer, though he had the respect of the practical farmers about him, and was known as "a first-rate neighbour and one who always kept his fences up;" his business was not with the acres, but with the landscape. No one ever took ampler or nobler harvests of the spirit off the land than Emerson. He had a keen eye for the small facts of natural life, but he cared chiefly for the vital processes, the flooding life, the revelation of truth, the correspondence of soul between man and Nature; he was, in a word, the poet in the woods and fields.

To the very end this devout lover of Nature lived in daily intercourse with her, and it was during a walk in a cold April rain that he contracted the illness which proved fatal after a few days of sitting in his chair by the fire calmly waiting for death. In the quiet place where he lies, near Hawthorne and Thoreau, the pines seem to be always whispering among themselves ; but, alas ! there is no longer one who understands them.*

EACH AND ALL.†

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Little thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked clown
Of thee from the hill-top looking down ;
The heifer that lows in the upland farm,
Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm ;
The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,
Deems not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse, and lists with delight,
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height ;
Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbour's creed has lent.
All are needed by each one ;
Nothing is fair or good alone.

I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough ;
I brought him home, in his nest, at even ;
He sings the song, but it cheers not now,
For I did not bring home the river and sky ;
He sang to my ear,—they sang to my eye.
The delicate shells lay on the shore ;
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave,
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam,
I fetched my sea-born treasures home ;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore
With the sun and the sand and the wild uproar.
The lover watched his graceful maid,
As 'mid the virgin train she strayed,
Nor knew her beauty's best attire
Was woven still by the snow-white choir.
At last she came to his hermitage,
Like the bird from the woodlands to the cage ;
The gay enchantment was undone,
A gentle wife, but fairy none.

Then I said, "I covet truth ;
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat ;
I leave it behind with the games of youth :"
As I spoke, beneath my feet
The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,
Running over the club-moss burrs ;
I inhaled the violet's breath ;
Around me stood the oaks and firs ;
Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground ;
Over me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and of deity ;
Again I saw, again I heard,
The rolling river, the morning bird ;
Beauty through my senses stole ;
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

EMERSON.

BY THE REV. BENJAMIN COPELAND.

His verse, the solemn Voice
Of Life's deep mystery ;
His poems, cablegrams
Out of Eternity !

To Virtue's holiest heights
Leads, still, his dauntless strain ;
And on our follies falls
"Its beautiful disdain."

Aye, "better than he knew"
He built his lofty rhyme ;
A temple domed with stars,
And durable as Time !

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* Emerson's authorized publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., announce the publication of a Centenary Edition of Emerson's Complete Works. The first three volumes will be ready for publication on May 20th. The volumes will be sold separately at $1.75 each.

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JOHN WESLEY—A PROPHET OF THE CHRISTIAN FAITH.*

BY THE LATE DEAN FARRAR, D.D.

JOHN WESLEY found a Church forgetful of its duties, somnolent in the plethora of riches, and either unmindful or unwisely mindful of the poor. He found churches empty, dirty, neglected, crumbling into hideous disrepair; he found the work of the ministry performed in a manner scandalously perfunctory. But John Wesley, becoming magnetic with moral sincerity, flashed into myriads of hearts fat as brawn, cold as ice, hard as the nether millstone, the burning spark of his own intense convictions, and thus he saved the Church, which at first had nothing for him but sneers, hatred, and persecution. He saved the Church of England, though at first she angrily and contemptuously rejected him, and, just as from the mouth of Socrates issued forth

> Mellifluous streams which watered all the schools
> Of academics old and new, with those
> Surnamed Peripatetics, and the sect
> Epicurean, and the Stoic severe,

so, from the impulse which Wesley gave, originated almost every form of special religious enthusiasm since his day. Thus he became one of the most disinterested of those benefactors of mankind who "have raised strong arms to bring heaven a little nearer to our earth."

One great virtue in his character was that sovereign religious tolerance which is so infinitely rare amid the divergencies of religious shibboleths. It is a splendid testimony to Wesley's moral insight and spiritual greatness that "no reformer the world has ever seen so united faithfulness to the essential doctrines of Revelation with charity towards men of every Church and creed." This spirit of John Wesley has been found, theoretically at least, only in the best and greatest Christians.

I dwell on this high virtue of Wesley because it is so exceptional, and because it was never more needed than in these days. Writing in advanced age to the Bishop of Lincoln, he said: "Alas! my lord, is this a time to persecute any man for conscience' sake? I beseech you do as you would be done to. You are a man of sense; you are a man of learning; nay, I verily believe (what is of infinitely more value) you are a man of piety. Then think and let think."

Again, how wise are the remarks in the preface to his sermons: "Some may say I have mistaken the way myself, though I have undertaken to teach others. It is very possible that I have. But I trust, whereinsoever I have been mistaken, my mind is open to conviction. I sincerely desire to be better informed. What I know not, teach thou me. 'Da mihi scire,' as says St. Augustine, 'quod sciendum est.' If I linger in the path I have been accustomed to tread, . . . take me by the hand and lead me. We may die without the knowledge of many truths, and yet be carried into Abraham's bosom. But if we die without love, what will knowledge avail? Just as much as it avails the devil and his angels!"

As another of Wesley's ex-

* From Farrar's "Prophets of the Christian Faith."

emplary qualities I would single out his sovereign common-sense, which is also an endowment much liable to overthrow by the violence of egotistical dogmatism. How free, again, from all hysteric excitability was the entire attitude of his religion! Some one had been talking in an exaggerated and fantastic way about death, and asking what he would do if he knew that he would die the next day. "What should I do?" he said. "Exactly what I shall do now. I should call and talk to Mr. So-and-so, and Mrs. So-and-so; and dine at such an hour, and preach in the evening, and have supper, and then I should go to bed and sleep as soundly as ever I did in my life." His feeling about death was that, so far from being terrible, it was man's great birthright; and he would say, with the poet:

To you the thought of death is terrible,
Having such hold on life; to me it is not;
No more than is the lifting of a latch,
Or as a step into the open air
Out of a tent already luminous
With light that shines through its transparent folds.

Again, it was no small matter that, in an age so corrupt and decadent as his, in which the dregs of sensuality and worldliness poured over the glorious England of Puritanism by the despicable epoch of the Restoration had reduced religion to a Dead Sea of torpid unreality, Wesley, like the great Hebrew prophets of old, should have stood forth as a preacher of righteousness. No preacher or reformer can effect good results unless he insists upon Christ's plain teaching that, if we would ever enter into the kingdom of heaven, we must keep the commandments.

Which among all his contemporaries equalled him in versatility of beneficence, in zeal of self-sacrifice, in the munificence of his generosity, or in the lustre of the example which he has left to all the world? Consider his supreme disinterestedness, his unparalleled courage, his indefatigable toils. How many have there been in all the centuries who made such an absolute offering of his money to God, and, living on less than many a curate's salary, gave away £40,000?

Consider, again, his unparalleled courage. How many have shown equal undauntedness? Men admire the courage of the soldier who heads the forlorn hope through the cross-fire of the batteries, of the sailor or of the fireman who, at personal risk, plucks from destruction an imperilled life; but such physical courage is a million times cheaper and more common than that of the scholar, the gentleman, the clergyman, who, in that age, day after day, month after month, year after year, in England, in America, in Scotland, in Wales, in Ireland, in the Isle of Man, could voluntarily and out of the pure love for souls, face raging mobs and descend to what was then regarded as the vulgar humiliation of preaching in the open air.

And higher even than this was the moral and spiritual courage which, in the calm of blameless innocence, could treat heroically the most atrocious and the most persistent calumnies with the disdainful indifference of unblemished rectitude. When even Charles Wesley was thrown into a fever of agonized excitement by the scandal against his brother caused by his wife's publication of stolen, forged, or interpolated letters, and wanted him to stay in London and expose the slander. John Wesley remained perfectly calm, knowing that no real harm can befall

The virtuous mind that ever walks attended
By a strong-sided champion, Conscience.

"Brother," he said, "when I devoted to God my ease, my time,

my life, did I exempt my reputation ?"

Then consider his indefatigable toils—those sixty-eight years of service ; the 4,400 miles which he travelled yearly on the execrable roads of those days ; the 225,000 miles which he traversed in his lifetime ; the 42,400 sermons—sometimes as many as fifteen a week—which he preached even after his return from Georgia—preached mostly in the open air, and sometimes to as many as 20,000 souls ; those endless meetings, those burdensome anxieties, those numerous publications, that love of so many communities, continued amid incessant attacks of the mob, the pulpit, and the press, and scarcely ever relaxed till the patriarchal age of eighty-eight. Could a clergyman of any denomination, amid the work which, in comparison to his toils, is but ease and supineness, think it any thing but an honour to profess reverence for the memory of one who so heroically lived and so nobly died ?

Although the world and the Church have learned to be comparatively generous to Wesley now that two hundred years have sped away since his birth, and though the roar of contemporary scandal has long since ceased, I doubt whether even now he is at all adequately appreciated. I doubt whether many are aware of the extent to which to this day the impulse to every great work of philanthropy and social reformation has been due to his energy and insight. The British and Foreign Bible Society, the Religious Tract Society, the London Missionary Society, even the Church Missionary Society, owe not a little to his initiative. The vast spread of religious instruction by weekly periodicals, and the cheap press with all its stupendous consequences, were inaugurated by him. He gave a great extension to Sunday-schools and the work of Robert Raikes. He gave a great impulse both to national education and to technical education, and in starting the work of Silas Told, the Foundry Teacher, he anticipated the humble and holy work of John Pounds, the Portsmouth cobbler.

He started in his own person the funeral reform, which is only now beginning to attract public attention, when in his will he directed that at his obsequies there should be no hearse, no escutcheon, no coach, no pomp. He visited prisons and ameliorated the lot of prisoners before John Howard; and his very last letter was written to stimulate William Wilberforce in his Parliamentary labours for the emancipation of the slave. When we add to this the revival of fervent worship and devout hymnology among Christian congregations, and their deliverance from the drawling doggerel of Sternhold and Hopkins, and the frigid nullities of Tate and Brady, we have indeed shown how splendid was the list of his achievements, and that, as Isaac Taylor says, he furnished "the starting-point for our modern religious history in all that is characteristic of the present time."

And yet, even in this long and splendid catalogue, we have not mentioned his greatest and most distinctive work, which was that through him to the poor the Gospel was again preached. Let Whitefield have the credit of having been the first to make the green grass his pulpit and the heaven his sounding-board: but Wesley instantly followed, at all costs, the then daring example, and through all evil report and all furious opposition he continued it until at last at Kingswood, at the age of eighty-one, he preached in the open air, under the shade of trees which he himself had planted,

and surrounded by the children and children's children of his old disciples, who had long since passed away. Overwhelming evidence exists to show what preach- was before and in his day; overwhelming evidence exists to show what the Church and people of England were before and in his day—how dull, how vapid, how soulless, how Christless was the preaching; how torpid, how Laodicean was the Church, how godless, how steeped in immorality was the land. To Wesley was mainly granted the task, for which he was set apart by the hands of invisible consecration, the task which even an archangel might have envied him, of awakening a mighty revival of the religious life in those dead pulpits, in that slumbering Church, in that corrupt society.

His was the religious sincerity which not only founded the Wesleyan community, but, working through the heart of the very Church which had despised him, flashed fire into her whitening embers. Changing its outward forms, the work of John Wesley caused first the Evangelical movement, then the High Church movement; and, in its enthusiasm of humanity, has even reappeared in all that is best in the humble Salvationists, who learned from the example of Wesley what Bishop Lightfoot called "that lost secret of Christianity, the compulsion of human souls." Recognizing no utterance of authority as equally supreme with that which came to him from the Sinai of conscience; Wesley did the thing and scorned the consequence. His was the voice which offered hope to the despairing and welcome to the outcast. His was the voice which, sounding forth over the Valley of Dry Bones, cried, "Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain that they may live." The poet says:

> Of those three hundred grant but three
> To make a new Thermopylæ.

And when I think of John Wesley, the organizer, of Charles Wesley, the poet, of George Whitefield, the orator of this mighty movement, I feel inclined to say of those three self-sacrificing and holy men, grant but even one to help in the mighty work which yet remains to be accomplished. Had we but three such now,

> Hoary-headed Selfishness would feel
> His death-blow, and would totter to his grave;
> A brighter light attend the human day,
> When every transfer of earth's natural gift
> Should be a commerce of good words and works.

We have, it is true, hundreds of faithful workers in the Church of England and in other religious communities. But for the slaying of dragons, the rekindlement of irresistible enthusiasm, the redress of intolerable wrongs, a Church needs many Pentecosts and many Resurrections. And these, in the providence of God, are brought about, not by committees and conferences and common workers, but by men who escape the average; by men who come forth from the multitude; by men who, not content to trudge on in the beaten paths of commonplace and the cart-ruts of routine, go forth, according to their Lord's command, into the highways and hedges; by men in whom the love of God burns like a consuming flame upon the altar of the heart; by men who have become electric to make myriads of other souls thrill with their own holy zeal. Such men are necessarily rare, but God's richest boon to any nation, to any society, to any church, is the presence and work of such a man—and such a man was John Wesley.

The memorial placed in Westminster Abbey to the memory of John Wesley, more than twenty years ago, was a very tardy recog-

nition of the vast debt of gratitude which England owes to him. It stands hard by the cenotaph of that other illustrious Nonconformist, Isaac Watts, and gives the beautiful presentment of the aged face of the evangelist and the fine features of Charles, his poet-brother. In the solemn aisle thousands of visitors to our great Temple of Silence and Reconciliation may read three of his great sayings—one, so full of holy energy, "I look on all the world as my parish;" another, so full of bright and holy confidence, "God buries his workmen, but continues his work;" the third, when, on his death-bed, uplifting victoriously his feeble and emaciated arm, he said: "The best of all is, God is with us." "Yes!" he exclaimed again, in a tone of victorious rapture, "the best of all is, God is with us."

IMMEDIATE RESULTS OF THE GREAT REVIVAL.

BY THE REV. JAMES HENDERSON, D.D.,

Associate Secretary of the Missionary Society.

METHODISM was something more than a passing breeze of religious excitement, disturbing the surface of British society. It was a moral earthquake, which shook all England to its centre. Nothing and no one, however isolated, seemed to escape the sweep of its influence.

Like early Christianity itself, it took hold of the lowest sill of society, and thus raised to a higher level the whole superstructure. It inaugurated a new age of preaching power. As one has said, "it startled a drowsy, dissipated clergy, awoke a slumbering Church, and saved a half-damned nation." The new preachers moved around like lighted torches, and kindled the very refuse of society into sympathy with the new moral enthusiasm. Methodism is much greater than itself—greater, I mean, than the Church which bears its name. It has kindled with its enthusiasm Churches that despised its methods and spurned the name. Some one has well said, that while only one Church bears Wesley's name, all the Churches that are alive have caught his spirit.

Wesley did more than any other man to save England from the throes of a revolution, not to say a reign of terror, similar to that which convulsed old France. Such was the discontent of the masses in Wesley's day, that if the social and political trend of the times had not been changed, sooner or later a crisis must have been reached that might have shaken the very throne, and undermined the institutions of the country. While Wellington checked the revolutionary tendencies of France with his big guns and brave battalions on the field of Waterloo, Wesley, more than any other man, checked the revolutionary tendencies of the British population themselves with a preached Gospel on the moors and heaths of his native land. It was Methodism that quenched the smoking embers of popular discontent, which later on might have burst forth in a conflagration. Green, the historian, says that "Methodism gave rise to a new

moral enthusiasm, which was seen in the disappearance of the vices which had disgraced the upper classes, and the foulness which stained the common literature ever since the Restoration.

But the noblest result of that revival was seen afterwards in the attempt which all England made to remedy the physical distress and social degradation of the oppressed and the poor. It was seen in the newborn sympathy of society towards women who had been brutalized, children who had been cruelly entreated, and labourers who had been hopelessly enslaved. It was seen in the humanitarian sentiment which like a tropical wave swept over England and America, which raised hospitals. endowed charities, built churches, wept over the erring, sheltered the outcast, sent missions to the heathen, applauded Burke and Sheridan in their plea for the oppressed Hindu, inspired Clarkson and Wilberforce in that historic crusade against "the sum of all villainies," which eventuated in the emancipation of every British slave. It was this that fired the soul of John Howard with a lofty enthusiasm for the lowest dregs of humanity, and which led him to spend and sacrifice himself in seeking the mitigation of those horrors which made every common gaol an indescribable hell.

In fact, there is scarcely a reform or philanthropy of modern times which is not traceable to that new sentiment which owes its being largely to the greatest revival of modern times. We rejoice in the triumphs of the Tract Society, but Wesley wrote and distributed tracts half a century before the society was born." The ragged-schools, which have been compared to life-boats picking up the many little waifs which a cruel fate had flung like so much driftwood upon the social sea, had their inception in Wesley's orphan-houses. Our loan libraries and dispensaries for the poor had their origin in his prolific brain. Wesley was a temperance reformer long before a son of temperance wore a badge, or a temperance society unfurled a banner. "He was an abolitionist when Whitefield and Lady Huntingdon trafficked in slaves." So is it true, that Methodism, more than any other moral agency, created these modern conditions out of which modern England itself has come.

AT EMERSON'S GRAVE.

What afterthoughts the rough-hewn, uncarved stone
  Which marks the resting-place of Concord's Sage
  Suggest to our time-serving, restless age!
How strong is its simplicity! Unknown
To it complexity of line! Alone,—
  Amid the commonplace who ever gauge
  Life's guerdon by its fickle gauds and wage,
Unheedful of the world's grave undertone,
It stands, fit type of him whose soul's behest
  Transcended mere convention's petty bound.
The boulder's rugged outline power implies;
The rose tints, gleaming through the quartz, suggest
  That inward light which energized and crowned
A gracious spirit, kindly, keen, and wise.

—*Charlotte Brewster Jordan.*

CANADA: ITS DEVELOPMENT AND DESTINY.*

BY THE REV. F. A. WIGHTMAN.

I. THE POSSIBILITIES OF INLAND TRANSPORTATION.

ITH a country of continental proportions, the question of cheap and ready transportation is ever one of primary importance. Where water systems with navigable rivers intersect the country, its development is greatly facilitated, and the question of economic transportation is largely solved. The presence of large navigable rivers in the United States has certainly contributed very much to the rapid development of that country. In the far west, by this means, the heart of the continent could be readily reached, and cheap transportation afforded its products both before and since the development of modern railways.

The absence of any great river system in the continent of Australia has certainly been a great detriment to the development of the interior of that great country. Since this question is of so great importance, it is worth while for us to have our thoughts turned in the direction of our own country, with a view to learning what nature has done for us in this direction.

Great and advantageous as are the water systems of the United States, it may be said with all modesty, that those of the Dominion are far more extensive and more far-reaching; perhaps no country in all the world has been so amply provided with facilities for inland navigation as has Canada. The smallness of the population in the past, and the undeveloped character of the Great North-West, has not made it necessary to use, or possible to appreciate, these vast lakes and rivers to the extent that their possibilities imply. With the development of the country there will be a growing demand for cheap transportation, for the ever-increasing harvests and rapidly-multiplying millions, therefore, a new importance must attach to these natural highways of commerce.

It must not be inferred, however, that these inland waterways have not already contributed very much to our present development and prosperity. Indeed, the country could not be what it is to-day if these facilities had not been at hand; they have been essential to the prosecution of the lumbering industry, the fur trade, and the opening up of the West. Had it not been for access to the far West afforded by this means, it is doubtful if it could have been held as a part of the Canadian Dominion. Up to the present time, we say, we owe almost everything to our marvellous system of the natural waterways; but they are destined to be of much more importance in the future.

It will be noted that the great natural water system of the Dominion may be grouped in five divisions, namely: The Pacific, Yukon, Mackenzie, Hudson's Bay, and the St. Lawrence. The presence of the Rocky Mountains entirely separates the Pacific and Yukon systems from the rest of Canada, and perhaps their importance may never be greater than it is at the present

* From a forthcoming volume, which deals exhaustively with this subject.

time. They have, however, contributed very much to the opening up of the countries through which they pass, and, in their navigable portions, will become more and more made use of as population and general commerce increases. The water systems east of the Rocky Mountains hold a different relation to each other, and to the future development of the country. It will be noticed as a peculiarity to the three great systems east of the Rockies that they overlap and interlace each other, and that the distances separating them are comparatively small.

Before contemplating the possibility of uniting these systems we may look at them separately and note their importance independent of each other. The St. Lawrence system is, of course, the best known and the most fully developed, as well as the most important as a highway of commerce. Perhaps, viewed from every standpoint, there is no river system in the world the equal of the St. Lawrence.

First, we have a magnificent river, with its broad mouth lying open to the commerce of Europe, at the shortest ocean distance, and extending eight hundred miles into the interior. Then, losing its identity in a wonderful chain of fresh water seas such as are found in no other part of the world, it extends one thousand miles farther to the westward into the very heart of the continent. The commerce that moves upon this great system of lakes and rivers is already stupendous, yet it is only in its infancy. More vessel tonnage passes through the Soo canals in the seven months of their operation than makes use of the Suez Canal in a whole year.

Of course, this great system has not reached its present state of usefulness without the expenditure of vast sums of money by way of improvement. The Canadian Government alone has spent well-nigh one hundred million dollars in perfecting the system, but the money has been well spent, and the value of this great waterway is simply incalculable to the country. It is now possible to load a ship with grain at Fort William, Duluth, or Chicago, at the head of Lakes Superior and Michigan, and never break cargo until she reaches Liverpool.

Turning now to the Hudson's Bay system, we find it even more extensive, though presenting, perhaps, more barriers to continuous navigation, and demanding lighter draught vessels. Lying in the centre of the continent is the great Lake Winnipeg, some three hundred miles long. Into the north-west angle of this lake flows the mighty Saskatchewan River, navigable in its northern branch for suitable craft to Edmonton, one thousand miles to the west, and on its southern branch to Medicine Hat, one thousand miles to the south-west. The Grand Rapids at the mouth of this river is the only break in the navigation, and these present no serious barrier.

Flowing into the south end of this great lake is the Red River of the north, with its several large tributaries, representing navigable water of not less than one thousand miles in extent. It is true, at the present time, that the St. Andrew's Rapids, near its mouth, prevent navigation between the lake and the river, but they present no engineering difficulties; and it is said for a moderate cost this obstruction could be entirely removed. Doubtless it will receive the attention of the Government in the near future. There is also the English River, which receives the waters of Lake Sud and Rainy Lake flowing into Lake Winnipeg.

The great Nelson River of the north unites all the waters of this system, carrying them to the sea from the north end of Lake Winni-

peg, reaching Hudson's Bay on its west coast, near York Factory. This is a magnificent river in every sense of the word, being four hundred miles in length, and scarcely less than the St. Lawrence in volume. Unfortunately, the continuity of its navigation is broken in a number of places by falls and rapids, thus preventing its being used, at the present time, as a commercial highway.

There are, however, stretches of considerable extent entirely free from any obstruction, and it has long been estimated that four millions of dollars would overcome every barrier to navigation, on this or the Hay's River, between the city of Winnipeg and the Hudson's Bay. So comparatively small a sum, it is safe to say, will not long stand in the way of perfecting so important a system of interior navigation. Several thousands of miles of this system is now used according to the demands of the present population, and even in their present unimproved condition, various great rivers of this system are of vast importance to the country. But what must be their importance if freight could be carried without breaking bulk, from the base of the Rocky Mountains and Central Dakota, to the salt water of Hudson's Bay. Some day this will be possible.

It still remains to note briefly the possibilities of the great river systems of the Mackenzie Basin. The Mackenzie River itself, emptying into the Arctic Ocean, and having its birth in Great Slave Lake, is one thousand miles long, and is entirely free from obstructions to navigation for vessels drawing five or six feet of water. With a proper survey of its channel, and some dredging of its sand-bars, it could quite easily be made to accommodate vessels of two or three times that draught. Its chief tributary on the west is the Liard, another large river, and navigable for a considerable distance from its mouth. Its chief tributary on the east is the Bear River, emptying the waters of the Great Bear Lake; this is a comparatively short river, though considerably obstructed; but, should necessity ever require it, navigation could be made possible to this the most northern of Canada's great lakes.

Uniting the Great Slave Lake with Athabasca Lake is the Great Slave River, some two hundred miles in length. This great river has but one obstruction in its entire course, namely, the rapids near Fort Smith, about midway between the two lakes. The Hudson's Bay steamer now navigates this system, and its tributary waters, from Fort Smith to the Arctic Ocean, affording over two thousand miles of navigable lake and river distances. The rapids at Fort Smith could easily be overcome by a canal, and, once overcome, the navigation of the great Peace River, Athabasca Lake, and Athabasca River to Fort McMurray, would be made possible to the ocean, thus adding another thousand miles free to the sea.

With the exception of Vermilion Falls, easily overcome, the Peace River is navigable almost to the Rocky Mountains, and though the Athabasca River has somewhat serious obstructions in its middle course, if these were removed, as doubtless they could be, it would also be navigable considerably west of Athabasca Landing, and into Lesser Slave Lake. This accomplished, navigation would be uninterrupted from Fort St. John and Athabasca Landing to the sea. The future can only determine the importance of these great transportation systems, and bring to light their marvellous possibilities.

Whether any attempt will ever be made to unite these separated sys-

tems with each other it is difficult to say. The proposition has already been made for the extension of the St. Lawrence system by way of Rainy River, uniting it with the waters of Lake Winnipeg. The difficulties in the way are not insuperable. This accomplished, it would only remain to unite the Mackenzie Valley system with them to complete the whole. This would probably be a smaller task than what has been done on the St. Lawrence.

It will be observed that the Athabasca River comes within ninety miles of the Saskatchewan River between Athabasca Landing and Edmonton. When we bear in mind what prominence has been given, and what expenditures have been made, to perfect inland navigation in both Germany and Russia in recent years, the difficulties in the way of uniting these vast systems seem insignificant. Should they be united, it would of course be possible to pass up the St. Lawrence River or Hudson's Bay, or reach the Pacific Ocean by way of Mackenzie River without any hindering barrier. This would be, indeed, the discovery of the long-sought north-west passage. Who can say that it shall not be accomplished? It is merely a matter of millions.

THE ROSE-MIRACLE.

"And therefore is that Feld clept the Feld of God florysscheđ: for it was fulle of Roses."—Sir John Maundeville.

I.

I watched the alleys of the garden fill
With drift of rose-leaves by the soft south shed
In sweet midsummer, while I sat and read
From the quaint book of old John Maundeville.
And there I found this tale that haunts me still:
"Falsely accused, by foes encompassed,
A guiltless maid of Bethlehem was led
Forth from the town to die on Flourisht Hill.

"But while they lit the faggots she made prayer
To her dear Lord: and straightway all were 'ware
Of a strange stillness smiting them with awe,
And lo! red roses where the faggots burned,
And unburned boughs into white rose-trees turned:
Now these were the first roses that men saw."

II.

O Love, the miracle! I thought of you,
And said, "No idle fancy is this tale.
Seed-time, 'tis writ, and harvest shall not fail,
And still God works his miracle anew:
Where'er the blade of springtide battles through
The dull cold clod late drenched by snow and hail,
Or morning mists, that hid the valley, scale
The steep hillside and melt into the blue.

"And human life as rich a change may hold,
I witness, whose dry twigs to flowers of flame
You once enkindled with a gentle breath,
When to my prayer, God's perfect gift, you came,
And lo! Love's rose of beauty and bliss untold,
Whose fragrance fills all life, dies not in death."

—*J. H. Fowler, in The Pilot, London.*

CHARITY ORGANIZATION AND THE SOCIAL QUESTION.

BY THE REV. J. W. DICKINSON.

HERE will be no question in the mind of any Christian or philanthropic person as to the fact that the law of love demands that the weak, the helpless, the suffering, the old, or the unfit for the battle of life in any way, ought to be helped. Yet in the doing of this we stand face to face with one of the gravest of social problems, that is, how shall we obey the law of love and mutual help without weakening the blood of the race by inheritance, and the spirit of the race by removing the necessity of self-help?

As an attempt at least to find a solution of this very serious problem the question of charity organization is worthy of consideration. Speaking of it as a phase of the social movement, it seeks to do three things:

1. To bring all the philanthropic forces of a city or district into amalgamation so that they may work together for one common end, rather than at cross purposes, and to use the means at their disposal to the very best advantage and benefit of the persons sought to be helped.

2. To secure as far as possible as complete a knowledge of the class of persons who need help, and of the unfortunate, by means of an examination of the conditions wherever want is reported, and by systematically registering useful facts concerning the persons and families aided.

3. To bring the well-to-do and the poor to a mutual understanding by the means of friendly visitors.

Any one who has had experience in dealing with the class of persons who seek for charitable aid, and who obtain it in almost every case, and those who need it and do not obtain it, will recognize at once the value of such a method as that indicated in dealing with the matter in question. Nothing can better attain the desired end than some measure of organization and co-operation. Nothing can be more undesirable than indiscriminate giving, and nothing tends as much to continue the very evil it is sought to correct than such a course. Where relief is being granted indiscriminately from several different sources there is at least the temptation to continue indefinitely the practices, and retain the conditions that are conducive to such generous remuneration. And so indigence becomes chronic, and charity is abused, to the detriment of some worthy person, who suffers for the sins of a previous offender when the deception is found out.

Where organization is effected there is one common centre for the distribution of relief, or workers who are in touch with such a centre to attend thereto.

In the gathering of information by an organization, several good purposes can be served.

There is a very decided gain to the individual dealt with. Questions have to be asked, but once suffices. There is not the continual probing of what may be a very deep and sore wound. It may be probed very vigorously the first time by an official who is accustomed to the business, and is not to be carried away by sentiment, or to be overwhelmed by tears. He is investigating a wound

of the social organism, and his purpose is to discover its extent and severity, in order that the most effectual form of relief may be applied. This has not to be repeated by every amateur dispenser of charity who comes along, and who may be moved by a recital which has become to the reciter a stock-in-trade, bringing in more or less remunerative return, or which may open afresh a fountain of sorrow deep and real, tearing apart a wound which those who open it are powerless to close.

It is under such a system possible to detect and deal with an impostor before he has had an opportunity of victimizing a whole town or neighbourhood before his deceit is discovered, or he has had the opportunity to go elsewhere to do the same thing over again.

There is also the possibility of applying the remedy most suitable to the case. With the strength of an organization there can be a genuine attempt to lift the fallen with a strong hand, which cannot be done by individuals as a rule. This also can be better done along the line of creating the spirit of self-dependence, and no charity should lose sight of that fact as the desired end to be obtained, for it may be taken as an axiom of all charitable relief that it should be at once abandoned if it does not lead to this, for otherwise it leads only to pauperism.

In the gathering of information by an organization the facts can be registered in classified order, and made available for future reference. The information so obtained may be disseminated for the purposes of comparison as well as information. It may come to be known what class of effects or circumstances produce certain results, and such knowledge obtained is half way to a cure. There can be gathered information affecting the family as a group, and the effects of heredity can be more clearly shown, and information of this kind will in the future come to be a valuable adjunct to the dealing with social problems from an economic standpoint.

So far as the work of charity organization societies has gone up to the present time, there has not been any great attempt at social reforms. Their efforts have been confined in a large measure to dealing with individuals or families. This seems to be an approach to a more legitimate form of helpfulness, and may in an indirect way do more for the solution of many social problems than has hitherto been the case.

It may also assist in that direction by the creating of the truer spirit of charity, that of brotherliness, in the breasts of those who are so brought into contact with each other; and in the truer sense of the needs of the weak there may be stirred up the truer spirit of sympathy with the suffering without which charity even is dead.

There can be very little doubt in the minds of those who have been brought into active contact with charity distribution under an indiscriminate system that as a method it has largely failed to accomplish its desired end. It has been too often a giving without any definite object in view other than that of the response to an appeal for assistance from one whose antecedents are practically unknown, and whose worthiness and necessity are very largely a matter of conjecture. It is a relief ostensibly of a present necessity without any regard to the future of the individual relieved, and is a positive harm to the receiver. It opens up a way for the recipients whereby their self-reliance is destroyed, and they look altogether to others to provide for them that which they should provide for themselves. Their talents and energies are directed in the way of dissimulation and fraud. It is a

wrong done to the charitably disposed, as their gifts are frequently bestowed on unworthy recipients, who are possessed of a good stock of pertinacity and impudence.

The aim of charity organization is to overcome this vitiating tendency of indiscriminate charity, and not only so, but to afford a means whereby chronic cases can be traced from step to step of their career, and such cases can only be successfully dealt with by experts who are employed by an organization. The persistent professional mendicant would rather do anything else than have his past undergo a dissection by a skilful questioner who has had experience in dealing with the type. This in itself would have a deterrent effect upon the permanent charity-seeking class. A knowledge that their history was known in a place would do much to rid that place of their presence, and as organization is extended it would become increasingly difficult for such persons to carry on their practices. Then they must work or become criminals, and can be dealt with under other heads and by other agencies. The feeling prevails amongst this class that "the world owes them a living," and that it is their business to collect the income at the least possible expenditure of energy to themselves. When once the discovery is made that it is impossible to obtain on the strength of a plausible tale liberal supplies of food, clothing, and money, their energies will become quickened, and they must take to some form of work for the supply of their needs.

Charity organization also recognizes the principle that charity, rightly considered, has its limitations. It is not intended by its very nature to be permanently bestowed upon any one individual, unless in a most extreme case of helplessness. Under all ordinary conditions its permanent bestowal is unwarranted, and has become a positive injury to the persons receiving it. It is intended to promote self-reliance. True charity is helping the weak to fight the battles of life manfully, but it oversteps its province when it undertakes to fight them for him.

So we, therefore, think that in charity organization we have a far more effective social agency than indiscriminate giving. In this way the churches may do good work. By uniting they may relieve themselves of many undesirable parasites which at the present time afflict them. This work comes well within the province of the churches, and is but a reversion to the method adopted by the early Church when it chose men of good repute, who attended to the necessities of the saints. So may the Church do good work in the advancement of the social movement.

Dauphin, Man.

A SUMMER MORNING.

Give me the gospel of the fields and woods—
The sermons written in the book of books;
The sweet communion of the things of earth
Fresh with the warm baptism of the sun.
Give me the offertory of bud and bloom,
The perfect caroling of happy birds.
Give me the creed of one of God's fair days
Wrought in the beauty of its loveliness;
And then, the benediction of the stars,
His eloquent ministers of the night.

—*The Outlook.*

THE STORM CENTRE OF EUROPE.*

BY THE REV. HENRY OTIS DWIGHT, LL.D.

MAP OF THE BALKAN PENINSULA.

MACEDONIA is not a definite territorial division. Yet for the sake of convenience this ancient name is commonly applied to the three Turkish provinces of Salonica, Monastir, and Kossova. As thus defined, Macedonia lies between the Balkan Mountains and the Grecian Archipelago or Egean Sea. It is shut off from Thrace by the Rhodope Mountains, from Epirus and Albania by the main mountain chain which forms the backbone of Greece, and from Greece by the great spur thrown eastward from this mountain chain to meet the sea at Mount Olympus.

The spurs of the Balkans fill the northern half of the region with their peaks and jagged ridges, having a general trend toward the south-east. Just east of Salonica one of these great spurs thrusts itself some seventy miles into the Egean Sea, finally ending in an enormous trident, one of whose prongs is formed by Athos, the holy mountain of the Oriental Church, the inhabitants of which are all monks. The river valleys and the southern or coast regions enjoy a fertile soil, produce cotton, tobacco, opium,

* For the map and much of the text of this article we are indebted to The Missionary Review of the World.

For centuries the tide of war has ebbed and flowed across the great Sarmatian plain, sometimes dashing against the very walls of Vienna. It has ebbed and ebbed with the waning of the Turkish Empire till Hungary, Transylvania, Bosnia, Roumania, Servia, Bulgaria, and Greece have become independent kingdoms or principalities. But in the mountain regions of the Balkans the forces of reaction and rebellion have never been overcome.

Eleven years ago the present writer traversed from end to end this ancient scene of conflict, from Constantinople to Vienna. The whole country had much the appearance of a state of war. Armed sentries stood at the railway stations and mounted guard over the mild and innocent tourist as he purchased his railway ticket, while the

BULGARIAN PEASANTS IN HOLIDAY DRESS.

silk, and the cereals, and naturally attract the larger part of the population.

Since this region, naturally fitted to support its people in prosperity and content, is producing explosive matter in a way that threatens the peace of Europe and arrests the attention of the world, the characteristics of the population invite inquiry.

In the first place, it is necessary to fix in mind the point that there are no Macedonians. All the people of Macedonia claim to have come there from somewhere else, and each to hold, by right of some long-forgotten conquest, as good a title to the land as anybody else. In the second place, these people are compactly grouped in separate parties. Leaving out of account the Jews swarming in Salonica and other large trade centres (from whose numbers one might imagine Macedonia to be a second Judea), there are six well-defined and thoroughly insulated factions in the population of about two million souls.

The first group is composed of the Turks, a mixture of many races, held together by a common interest in domination, and found in numbers at every strategic centre of control. They possess abundant records and census returns to prove that their group is the largest of the six, for census returns in that land honour the faith of him who writes them up.

Second are the Albanians, renowned for patriotic love of Albania and its customs and language, and also for love of strifes, stratagems, and spoils. Somewhat more than half of them are Mohammedans, but they are allies of the Turks only so far as interest permits and nationalism does not forbid.

Third are the Wallachians, remainders from some ancient invasion of the Dacians beyond the Danube. They cherish their na-

officer scrutinized his passport and compared his appearance with the description therein recorded.

At the ancient city of Philippopolis, named after Philip of Macedon, a great Turkish review was in progress. The stalwart fellows marched by with a swinging tread; their loud barbaric music, the clanging and clashing of cymbals and throbbing of drums, made a sonorous clangour that stirred the blood. Their accoutrements were coarse, their clothing poor, but the light of battle was in their eyes, and a truculent looking set of fellows they were.

A Turkish officer shared our seat in the train. He underwent continual grooming by his orderly, who brushed his coat and fez cap, polished his sword and looked after him in a very zealous manner. We were profoundly glad to get out of the dominions of his imperial majesty, the Sultan, and beyond the power of the Sublime Porte. The world had been ringing with the blood-curdling accounts of the Balkan atrocities wreaked by the brutal Bashi-Bazouks, but it was a delightful change to be in a Christian community, to witness the thrift and industry, the bright holiday dresses of the Balkans and Servians.

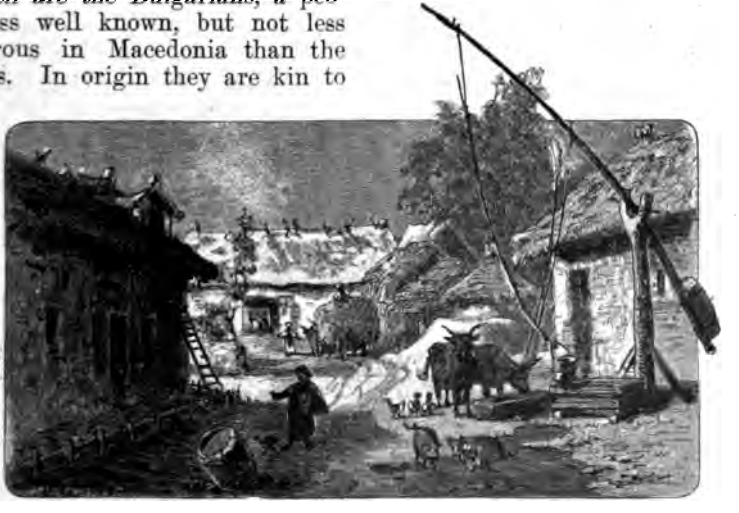
tional Roumanian language, and are the horse-breeders and the waggoners and muleteers of the trade of the provinces. They are mostly members of the Greek Church, but they hold themselves aloof from the other groups of the population in order to profit by their dissensions. Although they are the smallest of the six factions, cases might arise where these Wallachians would hold the balance of power.

BULGARIAN WINDMILL.

Fourth are the Servians, who are chiefly found in the northern part of Macedonia, in that belt of land which goes by the name of "Old Servia," where they are unobtrusive agriculturalists and swineherds.

Fifth are the Greeks, bright, vivacious, and enterprising, swarming in the coast regions where mercantile pursuits most flourish, and always supplied with church records and census reports to prove that they are more numerous than the Bulgarians or the Turks.

Sixth are the Bulgarians, a people less well known, but not less numerous in Macedonia than the Greeks. In origin they are kin to the Turks, being Turanians. The Bulgarians conquered Slavic peoples when they came out of Asia, but adopted their language and commingled with them, so that now they are genuine Slavs, loving agriculture rather than trade. They are sturdy men, quiet and persistent, and have the curious trait of not knowing when they are defeated. Their kingdom was a thorn in the flesh to the Greeks of Byzantium until it was overthrown by the



BULGARIAN FARM.

BULGARIAN GYPSIES.

Turks at the end of the fourteenth century.

A curious peculiarity of all of the peoples of Macedonia, including, to a certain degree, the Turks, is a deep-seated and hereditary hatred for the Turkish Government and all of its appurtenances and incidental appendages. The reason is not far to seek in the essential inequalities imposed upon Christians living in a Mohammedan territory. The Turkish Government steadily refuses to give weight to the testimony of Christian witnesses in lawsuits against Mohammedans; it often—perhaps commonly—refuses to punish Mohammedan murderers when the victim is a Christian; it seizes upon trivial excuses to make Christians pay money for the support of idle Mohammedans; it refuses to regard crime as an injury to the social organization, and insists in the very worst cases that a money payment to the victim should clear the criminal; it registers the names of educated men as suspicious characters and seeks to block their way to any career; it brands the schools as seditious, so that a proverbial expression in the mouths of all Turkish officials is: "Where schools are, there seek treason."

The system of tax-farming further insures rancorous hatred of the government. The man who has bought the right to collect taxes arranges with corrupt officials; demands the money when he knows there is no cash, and forces the people to borrow of his partner at two per cent. a month. Then he collects at harvest double value in produce for the usurious advance, and there is no redress. One class of acts which rankles in the mind of the subject is the endless meddling of the police with ordinary business. A merchant in one of the sea-coast towns of Macedonia a few years ago conceived the brillant idea of securing for his Greek customers a stock of table ware decorated with portraits of the King and Queen of Greece. When the goods arrived the government confiscated the whole consignment as treasonable political documents, smashed the crockery and emptied the pieces into the sea. There was no redress.

Another class of such acts is the steady succession of devices by which the Christian peasants are made to feed and finance Mohammedans. A typical device is to appoint a Mohammedan as field-guard to a Macedonian Christian village. He is to protect the villagers from robbery and they pay him a salary. Thenceforward the man lives at ease upon the best provender of the

people. If he can pick up a stray animal belonging to a village, he collects a special fee for his trouble. If a stranger stops at the village over night, he collects a fee for each horse or donkey which the traveller leaves to graze upon the village common. He keeps an eye on the prospects of all the pretty girls, and when he discovers a suitor with money but no favour, he offers him, for a consideration, the prettiest of the lot. He then forces the father to consent to the marriage. The father dares not disobey; the girl is married against her will and her interest; the field-guard pockets his fee from the bridegroom, and then he forces the father to pay him brokerage for having taken the trouble to find a husband for his daughter. If any peasant dares to refuse the demands of the field-guard, he is punished by some sudden inroad of brigands summoned by the guard himself.

FRONTIER TOLL HOUSE, BULGARIA.

Such injuries are small and petty compared with those atrocious outrages of which the papers give us occasional descriptions. But they are continuous in action, like the tiny bits of coal-dust that sometimes get into the eye and drive a grave man wild. The principle of the Turkish Government toward its Christian subjects has to be, on religious grounds, the principle of Rehoboam: "My little finger is thicker than my father's loins. My father chastised you with whips, but I will chastise you with scorpions." It is impossible that the relation of the Christian subjects of Turkey to the government which holds these principles can ever be other than that of readiness for revolt the moment that there is the ghost of a chance for success.

The Mohammedan Albanians are encouraged by immunity to abuse and rob and kill the Christian peasants. Thus the government is secured against any coalition between Albanians and Christians. But the Albanians, like each of the Christian factions, claim a right by inheritance to annex to Albania a goodly slice of Macedonia. Their power, too, is so great as to make them a real danger. Hence the Turkish government intrigues to cultivate strife between the differ- Albanian clans.

A hatred which feeds Macedonian ebullition without aid from the Turks grows from half-political, half-religious dissensions among the Christian populations. These

BULGARIAN BRIGANDS.

Macedonian Christians, whatever their race, belong almost entirely to the Orthodox (Greek) Church. Under the new charter of freedom for education which resulted from the Crimean War, American missionaries, in 1858, opened schools at Philippopolis, which were taught in the Bulgarian language. At that time not a school taught in Bulgarian existed in all Turkey. But the Bulgarian national spirit was not dead, and in five years from the opening of two Bulgarian schools by the Americans, numbers of others had been opened by the people.

The modern Eastern Church has copied after Islam in closely intermingling politics and religion. It was in 1880 or thereabouts that the Bulgarians of Macedonia began to clamour for churches and schools where their own language would be used. A long and bitter wrangle ensued between Greeks and Bulgarians. The Turkish Government favored the wrangle as another safeguard against coalitions among the factions.

The Servians of Macedonia now saw that their claim to a considerable portion of the region might suffer unless they asserted themselves. Another fierce struggle took place which embroiled Bulgarians, Greeks, and Servians. Finally the Sultan, about five years ago, consented to the establishment of a Servian bishopric in Macedonia, and these branches of the Orthodox (Greek) Church have been at swords' points ever since. By this enmity the Turkish Government profits, since the least movement of discontent in any one faction of the Christian population is promptly reported to the government by the others with the fiendish glee of the tell-tale school-boy who hopes to see a delinquent mate flogged.

That this bitter enmity between the factions of Christians is needless is shown by the prosperity of the American mission in Macedonia. This mission has stations at Salonica and Monastir, carried on by ten American men and women, with some forty native workers scattered throughout Macedonia at about twenty-five out-stations. The point for special notice here is that in

these churches Bulgarians, Greeks, Albanians, and Servians have put aside their racial hates in order to become brothers in devotion to Jesus Christ. This proves, as far as it goes, that the intermixture of politics with religion in Macedonia, by obscuring supreme devotion to Jesus Christ, is what has brought the Christians of that region to such a pass that their brawls may yet drag Europe into war, as a dog-fight sometimes brings on a riot among the bystanders on a city street.

military forces into the unhappy region of the boiling caldron. The spectacle is by itself proof, if any were needed, of the utter futility of the famous reforms which, under pressure of Europe, the Sultan has granted to the three provinces. It is not any Turkish reform that can weld together that hodgepodge of races which has made Macedonia what a bright Englishman has called "the infernal machine at the door of Europe."

In such circumstances one can no more venture to prophesy the future

RUTHENIAN COTTAGE.

After the last war between Russia and Turkey the treaty of San Stefano (in 1878) gave to Bulgaria about one-fourth of Macedonia. This the congress of Berlin gave back to Turkey. Straightway people from that section of Macedonia began to emigrate to the principality of Bulgaria. Nearly two hundred thousand of these Macedonian Bulgarians are now in the principality, holding prominent places in the trades, the professions, the army, and the cabinet of the prince.

Turkey dreads rebellion. It dreads the Albanians, it dreads the Greeks, but especially it dreads rebellions of imported rebels from Bulgaria, and is pouring enormous

than one can prognosticate the future of a cyclone. The only conclusion to which past experience points is that until Europe can agree on a direct intervention, such as calmed Bosnia and quieted Crete, there is no hope of peace among the wrangling factions of Macedonia.

Mission Work in Bulgaria.

The Rev. J. F. Clarke, Samokov, Bulgaria, missionary of the American Board, says :

The Bulgarians were almost unknown to the outer world until about the year 1850, when they began their efforts to throw off the Greek yoke, which culminated in

DESERTED MOSQUE LEFT STRANDED BY EBBING TURKISH TIDE.

1870, when they secured the recognition by the Sultan of their own exarch. The population of Bulgaria is nearly three and a half millions, of whom about three-fourths are Bulgarians. The total number of Bulgarians, including those in Macedonia and elsewhere, must be about five millions.

King Boris accepted Christianity in 861 A.D., and from that time his people were called a Christian nation. The religion of the mass of the people has consisted in picture worship, especially that of the Virgin Mary, while even the *name* of Jesus was little known. Doubtless their nominal Christianity has had an influence to keep them together as a separate nation.

The American Methodist Episcopal Board commenced work north of the Balkan Mountains in 1857. and the American Board south of the same mountains in 1858. And these missions have been working in cordial sympathy with each other to the present time. During the first years the missionaries were received with great cordiality in their tours among the villages, and one of them for a year taught singing in the Bulgarian school of the city. The people were grateful for the aid given them in education, and thousands of books, chiefly the tract primer, were used in their schools. God has given his blessing to feeble efforts, and little bands of Christians have been gathered to be lights to those around them.

At different times missionaries and others have been exposed to perils and beaten. In returning from Constantinople in 1863, Mr. Merriam was murdered by Albanian brigands, and his wife's experiences at that time led to her death twenty-three days later. But such violence has always led to greater openings for the Gospel.

From Salonica, Messrs. House, Baird, Haskell, and Miss Stone have abundantly utilized the three railroads spreading out through all Macedonia, and enabling them to do much for a population of two millions, among which they have twenty-one out-stations. Miss Stone's efficient efforts as an "elder

BULGARIAN GYPSIES IN GALA DRESS.

TIPSY GYPSIES.

sister" among the Bible-workers, teachers, and the women in many places have been of much value. Some of her workers and others in Bulgaria are doing more for Christ than many of the preachers. They have been welcomed even in Turkish homes.

Miss Stone's capture has focused the world's attention upon her, and her missionary activities have acquired a new interest in the eyes of the public. For twenty-three years she has had charge of the Bible-woman's work in Bulgaria. She made many long, arduous, and dangerous journeys, visiting schools, reading the Scriptures to women in their own homes and in public meetings, preaching, teaching, praying, distributing the Word of God.

The present situation, says the Nashville Advocate, is, briefly, this: The treaty agreed upon by European powers and Turkey after the Russo-Turkish war, more than twenty years ago, guaranteed autonomy for Bulgaria and for Servia, leaving Macedonia as the only European province under Turkish rule. A reformed government was by the same treaty guaranteed to the Macedonians, who were persuaded by their fellow-Christians of Europe to keep the peace and submit to the inevitable.

As a matter of course, Turkey meant all the time to do as little as possible in the way of improved government for the Christians, whom the Sultan both hates and fears. But the Macedonians, abetted by a constant influx of teachers, priests, and agitators from both Bulgaria and Servia, have given themselves to self-improvement, to study and agitation, until they are now so infinitely superior to their Mohammedan fellow-citizens that to institute anything like popular government would be simply to hand everything over to the hated Christians. Hence, though there is much talk of reform, there are no reforms.

Anticipating this, the Macedonians have never ceased preparing for an uprising. They know it is impossible to succeed as against the powerful Turkish army, but they believe that they can force their Christian neighbours — certainly Bulgaria and Servia, and perhaps even Russia and Austria—to take sides. At least one thousand five hundred Bulgarian teachers, with perhaps an equal number of priests, are in Macedonia in active co-

VISEGRAD, ON THE DANUBE.

operation with the insurgent leaders.

The whole Christian population of Macedonia belongs to the insurgent organization, which has reached a high degree of efficiency. Arms are brought in by it and laws are promulgated. This organization has really about as much to do with the affairs of the people as does the actual government by the Turks. A hot-headed element wished to precipitate a general uprising last fall, but the real leaders did not agree, and the little outbreak came to nothing.

By an irony of fate, an injustice as gross as were their other offensive procedures, the Turkish soldiers wreaked upon these peaceable citizens the hatred which had long rankled in their hearts, and for which the little uprising gave them a pretext. The whole province was devastated, and that at the beginning of winter. So horrible were the atrocities that the people fled naked and without food to the snow-covered mountains. There Mrs. Bakhmetieff found them a few weeks later.

Through the snows of the inhospitable mountains, with the thermometer almost down to zero, she travelled amid every exposure and inconvenience to witness the wrongs and, as far as she might, mitigate the pains of the fugitives. Her story given out in January, and confirmed by other investigators from Bulgaria and elsewhere, is heart-rending. The Turkish soldiers butchered the men in the presence of their wives, sisters, and mothers, and tortured, using burning irons, hot pincers, and other instruments of fiendish ingenuity, the women and the little girls of entire villages. No man can read even the veiled account in cold blood.

DELENDA.

Turkey is filling up the cup of her iniquity. The handwriting on the wall, announcing its destruction, already appears. The following striking poem, whose title means "shall be destroyed," by Mrs. Laura E. Richards, in The Boston Transcript, expresses the sentiment of Christendom on this subject:

Because the blood that long has filled her cup
To-day brims o'er;
Because the banner that she lifted up
Drips red with gore;
Because our brothers from her death-struck plains
For help do call;
Therefore this land shall fall!

Because the props that shored her crumbling throne
Are rotted through;
Because not one hour could it stand alone,
Black 'gainst the blue;
Because the earthquake clutches at the foot
Of tower and wall;
Therefore this land shall fall!

But most because the Lord is Lord of might,
And light, and love;
Because the nations in his balance-hand
Are weighed above;
Because his mill, slow grinding, grindeth small;
Therefore this land shall fall!

OUR FIRST DAYS IN JAPAN.

BY L'INCONNU.

A SHINTO SHRINE.

AND so we were in Japan—really in Japan at last. Malcolm, my elder brother, had come suddenly into possession of a considerable fortune. His educational opportunities had never been of the best as a boy, and he had always aimed at the utmost possible for me. A man, capable of running the business, had turned up at the right moment, and thus we were free for the two years of foreign travel that we had talked of sometimes as among the vague and improbable things of life.

I was my brother's junior by ten years, and had ambitions in the line of art. It was, therefore, part of his unselfish plan that we should spend most of our time in the great art centres of Europe. But we decided to go to Japan. I felt my young pulse flutter at the prospects. But whether I ever realize my hopes as an artist or not, it means something to have lived for awhile close to the heart of the dainty people of the Sunrise Kingdom.

The land itself is a fitting cradle

LITTLE PEASANT GIRLS AT WORK.

for art. One sees always the mountains or the sea. The Land of the Rising Sun, the Flowery Kingdom, the Switzerland of Asia—we had known Japan under all these and other names, and yet they conveyed but little to our minds till we looked with our own eyes upon the Island Empire in its beauty. We had decided to leave city life behind and betake ourselves to the villages, there to study the domestic life and labours of the little brown folk.

There is really no country life in Japan. The Japanese farmer lives in a village. The isolated farmhouse of our own land is never seen. The houses are grouped together, and the surrounding neighbourhood divided into little farms of from one to five acres. That the Japanese have a high regard for agriculture is seen in the fact that they place the farmer higher in social rank than the artisan or merchant. Perhaps the national feeling on this point is best expressed in the saying, "Farming is the foundation of the country."

It was a quaint little inn in the village of Kinoki where we put up for the night. The movable partitions had been folded away during the day in the interior, and a passer-by could look right through the house into a garden that seemed a miniature Fairyland. One of the first things to surprise the foreigner about these Japanese inns is the plan of having the best rooms at the rear. If you want to know how a thing is done in Japan think of the opposite way to which you would do it yourself. That will be the Japanese method. So we had to become accustomed to finding the kitchen at the front. In this instance it was half filled with smoke that strug-

JAPANESE GIRLS PEARL-GATHERING.

gled vainly to make its exit through the roof. A few servants and travellers of the poorer class were revelling and jesting in the stifling atmosphere. But the rooms at the rear were clean to admiration. It was in the month of September, when the atmosphere is its clearest, after the long oppressive weeks of rain, and in the clear moonlight that night we strolled through the garden at the rear.

We began to realize then how very flat and monotonous our attempts at gardening must appear to Japanese eyes. This garden was a little world in itself. There was no profusion of flowers, but shrubs were everywhere in abundance. The space was not large, but it gave a perfect representation of a stretch of several miles of landscape. There were little rivers and tiny rustic bridges. There were mountains and fields, and clumps of dwarfed trees; for the art of dwarfing trees has been well mastered by the Japanese. You will see a pine, sixty years old and perfect in all its parts, yet not more than a foot in height.

A TYPICAL NURSE.

Another principle of Japanese gardening is to symbolize abstract ideas, such as peace, old age, prosperity, etc. In short, gardening is one of the fine arts with the Japanese. We lingered for a few moments in this miniature world of beauty, with the brow of Fujiyama crowned with silver moonlight in the distance. The katydids were singing the same song they sang in our own Canadian home, and just for a moment our hearts went back to the old land. Then we went in to retire for the night.

Next morning we took our first walk in a Japanese village. We started out with the intention of shopping, but we must first have a look at the quaint Japanese dwellings and the village streets. Houses of white plaster, with thatched or tiled roofs, narrow windows, a weather-boarding from the ground six feet high, and eaves that project about three feet beyond the walls—these completed the picture.

With no chimneys and small windows, the next problem for the Japanese mind was the securing of light and air. To do this, he literally folds up one side of his house. That is to say, one side (preferably the south) consists of sliding doors. Usually there are twelve to twenty of these in a house. At night they are all closed, but the first duty of the morning is to open them and let in the air and sunshine. Thus one can sit in the house in Japan while enjoying the open air and scenery. Inside is another sliding partition made of slender frames covered with transparent paper, or filled in with glass. If it is damp or windy these are left closed.

At the entrance of one house we were particularly struck by a beautiful flowering plant in a pot. This we afterward chanced to learn had been left by a lover as a tribute to the dark-eyed maiden within. If kept flourishing he would know her parents favoured his suit, and accordingly his father would send the "go-between" to arrange matters with her father. If the plant is left to wither, he knows his hopes are vain. This one bloomed. Happy lover! Doubly so, since for the most part love has little place in the courtships of Japan. The suitor may see a young lady on the street with her mother, and fancy he would like her, after which the flowering plant may be called into requisition. But by no spoken word or correspondence dare he address the young lady, that is, except in

JAPANESE LITTLE MOTHERS.

"One sees them everywhere with their little charges."

the lowest classes. The lovers, if such they can be called, never see one another alone till after marriage. Indeed, in many cases, they do not see one another at all. The "go-between" arranges everything between the fathers of the prospective couple.

Later on we gained admission to the doll-house dwellings. We grew accustomed to taking off our shoes in the vestibule, to sitting on our feet on the mats about the hibachi in the centre of the room where the charcoal fire was burning slowly. We learned, too, when invited to a meal, to make ourselves quite comfortable on our mats on the floor before a little stand about six inches high, and partake of our meal without knife, fork, or spoon. So much for the mastery of the chopsticks.

We became accustomed, too, to seeing our bedding taken out of the "push-put-in place" (in other words, closet), and our pallet prepared on the floor. The wooden pillow, on which the little Japanese lady looks so dainty, grew to be a mere matter of course; we even grew accustomed to the rats that molest your slumbers in Japan, and they are no common rats. Our biggest and best rats would be put to shame by comparison with these creatures.

We walked slowly through the streets, and watched a couple saluting each other as they passed. Each bowed to the other a number of

times, slowly and deliberately, and interspersing their lowly obeisances with polite inquiries regarding the other's welfare. Each was delighted to see the other. Neither could tear himself away from the pleasure of the other's company. Finally one of them passed on, humbly begging pardon of his acquaintance for so doing. It will be seen from this pickaback rides of our childhood. Somnolence and contentment seem to be the chief characteristics of these plump little nurslings. It is funny sometimes to see papa and mamma Jap playing ball, with baby's head meanwhile peeping up from the strappings on their backs.

A faint strain of music in the ex-

JAPANESE PILLOW.

that in Japan no one is in a hurry. Hurry is synonymous with ill-breeding.

Another typical sight was that of the nurse-maid, with the baby Jap strapped upon her back. One sees them everywhere with their little charges. The first two years of his life the young Japanese spends mostly in a fashion similar to the

treme sky above suddenly drew our attention, and we looked upward to see trailing along the sunny clouds the far-famed kites of Japan. For kite-flying is not merely child sport in that land. It is quite common to see grown men thus taking recreation. These kites are of enormous size and varied colours and shapes. By a series of strings drawn across,

as in the Aeolian harp, they sing as they soar. Often in the evening one listens to these sky-serenaders as a fleet of kites sails overhead.

One thing we noticed in which the Japanese were considerably in advance of us. The rural free mail delivery, for which we are just beginning to agitate, is already an established fact in Japan. Their new post-office system is said to be superior to that of the United States or Canada. There is free delivery at every man's door throughout the country, even in the most remote towns and villages of the interior.

"PAPA AND MAMMA JAPS PLAYING BALL."

We had come out that morning for the purpose of shopping, and so turned into a little dry-goods store. It quite satisfied our desires to see something foreign. There are no large stores in Japan, they are rather little shops and stalls. The clerks sat upon their feet, neither did they rise to receive us when we entered, nor make any attempt to show us their wares. We had to ask for what we wished to see. Japanese goods are manufactured in the same building just back of the store. The old English custom prevails, too, of master and apprentices living together under the same roof where the goods are made and sold.

That afternoon we hired a jinrikisha, and went out amid the wilds of nature, for I was anxious to get down to my self-allotted work of sketching. But the pencil was idle nevertheless that day. We could do nothing but gaze and gaze. We had never dreamed of a world so beautiful. The coolies ran with us in the jinrikisha along the wild mountain paths, and then left us, as had been arranged, to wander by ourselves and study flower and shrub and rock. In the far-off sunny haze Fujiyama looked down upon the land, while to the westward the blue Pacific rolled and tumbled, and rested like a young lion in its play.

The mountains owed much of their beauty to the brokenness of their outline. Everywhere were deep gorges and clusters of peaks. The tillable land was but a narrow stretch of plain between mountain and sea. The rivers were short, rapid, and rushing, and often unnavigable. The forests were few, but the land everywhere had an appearance of great freshness and beauty. The trees were frequently evergreens, pines, firs, cryptonierias, and cedars, thinly scattered here and there, bamboo groves, orange orchards, tea bushes, the glossy camellias with their variegated blos-

soms, the palm, the camphor and the tallow trees, the bluish-green leaves of the eucalyptus, and the clinging wistaria, combined to make the rich vegetation that was everywhere in evidence. One must add, too, the wild shrubs that in America we find in small pots in hothouses. We saw in wild profusion all around us azaleas and peonies, hydrangeas, irises and chrysanthemums.

The flowers are for the most part brilliantly coloured, but not equal in fragrance to those of our own land. It is sometimes said that Japan is a land of songless birds, odourless flowers, tailless cats, and babies that do not cry. But this is an exaggeration. One has only to hear a soft, flute-like call at evening to be reminded of the English nightingale, and the flowers, too, have many of them a slight fragrance; but it is for their beauty the Japanese love them.

Certainly a kindly providence has sent the flowers to a land where they are well appreciated. What other people would think of making a holiday when a certain flower is in the height of its season and going out to the parks and groves to enjoy its beauty? Think of New York and Chicago, or even Toronto, taking a holiday and going out into the country to enjoy the peach-blossoms or the wild roses, or the maple leaves of autumn. But Japan puts on its gala dress, it calls out its music-girls to add to the merriment, and goes out to the gardens and orchards to admire the plum-blossoms, the cherry-blossoms, the chrysanthemums, etc. But the cherry-blossom of Japan is no common flower. It atones for its barrenness by being large and double, like roses. Tokyo is especially noted for the beauty of its cherry groves.

One feels like calling Japan a sort of children's kingdom, as well as a flowery kingdom, so bright-spirited are its people. Perhaps their happy disposition is in some measure due to the fact that they spend so much of their life out of doors. Even the peasant children have a sunny occupation, many of them among the tea-bushes. We could see them from where we stood, their little white caps bobbing up and down amid the dark green foliage, and away up along the shore we could see through our field-glasses the little pearl-fishers at work, barefooted in the sunny waters. What a happy contrast to our sweltering factories! Some one has said it is hard to keep a sad heart if you spend much time in the open air, and certain it is that on the very slopes of volcanoes that may burst forth at any minute, these light-hearted people picnic and make merry. They slumber peacefully, rocked by the earthquake and with the waves of a possible flood washing their shores. Even as we walked we came to one of those mysterious cracks in the rock, whence hot, sulphurous fumes issue, telling their tale of heat and unrest beneath the ground on which we trod. Hot, sulphurous springs bubble up here and there throughout the land.

We had just turned to go back to meet our coolies, when a sudden trembling in the grass and brushwood beneath our feet made us pause. For a moment we had a sensation as of walking on a steamer deck, the trees shook their foliage slightly, and then all was still. It was our first experience of an earthquake, but it was only a very slight one.

The red sun dropped behind the mountains, the moon came riding up slowly over the great, playful Pacific, that tossed its white-caps on the breast of the opal tide. The uguisu breathed its plaintive evening song from the scattered pines,

and we got into our jinrikisha and turned toward our lodgings. We were seeing Japan at its best in the beautiful autumn months, when the atmosphere is clear and bracing.

It was another story the following spring, when the rainy season set in, when our books moulded, and our clothes moulded, and our spirits moulded, too; when "the sick head" became prevalent among foreigners and we began to understand something of the nervous strain of those of the English race who live and labour in that land.

A few days later we took a trip to Tokyo, to make some purchases in the line of Japanese art of which I was covetous. We happened there just in the time of the chrysanthemum festival. We knew before long that we knew nothing—positively nothing, about chrysanthemums, and that other Canadians were like us. One must see the chrysanthemum in Japan to know it. The variety is simply amazing. There is not only every colour, but every shape. But the most curious thing is to see five or six kinds of varied colours and shapes on the same plant. Again, sometimes, the whole energy of the plant is directed to producing one flower. But such a flower!

There are many quaint names for these highly developed varieties. There is the tawny monster called "Sleepy Head," the "Fisher's Lantern," the "Robe of Feathers," and the "Starlit Night," a lovely creation like Iceland moss covered with frost. But the strangest sight is to see these mammoth flowers in the shapes of men and gods, boats, bridges, castles, etc.

The festival kept us in the city till the Sabbath day, and it was our first experience of a Christian church in a foreign land. We had worked for missionary-supported missions, prayed for missions at home, and now we were privileged to see some of the fruits that were being harvested. The church we entered was one of the outposts of Canadian Methodism. It was already almost full as we took our places, for the great revival had been shaking the foundations of Japanese life."

"Jesus, lover of my soul,"—the tears started to our eyes as we heard the Lord's song in a strange land. We understood not a word, but we could feel the reverence and fervour in the voices that sang. Oh that those who work and pray at home could see for a moment that throng of faces and hear those voices sing as we saw and heard them that day.

The service throughout was in Japanese, but our hearts were not the less touched as we looked around at those faces reverently lifted as they listened to the Word of Life. Here, where once Christianity was a capital offence—here in the shadows of the temples of Buddhism and Shintoism, the churches of the Cross were being reared and filled with seekers of light. On our way that morning we had paused a moment at the entrance of a Japanese temple, silent under the shadow of its mysterious trees and with the great brazen monsters guarding its approach. Farther down we had passed a Shinto shrine. And these people worshipping around us, they had passed them too,—the shrines of their fathers, and come to worship at the cross.

As yet we had not had opportunity to delve into the religious life of Japan. Its conflicting beliefs, its indifference to all beliefs, were alike unfamiliar to us. We had as yet but a surface glimpse of that wonderful land and people. But of this we were convinced, that this religion of Jesus Christ is the hope of the New Japan. With it she will be the power of the Orient. Without it her name will be Oblivion.

THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE HAWKINS CREST.

Sir John Hawkins was the first Englishman to engage in the nefarious slave trade 1562. He had the bad taste to glory in his shame and to emblazon on his crest the badge of human servitude denounced by Wesley as the "sum of all villanies."

I.

Its Origin.

IT is gratifying to Canadian patriotism to know that among the very first laws enacted by the newly-organized province of Upper Canada was one for the abolition of slavery. In year 1793 the conscript fathers of the new commonwealth, homespun-clad farmers or merchants, from the plough or store, with a large vision of the future, passed an act which forbade the further introduction of slaves and made provision for the gradual emancipation of all slave-born children in the province. Dr. Scadding thus describes the picturesque surroundings of the scene:

"We see them adjourning to the open air from their straitened chamber at Navy Hall, and conducting the business of the young province under the shade of a spreading tree, introducing the English Code and Trial by Jury, decreeing roads, and prohibiting the spread of slavery; while a boulder of the drift, lifting itself up through the natural turf, serves as a desk for the recording clerk." *

From that time onward till the abolition of slavery in the American Republic, a period of nearly a hundred years, Canada was the place of refuge for many thousands of fugitives from bondage. The lone north star was the cynosure of their watching eyes. On many a midnight march it guided their footsteps till they reached our shores. It is estimated that more than thirty thousand negro slaves found freedom in Canada. These were helped

* Previous to this date, however, Lord Mansfield had declared, in 1772, "Villeinage has ceased in England, and it cannot be revived. The air of England," he said, "has long been too pure for a slave, and every man is free who breathes it. Every man who comes into England is entitled to the protection of English law, whatever oppression he may heretofore have suffered, and whatever may be the colour of his skin: Quamvis ille niger, quamvis tu candidus esses."

Cowper, the British poet of the slave, translated this dictum into verse that thrilled the age:

"Slaves cannot breathe in England: if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free:
They touch our country and their shackles fall."

Still earlier, in the very opening years of the eighteenth century, Chief Justice Holt had affirmed that "as soon as a negro comes into England he is free; one may be a villein in England, but not a slave"; and later: "In England there is no such thing as a slave, and a human being never was considered a chattel to be sold for a price."

on their way to the land of liberty by a philanthropic organization known as the Underground Railway. Of this organization, of its methods, its results, and some of its principal agents, we purpose in this paper to give some account.

From the nature of the case the operations of the Underground Railway had to be conducted in secret. Few details of its work were placed on record. Its agents for very practical reasons "did good by stealth and blushed to find it fame." They lived in an atmosphere of suspicion and espionage. When discovered they were marked men, exposed to punishment by the law, and were subject to extrajudicial disabilities, annoyance, and persecution; and they were sometimes done to death as martyrs of liberty. The literature of the subject is therefore meagre. It is scattered through reports of legal trials, newspaper and magazine articles, and a number of books and sketches, reminiscence and biography. A few Underground Railway agents were indiscreet enough to commit to writing the record of their operations, some of which, for a time preserved, it was found necessary to destroy. Nevertheless, a number of works have been compiled on this subject.

The most considerable of these is Still's "Underground Railway Records," a large volume of 780 pages, which appeared in 1872 and a second edition in 1883. Levi Coffin, an apostle of abolition, a distinguished member of an uncompromising anti-slavery family, has written a large volume of reminiscences of the stirring events in which he was so prominent. Theodore Parker, of Boston, an active abolitionist, made a large collection of manuscript and printed documents on this subject, which is now in possession of the Boston Public Library.

That philanthropic Canadian, Dr. Alexander M. Ross, who bore a brave part in aiding the escape of fugitives, has in his "Recollection and Experiences of an Abolitionist," recorded many stirring incidents of the anti-slavery campaign. The biographies of Fred Douglass, Josiah Henson, Austin Steward, and other escaped slaves, also describe many personal incidents and adventures. Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" gives a graphic account of Underground Railway methods, and the Key to that work furnishes corroborative statements vindicating the general truthfulness of her novel. The latest, best-digested, and most comprehensive book on this subject is "The Underground Railway from Slavery to Freedom," by Wilbur H. Siebert, Professor of European History in Ohio State University.*

It is somewhat remarkable that such law-abiding and peace-loving people as the Friends or Quakers should be active agents in the violation of law and defiance of authority involved in the abduction, concealment and forwarding to their destination of the hunted slaves. The zealous abolitionist and Underground Railway agent, to use the words of Professor Hart, of Harvard University, argued thus:

"In aiding fugitive slaves he is making the most effective protest against the continuance of slavery; but he was also doing something more tangible; he was helping the oppressed, he was eluding the oppressor; and at the same time he was enjoying the most romantic and exciting amusement open to men who had high moral standards. Above all, the Underground Railway was the opportunity for the bold and the adventurous; it had the excitement of piracy, the secrecy of burglary, the daring of insurrection; to the pleasure of relieving the poor negro's sufferings it added the triumph of snapping one's fingers at the slave-catcher; it developed coolness, indifference to danger, and quickness of resource."

* Macmillan Company, New York, 1898. 8vo, pp. 478.

Fred Douglass, himself frequently exposed to fine and imprisonment for succouring the fugitives, writes: "I never did more congenial, attractive, fascinating, and satisfactory work."

Professor Siebert has recorded the names of over three thousand persons who were engaged in this heroic work, a roll of honour in which its members might well be proud to be inscribed. While the rank and file were men of humble birth and unknown to fame, yet some of them were persons of high position, literary culture, or heroic daring—men who won "glorious infamy" by their sufferings for the slave. The futile effort of Brown, of Osawatomie, to emancipate the slaves in Virginia, led to his execution on the scaffold; but on many a weary march and by many a lonely campfire, the armies of freedom chanted the Marseillaise of the Civil War: "John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave, but his soul is marching on." Its refrain, too, furnished the motive for the noble battle hymn of the Republic.

"In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free.
While God is marching on."

The historic record of the Quakers as unfaltering friends of liberty and uncompromising foes of oppression and wrong, as heroic confessors unto blood and martyrs unto death for righteousness and truth, finds further illustration in their connection with the Underground Railway.

From very early times in the history of slavery the bondman had a habit of seeking his liberty when he found an opportunity. It is a way that slaves always and everywhere have had. So great a loss thus accrued to the slave-holders of the American Republic that as early as 1793, in an unconscious irony on its own recent struggle for Independence, Congress passed its first Fugitive Slave Law.

From that time down to the close of the Secession War may be considered the period of the secret modes of rescuing the slave, culminating in the well-organized Underground Railway, with its many routes and branches. The fugitive slave laws were from time to time made more severe in their penalties, involving not only heavy fines, but long imprisonment. These laws became more and more obnoxious to the abolitionists as violations of primal human rights, and of the instincts of liberty. The benign provisions of the ancient Hebrew law of divine origin, "Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant which is escaped from his master unto thee," were cited as good reasons for violating the man-made law which virtually made all northern citizens accomplices in the crime of slave-catching.

A considerable number of slaves in the far south escaped to Mexico or to the deep recesses of the Dismal Swamp, and some to Great Britain; but to most of them the true land of liberty was Canada. The increased scope and value given to slave labour by the Louisiana Purchase and the invention of the cotton-gin and consequent vast extension of cotton culture made the task of the slave more bitter, and increased his passion for liberty. Virginia, the mother of presidents, became also the mother of slaves. The southern tier of slave states became a great mill, in which were ground out the lives of bondmen; and new grist must be supplied, after the foreign slave trade had been abolished, by slave-breeding in the northern tier of slave states. The dread of being "sold south," with the utter and irrevocable severance of the dearest and

tenderest ties of kinship and love, hung like a nightmare over the souls of myriads of our fellow-beings. The value of slaves became greatly enhanced, and led to the systematic pursuit of fugitives, and sometimes to the kidnapping of free negroes in the north.

Yet in many parts of the far south the very existence of such a place as Canada, and the succour which it offered for the fugitive were unknown. The war of 1812-15, and the return of the southern soldiers to their homes, made that place of refuge known and predisposed the negroes to seek liberty among the enemies of their masters. It was not long before tidings from the fugitives in Canada found their way back to their old homes. Before the Secession War it is estimated that five hundred negroes annually travelled between the land of freedom and the land of slavery to rescue their kinsmen.

There were those also of an alien race, whose only kinship with the oppressed was that of the soul, who took part in this crusade. Notable among these was Dr. Alexander M. Ross, a native of Ontario, a citizen of Toronto, a man of culture, and of distinguished scientific attainments, who devoted his energies with impassioned zeal to the succour of the slave. Mrs. Stowe's tear-compelling story of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was to him a revelation and a command. Upon reading it his resolution was taken, he says, to devote all his energies to let the oppressed go free. Dr. Ross had won name and fame in the Old World and the New for his scientific studies, and had received decorations from several European sovereigns. He visited the cotton States in pursuit of his studies in ornithology, visited many plantations, conversed with the more intelligent slaves, and induced numbers to escape. He would give them money, food, a pocket compass, and a knife or pistol, and send them on to the land of liberty. A reward of $12,000 was offered for his arrest. While aiding the escape of a slave he evaded capture only by shooting the horse of his pursuer. He was a tried and trusted friend of John Brown, whom he entertained at his home in Toronto.

Dr. Ross was in Richmond at the time of Brown's attack on Harper's Ferry. He was arrested and handcuffed, but escaped for lack of incriminating evidence. John Brown on the day before his death wrote to Dr. Ross exhorting him not to give up his labours for "the poor that cry and are in bonds." During the Civil War he served in the Federal Army, and subsequently in the army of Mexico. He won the commendation of Mr. Gladstone for his zeal, forethought, and tenacity, and for the signal courage and disinterestedness in humanity which formed the basis of his character.*

William Lloyd Garrison, one of the most famous of the abolitionists, was born at Newburyport, Mass., of New Brunswick parentage. In Baltimore and Washington he came in contact with slavery, and wrote so vehemently against it that he was tried, imprisoned, and amerced in a fine of $1,000. In 1831 he issued the first number of The Liberator, in which, for five-and-thirty years, he continued to plead

* Whittier made Dr. Ross the subject of the following memorial verses, which are printed in fac-simile in The Canadian Magazine, Vol. V., p. 16:

For his steadfast strength and courage
In a dark and evil time,
When the Golden Rule was treason,
And to feed the hungry crime.

For the poor slave's hope and refuge
When the hounds were on his track,
And saint and sinner, State and Church,
Joined hands to send him back.

Blessings upon him! What he did
For each sad, suffering one,
Chained, hunted, scourged, and bleeding,
Unto our Lord was done!

the cause of the slave. He adopted as his motto, "My country is the world, my countrymen are all mankind," and stoutly affirmed, "I will not equivocate, I will not excuse, I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard." These prophetic words are engraved upon his monument in the city of Boston, through whose streets he was dragged by a mob and committed to prison to save his life. When he visited England Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton was amazed to find him a white man, having taken it for granted that no one could plead so eloquently against slavery unless he himself had been a slave. He procured the aid of George Thompson, the eloquent English abolitionist, who earnestly pleaded the cause of the oppressed in the chief cities of the Northern States and Canada.*

A noble band of women became leaders in the anti-slavery reform at a time when public opinion forbade public speaking to their sex. Mrs. Chapman, Mrs. Child, Lucretia Mott, Abby Kelley, and others bravely bore this reproach and addressed public audiences when stones and brickbats crashed through the windows. For admitting free coloured girls to her school at Canterbury, Conn., Mis Prudence Crandall, a Quaker lady, was treated with contumely and malice. She was boycotted, to use the phrase of a later day, even by the doctor who refused to visit the sick in her school, and lived as in a besieged garrison. She was thrown into a prison cell from which a murderer had just been taken for execution. Her school was fired and well-nigh wrecked, and was finally closed by violence.

Wendell Phillips, a man of the bluest blood of Boston, a member of its Brahmin caste, son of the first mayor of that city, espoused the cause of the hatred abolitionists. He shared their persecutions and witnessed their triumphs. Channing, Quincey, and other heroes of reform soon joined the ranks.

Intense opposition was offered the new propaganda. Anti-abolitionist riots took place in several northern cities. In New York the house of Mr. Louis Tappan was sacked and the furniture burned. In Philadelphia the anti-slavery hall was burned, as was also an asylum for coloured children. The Hon. J. C. Burney, solicitor for Alabama, released his slaves, for which his name was stricken off the roll of the bar, and the press he established at Cincinnati was destroyed.

Many ministers of religion obeyed the precepts and imitated the example of Him who came to "preach to the captives and to set at liberty them that are bruised."

The Rev. Elijah P. Lovejoy, a Presbyterian pastor from Maine, for denouncing a cruel lynching in St. Louis, was driven from that city. The same fate followed him to Alton, Ill., where his house was attacked, and he was himself shot to death by a mob. He was the first but not the last abolition martyr. His fate sounded the death-knell of slavery. Soon more than a hundred anti-slavery societies sprang up throughout the north.

The Rev. Owen Lovejoy, whose brother, as we have seen, was murdered for the cause of liberty, was taunted as "nigger stealer." He replied, "Thou invisible demon of slavery, dost thou think to cross my humble threshold, and forbid me to give bread to the hungry and shelter to the houseless! I bid you defiance in the name of my God!"

For many years the lights in the windows of Thomas Rankin, a Presbyterian pastor on the Ohio River,

* After thirty-five years' ceaseless effort the work to which The Liberator was devoted was accomplished, and Garrison, an invited guest, saw the flag of the emancipated Union raised upon the battlements of Fort Sumter.

"were hailed by slaves fleeing from the soil of Kentucky as beacons to guide them to a haven of safety."

Theodore Parker, the accomplished scholar and orator and enthusiastic abolitionist of Boston, writes: "I must attend to living men, and not to dead books, and all this winter my time has been occupied with these poor souls."

The Rev. Charles Torrey, in 1838, resigned the pastorate of a Congregational church, in Providence, Rhode Island, and relinquished quiet and comfort that he might devote himself to the work of freeing the slaves. He was thrust into prison, attempted to escape, was sentenced to penitentiary for six years, and in prison he died. In 1844 he wrote: "If I am a guilty man, I am a very guilty one; for I have aided nearly four hundred slaves to escape to freedom, the greater part of whom would probably, but for my exertions, have died in slavery." Of him Whittier wrote: "In the wild woods of Canada, around many a happy fireside and holy family altar, his name is on the lips of God's poor. He put his soul in their soul's stead; he gave his life for those who had no claim on his love save that of human brotherhood."

Calvin Fairbank, a student of Oberlin College, read at his father's fireside, a station of the Underground Railway, the story of sorrow of escaped slaves. "My heart wept," he writes, "my anger was kindled, an antagonism to slavery was fixed upon me." He devoted himself with enthusiasm to the work of succouring the slave, and soon was placed behind prison bars. He was arrested again and again, and spent seventeen years and four months of his life in prison for abducting slaves, and has placed on record the statement that he received at the hands of prison officials thirty-five thousand stripes on his naked body. His ample reward was that he had guided forty-seven slaves toward the north star. He writes:

"I piloted them through the forests, mostly by night; girls, fair and white, dressed as ladies; men and boys, as gentlemen or servants; men in women's clothes, and women in men's clothes, boys dressed as girls, and girls as boys; on foot or on horseback, in buggies, carriages, common waggons, in and under loads of hay, straw, old furniture, boxes and bags; crossing the Jordan of the slave, swimming or wading chin deep; or in boats, or skiffs; on rafts, and often on a pine log. And I never suffered one to be recaptured."

HATE.

BY S. M. BAKER HUDSON.

So close their lives, none else might know
As well as she,—the throbbing woe,
The hidden hurt, the unhealed blow,
In heart more near than friend!

But well *Hate* knew; and waited till
Both time and place her wish fulfil,
Then took her aim with cruel skill:
With subtle, devilish art.

For as she wove her silken mesh,
Her jagged javelin rent afresh
The quivering, lacerated flesh:
The kindred, trusting flesh!

She sees the life-blood's crimson stain,
But gloats upon her victim's pain,
And joys to see it bleed again;
And tells herself—"'tis best."

And yet, those selfsame wounds that bleed,
By every evidence of need,
But dumbly, eloquently plead—
Love's opportunity:

A chance to deal with Christ-like art,
To soothe, to heal the bitter smart,
To bring down heaven to one poor heart;
Such chance as angels seek!

HAWTHORNE'S MASTERPIECE.

BY FRANK C. LOCKWOOD, PH.D.

THE SCARLET LETTER —the most perfect production of America's finest literary artist — seems almost to have been a chance blossom. At least the apparent misfortune of the author proved to be an uncommon piece of good fortune to the world of letters.

Hawthorne had for three years been surveyor in the Salem Custom House, but suddenly, by a change of party, he was removed from office. He was gloomy and disheartened; but when he announced the news to his wife she smiled, drew out from its hiding-place one hundred and fifty dollars that she had saved from her husband's salary without his knowledge, placed pen, ink and paper before him and said: "Now you can write your book." He toiled terribly over it for three months, his application being so intense that, Mrs. Hawthorne tells us, a great knot sometimes showed itself in his forehead before the work was finished.

In 1849, some time after Hawthorne had been turned out of office, Fields, the publisher, hearing that he was in poor health, went down to Salem to see him. He was living in a little house on Mall Street at that time. Mr. Fields found him alone in a small upstairs room, hovering near the fire. He was very low-spirited.

"Now," said Fields, "is the time for you to publish, for I know during these three years in Salem you must have got something ready for the press."

"Nonsense," replied Hawthorne, "What heart had I to write anything when my publishers have been so many years trying to sell the 'Twice Told Tales?' Who would risk publishing a book for me, the most unpopular writer in America?"

"I would," said Fields, "and would start an edition of two thousand copies of anything you wrote."

"What madness!" he exclaimed. "Your friendship for me gets the better of your judgment. No, no, I have no money to indemnify a publisher's losses on my account."

As it was almost train time, Fields was compelled to go, though he still pressed Hawthorne to tell him what he had been writing. He again shook his head, conveying the impression that he had produced nothing. But his friend, as he left the room, caught sight of a bureau not far from Hawthorne's elbow, and it occurred to him that hidden away in this receptacle was a story; indeed, so positive was he of this that he warmly insisted that such was the case. The author, though he seemed a little surprised, only shook his head once more; but before Fields had reached the bottom of the stairs, Hawthorne called to him to wait a moment, and immediately appeared in the hallway with a roll of manuscript in his hands.

"How in heaven's name did you know it was there?" said he. "As you have found me out, take what I have written, and tell me, after you get home and have time to read it, if it is good for anything. It is either very good or very bad—I don't know which."

Mr. Fields read it through before he slept, and at once he wrote the author a glowing note of praise.

Hawthorne was still dubious; but when the book came out, altered somewhat in accordance with Field's suggestion, the publisher's most enthusiastic hopes were realized, and Hawthorne's fame was secure.

"The Scarlet Letter" was an immediate success, the first edition of five thousand copies having been sold in ten days. Hawthorne never wrote anything that surpassed it. As a work of art it is faultless, and as a prose product of the creative imagination it is equal to any book ever written. The story is based upon a fact in New England history, for a young woman in punishment for some heinous offence was once condemned to wear a symbol of her shame. The scene of "The Scarlet Letter" is laid in Boston in the early New England days of "witchcraft" and Puritanical inquisition, and is a story of sin and retribution. It deals with the elemental and eternal passions of the human soul; it has the ring of absolute truth; and the warmth and grace of consummate art. It is as chaste as it is strong, and as unique in conception as it is perfect in execution.

Hawthorne reaches the height of his power in the delineation of the character of little Pearl. There are few more perfect creations in literature than this. Pearl is the animate scarlet letter—the link that binds together the sinful Dimmesdale and Hester. She is an altogether elf-like and peculiar creature. She is a dainty, fiery and lawless blossom of a wild and irreparable moment of sin. She both taunts and delights Hester's heart; at once a thorn that pierces and a dewy rosebud that perfumes with infinite sweetness the scarlet bosom of her mother. She is as innocent as the dawn, but preternaturally gifted with an instinct to guess the nature of the crime and sorrow that envelop her own life and that of her mother in gloom. She is a distinct creation of the author's mind, the most imaginative of all his characters, yet artistic and consistent in every particular.

"What is it," I have been asked, "that makes 'The Scarlet Letter' such a great work?" I might reply briefly to this inquiry, "It is because it fulfils all the requirements of a literary masterpiece." But, I am sure, the question anticipates a more detailed answer, so I will point out, as best I can, some of the artistic qualities of the story.

The first requisite of a great piece of literature is that it speaks to the emotions. The primary function of art is to move rather than to instruct. It is not enough, though, merely to yield luxurious delight to the feelings. The object or occasion which the artist sets before us must be of such a character as justly to evoke the emotions felt by the reader or observer. He must base his work upon some fundamental principle or passion of human life. This Hawthorne does in "The Scarlet Letter." The theme of the book is, a great sin and its effects upon the characters of all those who are involved in it. Such a theme certainly will lead into the very depths of human life, and will offer a worthy task to the brain and pen of the most gifted genius. It will suggest love, innocence, temptation, struggle, intrigue, sorrow, remorse, and retribution. Such emotions and experiences are the stuff of which life is made. But Hawthorne has not only based his story upon a fit subject of life; he has shown us his characters in such situations as to arouse in us the most vivid and lively emotions of admiration, pity, aversion, and sympathy; and has from the beginning of the book to its close held us in the grasp of intense and varied feeling. The secret recesses of the

human soul are laid bare before our gaze. Elemental passions are depicted in their origin and gradual progress. We are awed and sobered as the author, with an inspired and inevitably accurate pen, describes how the primal instincts and impulses of men and women exert their fatal attractions and repulsions, and pictures the inner agony of soul that works itself out at last in diabolic or heroic deeds.

Best of all, there is a tone of moral grandeur in the book. There is no ethical limpness in this work; no attempt to make sin seductive; no weak palliation of guilt by subtle apologies for the frailty of human nature. Here is the very truth of life presented without fear or favour—naked, impassioned sin; strong, heroic suffering; consuming remorse—the innocent child visited with the penalties resulting from the misdeeds of its parents, poisonous hatred reacting upon the one who cherishes it—all the spiritual laws that relate to characters situated as these characters are situated, working out the rewards and penalties of human action.

But still another element is essential for the production of a literary classic. It must be well written. It must be clothed in language at once fresh, precise and felicitous. There must be grace as well as energy of expression; and, in addition to all this, there must be an individuality of style which shall bear the impress of ease and distinction in equal measure. To affirm that a book must be well written implies still further that the whole production shall exhibit unity of design and orderly progression from beginning to end. Any good story will have unity of form as well as unity of sentiment. I venture to say that not one work of fiction that has been circulated to the extent of a hundred thousand copies, written in the English language, during the past ten years, has fulfilled the simple requirements that I have just indicated. The fact that our most popular books are cast aside and forgotten in less than a decade could be accounted for readily enough by pointing out their manifest failure to measure up to the elementary tests of literary form. But what a delight to turn from the loose and glaring style of "The Crisis," or the depressing tone and coarse manner of "Unleavened Bread" to the grave, chaste, and elevated language of "The Scarlet Letter."

Perhaps some would say it is too grave and sombre. It is true that the story itself contains scarcely a gleam of humour to light up the prevailing gloom. Hawthorne himself felt that there was too little sunshine in the book, and wrote the long introduction about the old Custom House at Salem to liven it up somewhat. Yet the style is not inappropriate to the subject matter. There is little place for glee and laughter in a narrative so fraught with human frailty and suffering. The sombre vesture in which the story is clothed is well adapted to the guilt and shame that it depicts.

But where shall we find, apart from the very greatest masters of English prose, such rich and full expression? "Before his exquisite sentences verbal criticism folds its hands for lack of argument." Hawthorne's diction is unsurpassed. Simply to con his words and feast upon his sentences is a delight, and an artistic exercise of no small merit. He possessed every quality that the writer of English should possess. Achilles was not stronger, Ulysses not more cunning than the diction of this consummate literary artist. Strength, richness, sweetness and lucidity are equally apparent in this great masterpiece.

Allegheny College.

THE DUTY THAT LAY NEAREST.

BY MRS. A. H. DOANE.

THE aged pastor read impressively: "And the Lord said unto Cain, Where is Abel, thy brother? And he said, I know not: Am I my brother's keeper?" Pausing, he repeated, "And Cain said, Am I my brother's keeper? Note the first result of hereditary tendency. The first born into this world sinned against God and man, and sought to excuse himself by asking, Am I my brother's keeper? Ever since the time of Cain the question has come to every child of man, Where is thy brother? Woman, where is thy sister? Is it well with them? Cain is not alone, friends, in his answer. Again, and ever again, all down through the ages, does the man or woman strive to shake off responsibility and reply, Am I my brother's keeper? Am I my sister's keeper? Oh, man, knowest thou not, the voice of thy brother's blood crieth to heaven from the ground? Oh, woman, remember the voice of thy sister's hardship and suffering crieth to God. For all these things ye will be brought into judgment."

A fair girl, tastefully clad, sitting midway in the auditorium, started as the minister read his text. Regaining almost instantly her composure, she appeared henceforth merely an attentive listener. In reality, after the first few words we have transcribed and which seemed burnt into her brain, she heard little of what followed. All through the preacher's masterly exposition of the social evils of the day and his eloquent plea for right against might, she sat perfectly still, deaf to it all. She was thinking, thinking thus:

How strange he should have chosen that text that very day! Could it be merely accident, or was she to believe, as mother would have done, that it was divinely ordered? Did God really care so much about one girl's deeds? Pshaw, what nonsense! Ministers had to preach. It was their business, just as it was hers to write readable, breezy articles for her editor.

Still that text this morning seemed just a little eerie. There must be a God who, as she used to repeat in childhood, knew all the thoughts and desires of the heart. Oh, she knew there was; deep down in her heart she knew it. She dare not disobey Him, lest—how was it?—the voice of her sister's blood should cry to Him from the ground. But it was hard, so hard. How hard none but herself and God could know. Must she give all up, the congenial occupation, the hope of future independence, and the pleasant life with all its bright prospects?

"Oh, God," cried her heart, "the other way is hard, is hateful. Thou Thyself gavest me my talents, must I bury them in the earth?"

A still, small voice seemed to whisper, "I also gave thee thy sister, and will require her again, at thy hands. Behold I, even I, have trodden the winepress alone, and is the servant greater than her Lord?" Still she sat on through hymn and final prayer, feeling numb, stricken, aged. Ah, she would ever feel so. Suddenly she became aware the people were moving out, and she rose also, and went with the rest.

All that day she felt in a stupor. She did nothing. What was there to do? All was decided. It was out of her hands. She must go, since she was bidden. But to-day was Sunday, she could rest to-day.

Next morning she woke with an odd, depressing sense of ill. In a moment she remembered everything. Strange that the sun should be shining, and the sparrows chirping so cheerily on such a sad, sad day. She read again the missive she had received the Saturday before.

"Dear Niece," the letter ran, "Bertha is very poorly. She has her spells very often now, and nothing we can do seems to relieve her. She don't talk, but we see she's fretting. I think, if she could live with you in the old home in the old way she would be better, or at least no worse than she used to be. I expect it's a hard thing to ask you to do, Frances Jane, but if you love your sister and want her to live out her days, you'll certainly have to come home at once and give up your writing. Let me know what you intend doing, and I'll get the old house done up ahead for you.

"Your affectionate aunt,

"Martha.

"P.S.—Bertha had four fits yesterday."

Then she opened the note she had intended mailing that morning.

"Dear Aunt Martha,—

"So sorry to hear of Bertha's illness. However, I suppose it is no more than could be expected. Those epileptic fits, I believe, do become frightfully frequent in time. Let everything possible be done for her. The boys and I will foot the bills. It is absolutely impossible for me to leave just now. I've just succeeded in getting a foothold. Imagine, auntie, the chief actually tossed me a crumb of approval this week. It was a very small crumb, but I hope for more. Explain to Bertha and give her my best love.

"Ever your loving niece,
"Fannie."

Slowly and sadly, as one compelled, she tore it into fragments and tossed it in the grate. Then seizing a pen she wrote, hurriedly:

"Dear Auntie,—

"I must give a week's notice, after which expect me home.

"Frances J. Collinger."

Then she went to the office and told her chief, that owing to her sister's illness, she was compelled to return home at the end of the week. The busy editor wheeled round in his chair and stared at her, saying curtly: "Suppose you understand what you are doing, Miss Collinger. It's a pity to quit. Think I could guarantee your success later. Can't you hire for your sister?"

"Thank you, sir, but I'm afraid I'll have to go."

"Oh, well, very sorry. Good morning, Miss Collinger."

As she left the building that noon, a voice cried, "Here you are at last, Miss Fannie. May I walk with you? We're planning a small excursion for next week, and we want you to arrange to get off that day. You can, don't you think?"

"I'm afraid not, thank you. I've just heard of the illness of my sister and am about leaving the city for good."

"Oh, no, Fannie! Miss Fannie, surely not! We can't spare you. I mean to tell you at a more suitable time and place, not here in the street, Fannie, but if you're going away what's a fellow to do? I—I think lots of you. Never saw a girl I liked so well, really. I want to marry you some day, don't you know, if you'll have me. You will, won't you?"

What girl is unmoved when the right man speaks to her of marriage—speaks he ever so haltingly? Poor Fannie felt her cup of trial overflow. Nevertheless she realized her duty to Bertha lay nearest, and she meant to perform it. Yet the temptation was great. John Paul St. John was offering her not only love, but culture, wealth, and position, all her soul craved. Must she refuse? Life with him would be a dream, a poem, and she must give it up. Could God possibly require so much sacrifice.

A moment she hesitated, then she said quietly, "Mr. St. John, I am an orphan and my sister is an epileptic. She is greatly attached to me, her only sister. With me at home and everything as of old, she will live years, I've no doubt, and be happy, poor girl. Without me, or in a strange place, she will pine away and soon die. The five months I've been in Halifax I've enjoyed greatly. I love my work, but I must go back to Lornville Saturday. So you see, what you ask is impossible."

"Not at all, not at all! Why must you go, Fannie? Come, marry me at once, and we'll get your sister a good nurse or send her to some sanitarium. You must not waste your youth and talents on an epileptic. If she dies, what then? We all must some day."

"The epileptic is my sister, Mr. St. John, and if she dies for want of me, I fear the voice of my sister's blood will cry to God from the ground."

"My dear girl, you are morbid! You have been working too hard. Come, let us marry quietly and go to Europe. You'll feel differently soon. By the way, I've heard you speak of brothers, cannot one of them care for their afflicted sister?"

"Either George, Roland, or John would do all they could, but, you understand, they're married. It's not upon them, but upon their wives the care would fall. They are all good women and kind, but in a case like this kinship tells. Try their very best, Susan, Bessie, or Kate could not help shrinking and showing their repugnance. Besides, Kate is extremely nervous. Indeed, indeed, I've gone over it all before, but if I, Bertha's own sister, dread the task and feel it almost more than I can bear, how can I expect a sister-in-law to perform it? Besides, Bertha longs for me. It is my burden, Mr. St. John, that I must bear, though, of

course, our brothers will help me as much as possible, financially and otherwise."

"I think, Fannie dear, if you would trust me, I could arrange a way; find some way out of this dilemma."

"There is no way, Mr. St. John, but that I have mentioned. Good-bye. We must walk different paths in this world, but I hope you may be happy."

"You are unkind, Fannie. You wish me happiness and yet refuse me the one thing necessary for its fulfilment."

"I do not mean to be unkind, Mr. St. John, but we must part here. Good-bye."

In a few days she was back in Lornville, striving as cheerfully as she could to take up the old life. Poor Bertha was visibly changed and Fannie's heart smote her, as she realized how much her own happy five months had cost her sister. It nerved her to do her best in house and garden. The work was uncongenial, but duty faithfully performed brings a certain satisfaction. Moreover, Bertha's clinging helplessness appealed to some instinct of her nature. Indeed, what good woman could neglect a mere dumb brute, dependent upon her? How much less an ailing, loving sister?

Although there were times without number when she longed for what might have been, yet she found herself by no means so miserable as she had expected. Friends rallied round her. She had the respect of the whole small community. Many favourable comments on her sisterly action were vigorously expressed. Some even averred that it was her deed that had caused Deacon Skinflint Jones to offer a home to his crippled cousin. Be that as it may, shortly after her return Farmer Jinks was actually seen carting a full load of meal, vegetables, and flour to his brother's widow, who ever since her husband's death, unaided by her well-to-do brother-in-law, had striven to keep her little family together and a roof over their heads. Moreover, he remarked genially, as he started for home:

"Don't spare anything, Melissy. There is more where that come from, so fatten up the kids as fast as you like."

What wide results an influence for good or evil has? Had Fannie Collinger known what was the incentive to these doings she might not have felt so dejected as she sometimes did.

Gradually, quiet happiness seemed to have a beneficial influence on poor Bertha. She became somewhat less helpless. She even walked out occasionally. Fannie thus could find time to write a little. Rather to her surprise, her articles proved more acceptable than of yore. She did not realize that the performance of her God-given duty had broadened her sympathies and given her a wider outlook on life; that she could reach the heart of suffering humanity because she too had suffered; that she could teach others because she had overcome self. Before she was old, God gave her the good things she had craved in youth, but, as she always strove to impress on the young, it came about not in her way, but in His; not by following her own will, but by trying to obey His commands.

As time passed her pen brought in sufficient for the modest wants of their little household. Miss Fannie Collinger's name began to be spoken in literary circles. She was known as a clever and good woman.

They were quite middle-aged when the end suddenly came to poor Bertha. No terrible fit carried her off, but an act of unselfish heroism. It was only the old story of a runaway horse and a little child in its track. How she ever did it was a mystery to all. The child was safe, but Bertha, killed instantly by the horse's hoof, lay motionless in the road. Tenderly they lifted the poor, bruised body and bore it into the home. Ah! the dear dependent ones are, after all, most missed. When she was gone, Fannie knew that poor afflicted Bertha had been more to her than even her sturdy, handsome brothers. She was free. Free at last to live her own life in her own way, but she gave that no thought. She mourned for her sister and was exceeding sorrowful.

In accordance with the custom of story-books, Mr. St. John ought now to have appeared, married Miss Collinger, and lived happy ever after. However, no such thing happened. In the first place, Mr. St. John had long been happily married, and was now more interested in the concerns of his eldest son than in Miss Collinger. In the second place, had the faithful Mr. St. John of the story-book appeared, I doubt if Miss Collinger would have accepted him. Her quiet life suited her, and she was wedded to her literary work. She had become a woman of importance

in her own little circle. All vied to do her honour. Why should she change her state?

In fact, she did not. She lived quietly on, a beautiful life, honoured and beloved, influencing through her books the youth of many lands. She lived to be over ninety and retained all her faculties to the end. When she was very old, she loved to tell of her youth, its temptations and trials, and the wonderful way in which God had led her.

Her last illness was brief and painless. Just before she crossed the river she was unconscious a little time, but roused herself at the crossing and, looking brightly upward, said something. Her physician bent over her and caught the words, "Those thou hast given me I have kept." And none of those standing round, that saw her rapt expression, but believed she even then heard her Lord's "Well done."

Barrington, N.S.

SINCE ELLEN CAME.

BY DOUGLAS B. HEMMEON.

Since Ellen came,
Only a year ago,
My world is brighter than
When roses blow.

She cannot talk,
But when did this world need
That any word should fall
When children plead.

Scarce can she walk,
But if she could; why, then
Much less she'd ask me for:
And, truly, when

My little Nell
Puts pleading in her eyes,
None is abject as I
Beneath the skies.

Her eyes are blue
As summer sea beneath
A summer sky. Her hair,
A shining wreath

Of finest gold,
Spun in God's own great loom,
And made her crown, whereby
She does assume

Authority,
And reigns, a queen by right
Divine—a fairer queen
Than e'er bedight

With jewelled crown,
Adorned, a priceless dress.
This thing our hearts untaught
Will fain confess.

Her heart is pure,
Chosen by Christ when He
A pattern sought to teach
Us what to be.

Since Ellen came—
God's touch on heart defiled—
I have, like her, become
A little child.

Hebron, Nova Scotia.

LIFE IN THE SPIRIT.

From "Threnody."

Wilt thou not ope thy heart to know
What rainbows teach, and sunsets show?
Verdict which accumulates
From lengthening scroll of human fates,
Voice of earth to earth returned,—
Prayers of saints that inly burned,—
Saying, What is excellent,
As God lives is permanent;
Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain;
Heart's love will meet thee again.
Revere the Maker; fetch thine eye
Up to His style, and manners of the sky.
Not of adamant and gold
Built He heaven stark and cold;
No, but a nest of bending reeds,
Flowering grass and scented weeds;
Or like a traveller's fleeing tent,
Or bow above the tempest bent;
Built of tears and sacred flames,
And virtue reaching to its aims;
Built of furtherance and pursuing,
Not of spent deeds, but of doing.
Silent rushes the swift Lord
Through ruined system still restored.
Broad-sowing, bleak and void to bless,
Plants with worlds the wilderness;
Waters with tears of ancient sorrow,
Apples of Eden ripe to-morrow,
House and tenant go to ground,
Lost in God, in Godhead found.

—*R. W. Emerson.*

THE APOSTLES OF THE SOUTH-EAST.

BY FRANK T. BULLEN.

Author of "With Christ at Sea," etc.

CHAPTER XX.—Continued.

PON reaching the infirmary Jemmy was at once shown into the ward where Paterson lay, looking wan with suffering. A compound fracture of the right leg, also of the left arm, and the breakage of three ribs, to say nothing of many bruises, had brought the burly fellow very low. So low, in fact, that when he saw Jemmy he did what probably he had never done before—he blushed with shame. But when Jemmy settled down by his side, and said cheerily, "Well, ole man, 'ow goes it? Gittin' 'long famous, ain't yer?" he could no longer withhold his confidence from one whom he had so deeply injured. Looking up at Jemmy's bright, sympathetic face, he murmured:

"Thankye, Jemmy. I'm a doin' well; ever s' much better 'n I 'spected or deserves. I wish I'd a-ben killed. Now, don't say nothin'"—for he could see Jemmy about to interpose—"don't say nothin' till I tell yer. It was me robbed yer of that there money. I thort you might 'ave somefin worf pinchin', an' that wos w'y I stopped that Sat'dy night so 's I c'd see whereabouts you was likely t' put the stuff. And I was in the 'All arf an 'our after you'd all left, same way as I was a-gettin' in this las' time—through th' skylight. Wot did I care abaht yore troubles or 'oo'd 'ave ter make it up? Nothin' at all; I was only thinkin' o' th' oof. But th' way ye met me very near choked me orf. I ses to meself w'en I got clear: 'Well, I won't go near their drum no more; they ain't arf a bad lot o' jossers.' An' I wouldn't a-done either, only I got boozed, an' somebody touched me for wot I'd got left, 'n' then I thort I'd go through the old drum agen. An' you know wot 'appened. I'm glad of it. Only thing, I wish 't 'd a-ben wuss. If I'd only a-broke me worfless neck it would a-ben all right."

"Oh, don't say that," said Jemmy, as the poor wretch sank back exhausted. "W'ile there's life there's 'ope, y' know. You're still in th' place o' repentance, an' it may be 'at Gord's got some great work fur you to do that nobody else can do. Now, just you cheer up. We sharn't appear agen ye; at least, if we 'ave to we ain't a-goin' t' say more 'n we can 'elp. It ain't no part of our belief to 'unt th' sinner dahn an' punish 'im. We know 'at 'is punishment's quite 'eavy enough gen'lly wivout us a-puttin' more on it. Wotever it is they give yeh fur wot ye did, don't you fink as we 'ad any 'and in it. We'll do ahr best t' make fings brighter for ye."

"Oh, that's all right," said Paterson. "I'm goin' t' make a clean breast o' th' 'ole thing, an' take wotever they gives me wiv a thankful 'eart. I deserve it all, an' it'll do me good t' git it. Nah, go away. You're such a good little chap that I feel awful to fink I ever did ye so much 'arm, an' I really carn't bear t' see ye a-settin' there. Come agen, won't ye, sometimes? P'raps w'en ye do I'll feel better able to speak t' ye than I do nah."

So Jemmy bade him good-bye, and went back to his uncomfortable home with a light heart, happy in the consciousness that he had done his duty. When Saturday night came he told the story in the prayer-meeting—told it, too, with such graphic power that every one present was moved almost to tears, and unanimously agreed that this was the way that the blessed Master himself would have acted.

Yet, strange to say, on that very night a gang of Paterson's wild associates, having taken enough drink to make them reckless, came up the lane and amused themselves by breaking every window in the Hall, utterly destroying the lamp hung over the entrance, and battering both doors with big stones until they looked more like a section of road than anything else. It was a pitiful sight that greeted Brother Salmon when he came on Sunday morning, and naturally it cast a gloom over the breaking of bread—so much so that when Jemmy was strolling homeward with Brother and Sister Salmon, after the meeting, he said in deepest depression:

"Brother Salmon, it seems 's if we never 'ave such blessed seasons of refreshin' Sunday mornin's as we useter.

'S if nah we've got ahr 'All an' a goodly number 'as jined the chutch, 'at the' dear Lord wasn't as comf'ble wiv ers as 'e useter be. Or is it, I wonder, as farver ses, 'at we've got some'un in ahr midst as ain't right wiv 'im—the Lord, I mean ?"

"Oh, don't think that, brother !" exclaimed Sister Salmon ; "there's no need to, I'm sure. Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, you know ; an' besides, we've been permitted to do a great work among the people here lately, an' you don't suppose the devil's a-goin' to let us off without tryin' all he knows to make us suffer for it ? Bless His Holy Name, I ain't going to feel down-hearted as long as I see souls bein' saved an' added to the church every week. An' see how the young converts is a-comin' on, too. That young Jackson, did you notice how he prayed this mornin'? An' don't you remember how he spoke in the open-air last Sunday ?"

Jemmy's face brightened up at once as he replied : "Yers, sister, I shou'd fink I did. 'E's a fine speaker already. An' 'ow well he knows 'is Bible ! W'y, I cou'd almost leave 'im to conduc' a meetin'. But then ye see 'e's been well brort up, an' it's only sence 'e's ben in London 'at 'e's run wild." The man of whom they spoke was a fine, stalwart young policeman from Shropshire, who had been gathered in at the memorable meeting on the "Waste" when Bill Harrop was converted. The ways of mission folk apparently came quite natural to him, for he had never gone very far astray, and the memory of his quiet country home and the serenity of his life there took but little reviving. But there was one thing about him of which these simple souls seemed quite unconscious. He was a born leader of men, and no subordinate position could long content him. Already he had visions of the time when he would be the chief figure in the Wren Lane Mission. It may be thought puerile to aspire to such a lowly position as that, but, dear reader, remember that it was a leadership, a place of authority, and such natures as his cannot but reach out after authority, even though it be over as humble a band as this little gathering was.

And all unconsciously, by their praise of him, their pushing him forward whenever possible, they were feeding the flame of his ambition. He it was who boldly came forward, and with the ever-willing Bill Harrop's aid determined to repair the extensive damage done to the building by Paterson's friends. In quite a patronizing way he begged Jemmy not to worry himself about it. He (Jackson), Harrop, and a few others would do all that was to be done without troubling the outside public with any details. And it was so. They worked like beavers ; they stinted themselves of the common necessaries of life, and before the next Sunday's meeting every broken pane had been replaced, the door had been taken off its hinges, planed and painted, the lamp was replaced, and the Hall looked quite fresh and bright again.

The joy of the brethren at this energetic behaviour on the part of the new adherents may be imagined. It was in nowise lessened when before the expiration of Paterson's short term of imprisonment (short because of the absolute refusal of the brethren to press any charge against him, and their pleading that he might be given the benefit of the doubt as to how he came to be in their premises in such a condition) Brother Jackson proposed that he should be met at the prison-door, brought to the mission, and there presented with a new barrow and donkey, as well as a sum of money to go to market with so that he might resume his real calling as a costermonger with a fair chance of success.

But I am anticipating somewhat. Before Paterson's term had nearly expired, Jackson had suggested, and succeeded in establishing, a Tuesday evening series of Bible readings and expoundings by himself. At the first two or three, well attended as they were, Jemmy and his father were present, and were both delighted at the way in which Brother Jackson handled the sacred Word. Presently, however, they were not so sure as to his perfect orthodoxy. It seemed to them that he was straying away from the old paths in which they had long trodden into strange no-thoroughfares of dogma. But, as neither of them were very keen disputants, or able to dissect a question with any logical ability, they held their peace for the time.

The finances of the Hall did not improve, however, and as it became necessary to discontinue the open-air meetings on account of the inclemency of the weather, the falling off in the revenue at once developed into a matter for serious concern. In vain did each speaker within the Hall warn all the congregation of the danger of letting their contributions dwindle.

Let it be recorded in justice to Brother Jackson that he left no stone unturned to keep the contributions up to the required amount, giving himself really more than he could afford. But he did not fail to drop hints occasionally to such as he thought disposed to receive them ; that the superintendent was somewhat wanting in energy, as he certainly was in setting an example in the matter of subscriptions. The latter failing was well known to all the older members, and condoned because all knew how hard a struggle Jemmy had for bread; but the newcomers did not realize this so well, and consequently felt, especially those whose contributions were very small, much aggrieved that the superintendent should not rise to the dignity of his office in better style.

In this unsatisfactory way matters had gone on for some weeks, Jackson having taken over the treasurership meanwhile, when the storm which had undoubtedly been brewing for some time suddenly burst. At the Tuesday church meeting, which Jackson had taken care to have well attended, he suddenly brought a charge against Jemmy of having neglected his duty, or at any rate of having failed to perform it. Moreover, he went on to say that while Jemmy and his father were undoubtedly a draw in the open-air meetings, and had been signally blessed in the bringing in of such as should be saved, they were quite incapable of managing the affairs of such an important gathering as the Wren Lane Mission had become, or of teaching the young converts the doctrines it was so necessary they should know in order to become, in their turn, spreaders of the light.

It was a long harangue, and it made a great impression. But it did Jemmy good. Deep down within him smouldered hidden fires of that dogged energy that his father was so notable for in the bad old days before his conversion. And this outspoken attempt to oust him from a position that he occupied by right divine, as he believed, aroused him effectually. He sprang to his feet at the close of Jackson's speech, and made so vigorous a declaration of his views and of his awakening to the real aims of Mr. Jackson, as he now called him, that the audience visibly wavered. But while they were wondering whereunto this matter would grow, old Pug Maskery arose and said :

"Brevren an' sisters, less adjurn th' meetin' till Sunday night, tryin' then t' get all our members an' friends here. An' then we'll arsk 'em w'ich they'll 'ave, my son or Bruvver Jackson fer superintendent. We must settle it some-'ow ; it's gone too fur t' be patched up—it must be settled." At that Brother Salmon at once pronounced the benediction, and the audience dispersed to spread the news of the first split in the Wren Lane Mission.

Meanwhile Jackson spent every spare moment calling upon possible adherents, discussing the roseate prospects of the mission under so energetic and capable a superintendent as he should be, and dismally dwelling upon the certain disaster impending if Jemmy, good Christian but incapable business man as he was, was allowed to continue in command. Altogether, the very keenness of his interest and the flow of his persuasive talk mightily impressed people, and even those best affected towards Jemmy began to shake their heads and say, "Well, it would be a pity to let the mission run down, wouldn't it ?" Quite forgetting that the principal sufferers in such an event would be the original members who were trustees, and who would, of course, be called upon to find the rent for seven years in any event.

CHAPTER XXI.

SAUL'S RETURN.

In all the range of human experience I make bold to say that there is nothing more beautiful and at the same time more wonderful to watch than the behaviour of a newly-converted man or woman. They have a happiness far too deep for expression, but they have also so sensitive an appreciation of danger to that happiness through their failing to maintain the high standard they have set before themselves, that the way in which they walk through the wilderness of this world is most pathetic to watch. "Smit with a sudden and a sweet surprise," they welcome every blessing with a profound yet glad humility, and as in every circumstance of life, so far as it affects themselves, they are able to find blessing intended for them, their cup of thankfulness runs over all the time. Like infants learning to walk, you shall see the once selfish person totteringly practising unselfishness, the once foul tongue almost silent, while its new lan-

guage is being learned, the flaccid muscles of the once indolent, impudent loafer being braced to meet the new demands made upon them by this mighty indwelling force which no amount of human reasoning or philosophy can ever satisfactorily account for or explain away.

But when, instead of an individual case, there is, as in the crew of the "Asteroid," a company of believers, all without the faintest tinge of hypocrisy or cant, clustered together in their little floating world with an utter absence of all the evils by which folks ashore are continually being tempted to forsake the Lord, the sight is one that is as near an advance view of the joys of heaven as can be witnessed while yet this hampering environment of flesh compasses us about. There is nothing monastic about such a life except in the enforced coarseness of the food. No rule of silence, no formal routine of mechanical prayers, no self-torture. His service is perfect freedom, because the will of Christ has become the will of the Christian. There is, however, deep down in every heart a dread of the time swiftly approaching when the loving company must separate, when new companions will, by every wile that the devil can suggest, endeavour to turn the released ones back into the loathsome dungeons they have been delivered from, until the trembling Christian is prone to pray that it may please God to set him free from the burden of the flesh, which he feels to be more than he can bear.

Therefore it was that as the "Asteroid," bounding homeward before a strong westerly gale at the rate of three hundred miles a day, gave all her crew to understand that their time of refreshing was drawing to a close, they were one and all possessed by mingled feelings of joy and dread. Perhaps of all of them Saul had the most single eye. He loved them all, as he was beloved by them, but upon his heart night and day was the welfare of the brethren at Wren Lane, and his impatience to be back again with them grew almost painful in its intensity.

The cares of his position, however, kept him from becoming too much absorbed in anticipation. Howling squalls of snow swept down upon them from the low, leaden skies, enwrapping them in a whirling smother of white cold that seemed to freeze their very hearts. The sudden leap out of a tropical temperature into the rigour of English Channel winter weather is so trying to that wonderful piece of mechanism, the human body, that it is no wonder sailors become prematurely old. The sailor, who for weeks has been basking in tropical sunshine until his blood is thin as claret, suddenly finds himself beset by Arctic weather. He is wet and cannot dry his clothing. He is bitterly cold, and has no means of warming himself, for a stove in his abode (a "bogey," as it is called) is said to be very unhealthful. And so he must shiver and suffer, while from his food he gets no sensible degree of comfort as far as the raising of his temperature goes.

As they drew nearer the land and their deep-sea lead smelt bottom, bringing up its "arming" of tallow, sand, shells, and hake's teeth, down came the fog in vast eddying wreaths like smoke. With it came also that terrible sense of proximity to danger which is peculiar to seamen in a fog. Even in Channel, what is, perhaps, the most crowded arm of the sea in the world always seems to have so much room when the weather is clear, that the idea of collision is scouted as ridiculous. But when the fog shuts down, all those wide breadths appear to have closed up. The eye vainly tries to pierce through the dense veil, the ear aches with listening for the hoot of sirens or the wailing shrieks of whistles, while every fibre of the seaman's body tingles with expectation of being sudenly called upon to battle for his life with the utmost energy.

On board the "Asteroid," however, there was less of this waste of nerve-force than usual, because all hands were imbued with the idea that they were under the peculiar and particular care of God. Whatever befell them would, they were sure, be the very best thing for their welfare. With this perfect panoply of faith to ward off those infirmities of fear or apprehension that do so easily beset men engaged in dangerous callings, they were wonderfully light-hearted, and sprang to their duties in response to the calls made upon them with a cheerful alacrity delightful to see. As Captain Vaughan said to Mr. Carroll: "I don't want to meet trouble half-way, but these dear fellows are spoiling me for the next lot I shall get. I would to God I could keep them by the ship. But that's out of the question, of course."

So the "Asteroid," her home wind holding steadily, ran up Channel in safety, until she entered the nar-

rowing waters off Beachy Head. The skipper had not taken steam because he had not seen a tug, and being anxious to shorten the anxious period of his navigation, was carrying a heavy press of sail. Suddenly the fog seemed to grow solid just ahead, and out of that density leaped a huge steamship, her electric masthead light glaring like the solitary eye of some suddenly awakened Cyclops. With both helms hard aport, the ships slowly revolved, as if upon an axis, but so close to each other that the agonized passengers on board the steamer could hear the dull booming of the "Asteroid's" sails as they sullenly beat against the masts. A few moments of terrible suspense, and the ships swung clear of each other, not a splinter or a rope-yarn displaced, and all who thus escaped entitled henceforth to say that they had been suspended over the grave by a single hair.

Owing to the smartness of the "Asteroid's" crew, very few minutes elapsed before all sail necessary was again set, and those no longer needed were furled. Then shone out the familiar low beam of Dungeness, inviting the homeward bounder to stay awhile and receive a pilot from the cutter cruising in the East Bay. Presently the burly form of their new guide appeared at the gangway, welcomed, as a pilot always is by homeward-coming crews—as if now, indeed, the perils of the voyage were all at an end. And hardly had the sails been filled and the ship gathered way before out steamed a tug from Dover harbour and offered her services. They were immediately accepted, and the joyful news communicated to the watch below. There is no order more cheerfully obeyed on board ship than that to pass the hawser or tow-rope along to the tug, and it was a heart-lifting sight to see those fine chaps move.

Morning was just breaking, so that the pilot had a full view of their actions. As soon as the tug was fast and steaming ahead, the pilot turned to the skipper and said: "Cap'n, you've got a splendid lot o' fellows here. 'Tain't often nowadays one has the pleasure of seeing work done aboard ship as these fellows are doin' it."

Captain Vaughan's face lit up with a proud smile as he replied: "Pilot, you never said a truer word in your life. But you make me think of the last time such a remark was passed to me and the change that's come over me since then."

Having thus got his opening, the skipper told the story of his conversion in Calcutta, of the blessing Saul had been to them all, and the time of perfect peace they had all enjoyed since leaving port. He wound up with streaming eyes, his heart running over with gratitude as he remembered all the joys of the voyage, and finally said: "Now, pilot, I don't know how you feel about it, but I feel that with such a testimony as I have given no sailorman ought to hesitate for a moment before accepting the blessing offered him by such a Father; especially a pilot, who knows so well what it means to poor sailors to have some sure guide well acquainted with all the intricate navigation of life, and whose knowledge is so perfect that he cannot make a mistake."

The skipper stopped abruptly and looked at the pilot. As he did so he saw that upon that worthy man's face there was a most happy smile, an infectious smile. Slowly the pilot replied: "Cap'n, I wouldn't interrupt ye, for I ben enjoyin' myself more than I can possibly give ye any idea of. I've ben a Christian for a good many years now, an' when I look back on 'em I can't see that I've done much to justify my calling. I'm an active member of our church (I'm a Congregationalist) when I'm ashore, but I can't say—I daren't say—that I use my opportunities afloat as I might do, not by a very long way. What you've just told me, however, has, I hope, hit me pretty hard. You've shown me a picture of a state of sea-life such as I've long dreamed about, but, like so many others, I never took one little step towards makin' my dream a reality. I will now, though. By God's help, I certainly will. An' p'raps, if you git half a chance before it's too late, you'll give me an opportunity of tellin' your fine fellows as much before they go ashore."

"I'm real glad you mentioned that, pilot, because it's just given me the clue I want," said the skipper. "There's been a hazy sort of an idea floatin' round in my brain for several days past that such a ship's company as this oughtn't to part as usual. That we ought to have a sort of thanksgivin' service before we get far enough up the river to be interrupted by visitors.—Mr. Carroll!"—as that officer came in sight—"as soon as the hands have had their breakfast let them muster aft for a few final words; everybody in the ship, if you please, and we'll gather on the poop so that the man at the wheel can take part at the same time."

"Ay, ay, sir," answered Carroll. "I'll see to it. They'll all be very glad of the chance, I know."

All hands were sent to breakfast at seven bells, a breakfast that the skipper had personally superintended the preparation of, all that could be found worth having in the cuddy stores.

At one bell (8.30) all hands came aft, no longer shamefacedly and awkwardly, as would once have been the case, but brightly, cheerily, and all at ease, as men who respected themselves and knew the respect due to others. They grouped themselves all about the poop in obedience to the skipper's gestures, and when all hands were present Captain Vaughan stood out in front of them and said:

"My dear fellows, for the very first time in my life my heart is heavy at getting home. It's heavy in spite of the joy I naturally feel at the prospect of meeting my own dear ones. Heavy because I am about to part with the best crew ever man had. Oh, dear, but my heart is sore at the idea of partin' with you all. But perhaps I'm selfish. I'm forgettin' in my desire for my own personal comfort, how necessary it is that all you missionaries of the real kind should be scattered about through as many ships as possible.

"An' that brings me to what I've called you aft for. Only as your skipper, mind you, for the man that has the best right to talk to you on this subject is the man we all love and admire, the man to whom, under God, we all owe the salvation of our souls. God Almighty bless and prosper Saul Andrews, our bo'sun." A broken chorus of "God bless hims" and "Amens" went up, and on several bronzed faces there shone a jewel of incomparable lustre, the grateful tear welling from a heart surcharged with divine love. The skipper resumed:

"You know, dear boys, that presently we shall all be in the thick of all those snares that our countrymen spread for us when we are let loose for a brief holiday. Now, we must all freeze on to the fact that if we want to be truly happy, not only while we're ashore but afterward, we must never forget for one moment that we have been bought with a price. We're no longer bits of flotsam and jetsam. We're witnesses for God in one of the most difficult callings known to men. Therefore my advice to you is, that when the B. T. (Board of Trade) man comes aboard, all of you who have a home to go to, even if you've been so long away that you've almost forgotten it, be off at once. Those who haven't any home, go and get some decent lodgings away from sailortown and its miserable, squalid temptations. And keep in touch with me all you that can. It may be that we may all or nearly all manage to make another voyage together. But for the dear Lord's sake don't forget that all the happy hours we've had since we left Calcutta have only been to fit us for the fiery trial that's about to try us. Now the pilot wants to say just a word or two to you."

Forthwith the pilot came forward and said: "Well, Cap'n Vaughan, officers, and men of this fine ship, I'm afraid I'm a bit tongue-tied. Ye see, I've neglected my opportunities of sayin' a word for the Master for so long that I don't know how to begin now. But one thing I can say, an' that is, that what your skipper has told me about your wonderful voyage has made me feel dreadfully ashamed of myself, an' I take ye all to witness that from this out I intend to say something for the extending of the kingdom of God in every ship I take out or bring in. After the example you've all set me I feel right down ashamed of myself. And I must say this one thing more, which is, that of all the crews I've ever seen in my life you are the brightest, the smartest, and the happiest-lookin'. God bless every one of ye."

"Bo'sun," said the skipper, when the ringing cheers which greeted the pilot's little speech had died away, "we should all very much like, I know, to have a final word from you, and also to have you give us a closing word of prayer. I know you'll be glad of the chance, so go ahead." Saul, who had been drinking in every word with feelings indescribable, sprang to his feet, and faced the ship's company. But for some moments he was unable to get a word out because of the hearty cheering of his shipmates. When at last their affectionate tributes had subsided, he began:

"Captain Vaughan, pilot, an' friends, what can I say? My heart's so full I can't hardly speak. Just think of it. God saved me, made my work a delight to me 'stead of a weary way of gettin' a living', filled me so full of His love that I had to show it, couldn't help it. An' then, all these things, all these blessin's that would be well wuth any trouble or pains to get, blessin's which I never did nothin' for, are treated as if they was good doin's o' mine, an' I'm paid for 'em like this. What is the use o' me tryin' to talk to you about it? I'm so

happy I can't talk. If workin' chaps, an' 'specially sailormen, only knew how good a thing it was to serve God, what an example to the churches, ships, an' workshops it would be to be sure! But there is one thing I'd like to say, an' that is, that I'm connected with a little mission over in Rotherhithe, an' I would dearly love for as many of you as ain't leavin' London to come over an' attend some o' the meetin's there. I promise ye a treat.

"Besides that, I'd like as many of ye as 'aven't got no regular good place to go to let me do what I can to get ye respectable lodgin's away from sailor-town, as the captain says, an' perhaps if we keep in touch with the dear old ship we may make another voyage in her. If not, three or four of us may get in a ship together. An' I'll warrant the Lord'd make use of us.—An' now, oh, dear, lovin', careful Father, do accept all the thanks of our full hearts. You've done a wonderful work in this ship; you've saved every soul aboard. We've been as happy as any ship's company could possibly be. Now, we're a-goin' into greater dangers than there is at sea. Lord, keep us. We 'aven't got the strength—we'll be just like children let loose; but you know all about us. Keep us from doin' any harm to ourselves or anybody else, and wherever we goes, let us bear witness for Jesus. God bless our dear skipper, our officers, God bless us, every one, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

It was all over, and back flowed the tide of work. Ah, how they worked, those Christian sailors! Presently the ship reached Gravesend, and with a perfect hurricane of farewells, the channel pilot took his leave. He was succeeded by the river pilot, a totally different kind of man, who had not been on board five minutes before he rapped out a tremendous oath at one of his boat's crew who had in some way offended him. Captain Vaughan, who was standing near him at the moment, said: "Pilot, that's the first swear-word I've heard for five months. I'd almost forgotten that men were such fools as to swear."

"Look 'ere, cap'n," retorted the "Mudlark," "I ain't under yore command, and if I feels like cussin' an' swearin', I'm a-goin' t' do it, see! Pretty fine thing w'en a man cawn't swear if he wants to. I wonder wot th' 'ell next."

"Oh, certainly," replied the skipper, "swear if you want to, if you think it does you any good. I can't stop you, of course, though I should like to. I only said that I'd almost forgotten that men were such fools as to swear."

Now, strange as it may appear to those who know the painful and frequent and free language indulged in by river workers on the Thames, that pilot did not swear any more while he was on board the "Asteroid" until she reached the dock. He caused a good deal of harmless mirth among the crew by issuing his orders sarcastically, saying, "Wouldjer kindly oblige me by trimmin' them yawds forrard?" or, "Will somebody 'ave th' goodness t' see whether the anchor's all clear for lettin' go?" or, "Do yer mind givin' her a little stawbud 'elium?"

But, although the strain must have been severe, not another oath escaped his lips until, just as the ship's head was being pointed into the East India dock basin, a lighterman, whose aim of getting pushed into the basin ahead of the "Asteroid" had been frustrated, launched a perfectly tropical squall of profanity at the suffering pilot. That burst the floodgates of his speech, and for the space of about three minutes he gave vent to his long-pent-up feelings. When, for sheer lack of breath, he paused, the lighterman looked up at him with a quizzical smile, saying: "Lord love yer, Billy, anybody'd fink you'd ben dumb fer a week. I didn't fink you'd got it in yer. Y' awt t' keep a Sunday-school, you awt." To this remark he made no reply, but with all the usual skill of these men saw the ship safely moored in her berth. As soon as she was fast he fled ashore, muttering unintelligibly, a man that had met with a problem beyond his utmost skill to solve.

The decks cleared up neatly, and all as a careful mate would have it, Mr. Carroll sung out for all hands. When they mustered, he said: "Boys, I'm goin' to say the usually welcome words, 'That'll do, everybody.' But I feel I must say good-bye to every one personally. I do hope with all my heart, and so does Mr. Kerton, that we shall all be shipmates again. Of course Captain Vaughan had to go, but before he went he told me he'd pay off at Green's Home the day after to-morrow in the afternoon, and if any of you that are not going home by the Board o' Trade scheme wants any money, I've got it to give you." Only four men stepped forward, and asked for a sovereign each; the rest had all accepted the most welcome provision made by the laws for the protection of the poor sailor from the swarming villainy along the river banks. The money was at once handed over, and then each man stepped forward and gave the two officers a hearty handshake and good-bye.

On the quay there waited hungrily several individuals, whose faces alone should have been as a danger-signal warning homeward-bound sailors to shun them as they would an infected corpse. A wise law would not allow these fellows on board, but they came as near as they dared, and whenever they saw a face over the rail one of them put on as amiable an expression as he knew how, half-withdrawing a bottle from his pocket, and beckoning the owner of the face ashore. It is difficult to imagine the chagrin experienced by these landsharks when they found that of all the crew not one was at all likely to fall into their nets. How savagely they cursed as they saw the home-goers leave under the careful supervision of the B. T. man, and the four remaining chaps sedately walk away with Saul! They spat out their opprobrium at the departing men as long as it was safe for them to do so, and then, baffled at every point, slunk away to await the coming in of another ship's company who would be less carefully prepared to meet and withstand their diabolical wiles. So happily ended the voyage of the Asteroid, inauspiciously begun, but by the courage, ability, and Christian perseverance of one man brought to so beautiful an issue as never to be forgotten by any one who belonged to her during that time.

CHAPTER XXII.

A CATASTROPHE AT THE MISSION.

It is disagreeably necessary to turn back for a time from the peaceful, happy condition of things experienced on board of the Asteroid to the turbid waters rapidly rising around the mission. It will be remembered how high the tension had become on account of the desire of Brother Jackson to oust Jemmy from the position of superintendent. On the Thursday following, the usual mid-week meeting was held indoors, the weather being far too inclement now for open-air work, and there was a fairly good attendance. But the whole performance was perfunctory in the extreme. Outwardly, at all events, both parties observed the compact not to do anything until the question should be put to the gathering as a whole on Sunday night. Except, of course, the issue of emphatic invitations to all members to attend who possibly could. Yet it is undeniable that Jackson did do a great deal of underhand work, aided by those who favoured his claims, while Jemmy and his party, as far as they could, dismissed the whole matter from their minds for the present.

On Saturday night, however, the prayer-meeting, which had been exceptionally well attended of late, was almost deserted. To the astonishment of Jemmy, only the old members of the mission were present, with the addition of Mary Seton, Woody, and Bill Harrop, and the omission, of course, of the defaulters Jimson and Jenkins. And there was a noticeable absence of fervour except in the case of Bill Harrop and Woody. Indeed, the former bade fair to be one of those wonderful spiritual prodigies that from the outer darkness seem at once to spring into the most perfect light, liberty, and usefulness.

Woody was as happy as usual, but, as he had ever been since his return to the fold, very penitential over his backsliding, and overflowing with gratitude for the goodness of God in permitting him to come back to peace. But neither of these cheery souls made any allusion to the impending crisis. From anything they said a stranger might have supposed that the affairs of the mission were profoundly peaceful and prosperous.

Just before the close of the meeting, Jemmy's uncle, old Jack Maskery, quietly glided in and took his seat alongside of his brother. A whispered word or two passed between the two old warriors, and presently Jack stood up. There was a deep hush over all as he began: "Dear Farver, we've been arskin' ye fur a blessin' on ahr coming tergevver ter-morrer, arskin' yer ter bless ahr effits t' exten' thy kingdom. An all the w'ile some on us 'at orter know better 'r feelin' 'fraid 't arter all these years o' blessin' th' wuk we ben tryin' t' do fur thee, yore a-goin' t' let up on erse; a-goin' t' begin t' let erse be put t' shame. No, Lord, that you ain't. You never done it yit, an' you ain't goin' t' begin nah. If there's goin' to be a bust up 'ere in this mission it's corse it's wanted. Any'ow, you knows best, Lord. There ain't or ortn't t' be any doubts abaht thet. Gord bless erse all. Keep erse steadfast, unmovable, alwus abahndin' in th' wuk o' th' Lord, forasmuch as we know 'at ahr labour is not in vain in the Lord. Amen."

Then Pug pronounced the benediction, and the little company passed out into the bleak night, all except the three Maskerys, who remained behind

to discuss the situation. The two old brothers were very emphatic upon the "all-rightness" of the mission, while at the same time sympathizing with Jemmy. They knew what he must be feeling, much better than he thought they did, for had they not often gone through much the same experience many times. But what they did not know was the suffering he was enduring by reason of that evil suggestion he had entertained about the money.

The words of his father concerning the possible presence among them of one who was not all right with the Lord clung to him and would not be got rid of. However, to his great relief, the two rugged old Christians proceeded to discuss ways and means in case of a split, and this turning his mind into another channel did him good. At last it was decided that, in the event of the impending break being of a serious nature, and drawing off a majority of the congregation, Pug and Jack should beat up their friends and endeavour to persuade them to tide the little gathering over its temporary troubles. And with this resolve they parted for their several homes.

Sunday evening saw the hall packed to overflowing, for not only were there no absentees among the members, but, allured by the prospect of a row, premonitions of which unseemly proceeding had somehow got circulated in the neighbourhood, there was a goodly muster of those who had no Christian feeling whatever—only a wish to see what they termed a lark. After the preliminary hymn-singing and prayers, Jemmy rose, and taking for his text the familiar John iii. 16, launched into a fervent appeal to those present to hear the voice of God, to come and be saved. Never had he spoken with so much fire blended with so much pathos. Never, apparently, had his hearers manifested such keen interest in his remarks. But, had he been ten times as fervently eloquent, it is doubtful whether he would have made any real impression, because the majority of his audience, having come to hear something entirely different, had a certain sense of grievance at Jemmy's unwarrantably taking up their time with what they felt that they could hear whenever they liked. So, when he suddenly brought his address to an end by announcing that after the hymn had been sung Brother Jackson would address the meeting, there was perceptible intensifying of interest, all faces lost their somewhat dreamy look, and the hymn was sung with great vigour.

While the last verse was proceeding, Brother Jackson made his way to the platform, being met at its break by Pug, who whispered something in his ear. He nodded and took a seat by Jemmy's side at the rear of the platform. As soon as the congregation had resumed their seats, Pug limped forward and said:

"Brevren an' sisters, most on you know what's in the wind. I needn't remind ye of all that my son 'as ben an' done in this 'ere nayburwood; you all knows it as well as wot I do. But Bruvver Jackson, 'e finks as 'ow us old 'ans at the work in this mission's gittin' stale, an 'that they ort t' be some fresh blood in the conduc' of matters 'ere. 'E's nah goin' t' address yer on th' subjec', an' arterward we'll 'ave a show of 'ands to see oose in faviour of 'im being superintendent 'stead o' my son. I sh'll 'ave a little more t' say arter 'e's finished, but at present it's 'is show. Bruvver Jackson, will you take the meetin'?"

The attention was now earnest enough to justify the most exacting speaker. Brother Jackson advanced to the rail, moistened his lips with his tongue twice or thrice, cleared his throat nervously, and at last said: "Dear friends, my task to-night ain't a easy one. God knows I shou'd be the last to say a word agen Jemmy or his father, or anybody else connected with this mission. I owe 'em all too much for that. I don't believe that you could find, if you searched London through, a better job than there is here. But we've all gotter remember that a man may be very godly, very lovable, and very kind, an' yet be a very bad business man. An' in a mission like this you can't afford to have a bad business man for a superintendent. There isn't any outside help; all the funds 'as got to come from the poorest of the poor (I know I'm a-wearin' my shirts till they nearly fall to pieces 'cause of the drain the mission is on me), an' if these funds are not carefully nursed and wisely managed you know what'll happen, don't you? If not, I'll tell you. Before this winter's gone you'll have the landlord bundlin' you out an' collarin' the Hall that 'as cost so much labour and money"—("Neither of it yours," muttered Jemmy).

"Well, what I propose is this, that we have an election for superintendent, treasurer, secretary, and deacons, in proper form, every member of the gathering being entitled to vote, and when the election's over, that we have a proper set of rules drawn up and audi-

tors appointed to examine all vouchers and deeds and everything else belonging to the mission. All of you who think that what I propose ought to be done, please hold up your hands." Immediately the hands of everybody in the Hall went up, the only exceptions being the old members—Stevens, Salmon, Burn, and their wives, aided by Woody, Bill Harrop, and the Maskerys. With a triumphant flush on his face Jackson turned to Pug and said: "Well, shall we proceed to the election?"

Stiffly Pug rose, came to the front of the platform, and quietly said: "My friends, ahr Bruvver Jackson 'as invited yer t' elect the breveren ye choose ter run this 'ere mission. But 'e's fergot ter mention that four on us 'as made ahrselves responsible fur th' place, an' it falls t' ahr lot t' make up any deficits in payment. Nah, that bein' th' case, I got ter remind 'im—an' you, too—'at us four 'ave got the say in this matter. An' we don't choose that any of them what's come inter the mission sense we've born' th' burden' an 'eat of the day shall rob us of ahr interest in it. We think we've earned ahr right and we mean t' stick to it. 'Ave yore election if ye like, but understand, please, 'at if ye decide t' put us aht, yer decide to put yerselves aht of this 'All; yer must go an' git some'rs else t' wusshup in. It's very simple. It almost breaks my pore ole 'eart t' 'ave t' say this, but 'tain't th' fust time I've 'ad t' face th' same kind o' fing. I ain't got nuffink t' say agin anybody; I'm only a-tellin' yer the plain facts. Now go a'ead wiv yer votin'."

Jackson sprang to his feet instantly, crying: "I thought as much. These 'ere Maskerys are runnin' this place as a little private concern. I didn't say so afore, but now it's been so plainly put afore us, all that we've got to do—those of us who don't agree with having a matter like this made a family affair of—is to go out an', as Mr. Maskery, senior, suggests, get a place of our own. All them as are in favour of doing so follow me out."

Alas for the fickleness of human nature! In spite of all that had gone before, notwithstanding the blameless record of the Maskerys and the history of the mission, there was such an exodus at Jackson's invitation that in five minutes only twelve persons remained to support the original members of the Wren Lane Mission. But what principally troubled Jemmy were the insulting remarks passed by sundry people as they passed out—reflections upon him which he knew to be undeserved. For, in spite of what people say, undeserved reproach is far harder to bear than that which has been earned.

The little company left behind felt very forlorn and lonely as they looked around the Hall, so much too big for them now. Each thought mournfully of the months still to pass before the open-air campaign could be entered upon again and new converts made to swell their numbers, for each of them knew how little hope there was of getting audiences into the Hall during the winter. They sat speechlessly for a few minutes, until Bill Harrop rose and said quietly:

"Breveren an' sisters, this 'ere's a bit of a knock; I ain't sayin' it isn't; but I ben a-readin that there yarn in the Book 'bout Gideon, and I reckon 'e 'ad a good deal 'eavier knock than this w'en all his army melted away 'cept them three 'undred. Our congregashun's left us, but God ain't, an' you mark my words, there's some great blessin' 'id in this fur us if we'll only wait an' see th' salvation of the Lord. I don't know as it's much good sayin' a great deal to-night, but afore we parts let me remind yer 'at that pore wretch is a-comin' aht ter-morrer—Jem Paterson, I mean. Now, I serjests as Jemmy an' 'is farver goes up an' meets 'im w'en 'e do come aht, 'cause I know 'e ain't got nowhere to go, an' aht er th' mission funds, in spite o' th' straits we're in, they sets 'im up wiv a donkey an' barrer an' some market money. Firty bob'l abaht do it, an' I know it ort ter be done. Wot d'ye s'y?"

"Say," almost shouted Stevens, the tug-boat skipper, "w'y, I say certainly. An' wot's more, there's the money." (Flinging it on the platform.) "I brought it to-night out of a bit of a bonus I had comin' ter me. I had to make up as far as I could what I knew would be short, but I'm shore you're right, Bill, that's what we ought to do. It'll be more pow'ful among that rough lot as he knows and lives among than all the talk in the world. Le's ask a blessin' on it an' on him."

Immediately the little group closed up, and, forgetting all their sorrow and difficulties, they prayed with all their hearts that this man might be saved, might be added to their trophies of grace; for be it noted that although they could not help being resentful at Jackson, their feelings of tenderness toward the new con-

verts whom he had led away remained unchanged. They rose from their knees refreshed, comforted, and with many expressions of goodwill parted and repaired to their respective homes.

That was a delightful journey made by Jemmy and his father the next morning to the grim portals of the prison, only tempered by the thought that perhaps Jackson might be there also and cause some little complication. Even that slight drawback to the joy of their merciful errand was removed when they saw him in his uniform parading his beat, and knew that he was safely employed for some hours at any rate. To do him justice, he did not know for certain the date of Paterson's release, or he would have made some arrangements for his being met and helped in case of the mission people either forgetting or being disinclined to help. For it must not be supposed that he was a bad man or an unconscientious one. He honestly strove to do what he believed to be right, and that with all his heart. But then so did many of the mediæval monks who inflicted nameless cruelties upon the quivering bodies of those whom they deemed to be heretics, feeling that the bodily pain was not worth granting a moment's consideration if haply the soul might be plucked from the everlasting burning.

When the two unconventional philanthropists arrived at the prison gate they found a curious gathering. Salvationists and members of the Prison Gate Brigade were there, ready to welcome the punished one, and to let him see that to them at any rate he was no pariah; that the punishment he had undergone should not, if they could help it, be mercilessly augmented by the prevention of the penitent getting honest work. It is one of the blackest blots on our police system that a man who has, according to our laws, expiated his crime (and legally no one can be punished twice for the same offence) should be hunted down when trying to earn an honest living; should be shadowed by detectives eager to find him tripping, so that they may be commended for their vigilance; and should, in sheer despair of ever being able to reinstate himself, sink back into criminal courses again.

Suddenly the small door, opening a little way, allowed a man to slip out, and closed again. He melted into one of the groups and disappeared, as if he had been spirited away. One after another emerged in the same way and departed, all but one boy of fourteen, who seemed to have no one to welcome him. Leaving Jemmy to watch for Paterson's coming, Pug limped towards the lad, and presently succeeded in winning his confidence and persuading him to come and share for awhile the little place that was all Pug's very own.

And then came Paterson, hearty and healthy-looking, but with downcast eyes, as if he wished not to be seen by any of his old associates who might be there. He needed not the precaution. None of them had come. But Jemmy in his impulsive way sprang towards him, and clutching both hands, cried:

"W'y, Gord bless ye, old man; yer look a fair treat. S'pose they ben a-feedin' ye up th' larst week or two. Never mine, come on outer this; it's no plice for 'spectable people like you an' me. Now, I wants ter tell yer somefink," talking very fast, and beckoning his father and the waif to come along, as if afraid he might not be able to hold his prisoner. "We've got a bit o' stuff for yer. A friend of ourn 'as put up a barrer an' *such* a slap-up moke, if yer try at all you'd orter take first prize wiv 'im at the fust donkey show as ever is. An' there's a few og left fur market money, so yer won't 'ave ter run inter debt fur anyfink. An' if ye don't do wot you orter at fust, well, come an' look us up agin. We can feel for yer, yer know."

"Jemmy," said the quivering man, "I ben tryin' t' git a word in edgeways, but yer won't let me. I carn't jine yore meetin'."

"Well," ejaculated Jemmy, "oo wants yer to? I don't, I know. I woodn't 'ave yer if yer didn't come free and full o' yer own accord. Not me. No; you do wot ye like, an' go w'are ye like, only we'll all pray 'at ye may do wot's right and go w'are ye orter." That stopped the conversation, for Paterson was choking. He had struck something quite beyond his comprehension, and its incidence deprived him of speech. And Jemmy was also much moved, for he felt in the very marrow of his bone that in what he was saying and doing he was most highly honoured; that his fall from grace, all unknown to anybody on earth, had been forgiven, and the joy of the reinstated ones was his.

In due time they reached the Hall, where punctually, according to prom-

ise, Skipper Stevens had caused the donkey and barrow to be in readiness. And then, handing over fifteen shillings for a nest-egg, Jemmy and his father shook hands heartily with Paterson and bade him God-speed. He did not reply, because he could not, but his face told its own story as he flung himself into the barrow and drove away.

"Jemmy, my son," said Pug, "the Lord's a-goin' t' bless us. I ain't ben so 'appy fur a long time as I am today. 'Ere we are, 'avin' ben privileged to do a bit of 'is own work 'smornin', a bit o' wuk as the bigges' chutch on earth 'd be prahd t' claim a 'and in. An' nah you run along 'ome w'ile I take this pore lad t' my little drum, an' giv' 'im somefink t' eat, an' arterward see wot can be done t' keep 'im aht of trouble in th' fucher. Good mornin', boy, good-mornin', and God bless yer."

Heart full, Jemmy silently shook hands with his father and the boy, and turned his steps homeward. When he arrived he went straight in through the open door of his little house to his parlour, hoping that his wife would be too busy to notice his entrance and scold him for "wasting so much time" on an object of which she disapproved. And when he turned the handle of the parlour-door and strode in, there was Saul sitting in the arm-chair, with Mrs. Maskery facing him on another, her arms folded and a beaming smile on her face.

It would be a hopeless task for me to attempt a description of Jemmy's behaviour, much less his feelings, on thus beholding the friend whose presence had been so greatly longed for by him. The affection that one man often bears to another is one of the most sacred and beautiful things that it is possible to witness on earth. But it does not lend itself to description.

For a few moments Saul and Jemmy stared at one another speechlessly. Saul recovered himself first, rose and seized Jemmy's outstretched hands in both his own, saying: "Dear old chap, I can't tell you how glad I am to see ye. I've ben longin' fur a sight of ye all until I was half-crazy, and the voyage wasn't a long one either. How are ye gettin' on at the mission? Mrs. Maskery here's been a-tellin' me of yer health an' yer struggles, and some troubles you have been havin', but I want t' hear all about it from you."

"All right, Saul," said Mrs. Maskery, "I'll git ye t' excuse me. I got my work t' do, an' it won't be put orf like 'is will. 'E'll tork ye blind an' deaf if you'll let 'im. But there, ye know 'e will. I'll see ye later on."

As she departed, Jemmy, drawing a chair up to Saul's side, burst into a disconnected and not very lucid account of the happenings of the last few months. But, above all, there was one matter which had long burdened his heart, about which he had been unable to speak to a soul—his meditated, yes, practically accomplished dishonesty. This he now confessed to Saul, certain that he would find perfect sympathy and consideration. The recital made Saul's heart bleed, and, unable to say a word, he could only grip Jemmy's hand tighter, and look into his face with humid eyes, from which beamed perfect love.

The story ended, Saul began *his* yarn. His sole auditor was entranced, astounded. Jemmy's breath came in short, thick gasps, his mouth twitched with uttermost sympathy, and occasionally a whispered "Bless the dear Lord!" broke from his lips. Such a listener would have been a treasure to any speaker, but as a listener to such a story as Saul had to tell Jemmy was pre-eminent. Both the men were lost in the contemplation of what God had wrought, and the time flew by utterly unnoticed, until at last Mrs. Maskery burst in, crying: "There, Saul, wot'd I tell yer? Once git *'im* started you'd never make im leave orf 'cept by force. 'E's the orfiest jaw-me-dead I ever see, an'——"

"Excuse me, Mrs. Maskery," interpolated Saul, "let's be just. I've ben doin' all the talkin' fur a long time, an' a better or more patient listener man never had. But let's see what th' time is." And looking at his watch, Saul exclaimed: "Why, Jemmy, my lad, no wonder your wife got impatient to know what was goin' on. We've ben a-talkin' fur three 'ours."

(To be continued.)

Virtue
. . . . . .
Stands like the sun, and all which rolls around
Drinks life, and light, and glory from her aspect.
—*Byron.*

THE HAND THAT FALTERED.

BY MAUDE PETITT, B.A.

THE afternoon sun fell in mellowing floods through the roof-lights of the art-gallery. A new picture had just been hung that day, which a group of visitors paused to admire. An autumn scene from the Rockies—a number of deer were clustered together in the foreground of a deep ravine. A fine stag tossed its antlered head, and with one foot half upraised, stood as if scenting something on the autumn air, all unconscious that from the brink of the ravine above a hunter was taking deadly aim at his velvet forehead. An old tree, lifeless and torn by lightning, projected straight out from the topmost ledge of rock. On this the hunter had stepped forth to get the better aim. You almost saw him take that step, so natural was the work. Then you held your breath at his peril. A movement, a step, a moment of dizziness, and the hunter would be dashed to death a hundred feet below! In the background the mountain forests rose with their dashes of russet and crimson, while far out over the ravine a solitary cloud rested, like a ship at anchor in the blue sea of heaven.

The onlookers made various comments, as, "New picture," "New artist," "Quite young," "A mere girl, they say," "A future before her," etc.

Meanwhile, a man of distinctly clerical bearing crossed the gallery toward the picture, at his side a fine, well-poised, well-dressed young lady.

"See, there is the artist, that girl," said one of the spectators in an undertone to another, "the girl coming toward us with the clergyman."

"Humph! Looks very much like any other girl. Nice-looking girl, though. But how very young she seems to have attained such success. Wonder if she will fulfil all she promises."

Apart from her picture, she was really less interesting than her companion. The Rev. Edgar Welland was certainly a striking man—strong, erect, dark, polished, a suggestion of brilliance, the brow of a profound intellect. Strength and refinement were impressed on every feature, but there might have been with them just a little too much dogged determination. He looked like a man who, having made a resolution, would walk over coals of fire to carry it out. Just now his eyes were all aglow as he took in every detail of Miss Ray Bruce's masterpiece.

He looked from the picture to the artist. Yes, her mind was filled with beautiful visions. He found it all here, the inspiration he had been seeking so long. It was all there in her face, in her words as she talked. He had known her but a little while, but hers was the soul his heart had cried out for. She lifted him out of life's pettiness. He could preach and work with threefold vigour after a talk with her. She was so brilliant, so far beyond any other woman he had known. The man studied the painting, and the woman studied the man, whether because she wanted a new subject or because the study pleased her, it was hard to say just then.

"Good afternoon, Miss Bruce." It was a lady with silvery hair and satin robes who joined them.

Edgar Welland watched his companion as she talked to her elderly friend.

"What an air she had! How graceful and elegant her every poise and movement!"

He looked at her picture again, and a shadow crossed his face, a shadow that deepened and deepened till he was all in a cloudland. He was painting a picture, too, just then. Her picture had taken months. His took moments. But his was the stronger of the two. What he saw was the low, old-fashioned white house, where he lived alone with his housekeeper, an old Frenchwoman, away back in the village of Poonagee—a village consisting partly of Indians, a few French, and a number of hard-handed toilers in a manufacturing establishment that was the sole life of the village. This was his place in life. He had come up to the city for one winter to take a post-graduate course. Then he would return to Poonagee. His work was there. "A future before her," he heard some one say on his right.

And he painted his picture again.

The home was neat enough, the lawn and the flowers and the close-clipt hedge, but a quiet, low-roofed, old-fashioned place, nevertheless, with the pigeons on the eaves, the smoke of the factory on the flats in front, and old Madame Ronde deaf and muttering over the stove in the kitchen. Then he tried to see this famous young artist in her graceful tailor-made suit —he tried to see her frying potatoes in Madame Ronde's place; he tried to see her dust his study, and scrub the steps; this woman whose name was on men's lips. He tried to see her sewing quietly on her door-step, like the women of Poonagee, while Mrs. O'Flynn poured the story of Pat's delinquencies into her ear, or little Mrs. Bead told her all about the trouble between Jim Smith and Jim Smith's wife.

"No, it did not fit. It could never be. She was not the kind of woman Mrs. Edgar Welland must be."

He looked at her again. How well she held her own among all these people! How gracefully she took their compliments! No, it would be a sin to take a star and plant it in a vegetable garden. If there were an island somewhere to fly away to, a beautiful isle with no more responsibilities to one's fellowmen, then——.

To be sure, he would not always be in Poonagee. But there were other Poonagees. He had given his life to the lowly, and with them he must be poor and lowly. He was a minister with an ideal of his own. It was not to scramble for the largest church in the largest city, and the largest salary. That settled it. He would see but little of Miss Bruce that winter. They had known each other such a little while, no harm could be done her. Strange that he did not realize that some souls know more of each other in a few weeks than others do in years.

And so in that few minutes, while Ray Bruce chatted and smiled and men praised her work, her life was changed.

The two left the gallery together, both sadder, the girl without knowing why.

The winter months were passing. Edgar Welland was buried in his work. Nevertheless, in spite of his resolution in the art-gallery, he had seen a little more of Ray Bruce than he had meant to see. It could do no harm, he told himself. She was so strong, so intellectual, so unlike other girls. She had so much of the artist, so little of the woman, he said. So he went. And they both talked very fast without telling each other much. They talked of Browning, of Petrarch, of Dante, of Raphael—then, after he went, she would sigh and wish something—wish she knew not what. She wished almost she were not an artist at all, and had never been called clever, but she knew not why.

One day he came and took her to the gallery again.

"See, here is a new painting I want to show you, Miss Bruce. The artist is making quite a stir. She's an elderly woman. Now, you have all the power she has. She has just one thing more. I covet for you the little home-touches that you lack. You will get it in time. It will come to you with experience."

Experience! Whose was the hand of the master that was to teach her? She looked up into his face, but it was cold, and her own grew colder still. He was right, she said. The camp-fire was more natural to her hand than the hearth-fire.

Then spring came; the birds were nesting in the trees along the avenue; the leaves and the flowers were bursting aglow. It was time for him to return to Poonagee. Would she ever see or hear from him again? Would he make any effort to continue their friendship?

He came one day to say farewell. He wished her success, fame, the topmost rung of the ladder, then went out into the far-off years—and left the woman alone with her art.

Would she have preferred the lone white cottage in Poonagee to her tapestried studio on First Avenue? He had never asked her that. He never would. It were madness to spoil her career like that. Left alone she would be famous. Besides, she could not fill the place in Poonagee. She was not made for toil and monotony. He left only one thing out of his consideration. He left out her heart.

As for the girl, she understood her place now. "Lacked the home-touches," did she? Well, she would paint, then, paint always. Leave to other women the clasp of tiny fingers, the curtaining of a little corner of earth for home. She would paint.

Time passed. Her face grew hard and white. She laughed often, but her laugh had lost its music. There was a dash of recklessness about her, and lines of silver coming already in her hair.

Her uncle died, and was found to

be heavily in debt. She was left alone in the world, and poor. Then she looked up into the very face of heaven, and said, "God is cruel."

She plunged into Bohemianism with a vengeance; she painted, painted, painted, but gradually her work decreased in value. Her hand faltered because her heart had hardened within her; and it was as if her skies had lost a little of their blue, her flowers of their freshness, the faces she drew of their tenderness. The world was quick to read the change and turn away.

Then she catered to lower ideals. For one must please in the market-place—or—or in the art gallery, which was only another kind of market-place, she told herself.

"My child," said an old gray-haired master, "remember your first ideals in your life as well as in your work."

"Ideals! Ha! ha! ha! I have only one ideal, Signor—making a living. And I scarce know why I strive to make that. The game is hardly worth the candle."

War broke out in a far-off land. She went out as a war-artist. And after that her friends heard of her no more.

Years, fourteen, had passed. A woman, poorly dressed and worn with want and hardship, came up the steps of an art gallery in her native city. A few people eyed her curiously as she passed along. But none knew her. There in the halls where the world had praised her work, and flattered her vanity, none knew her to-day. She went out, but a memory went with her, a memory of—of——. Something choked her even yet. Ah, would that she might have been his servant only!

She went to the great library across the park. The March wind blew cold about her thin garments. She was just a little faint, for she had fared but lightly. She was poor. She had some sketches, but her work only brought a pittance now. She had never fulfilled the promise of her youth. Her life had been a failure.

She glanced down the dailies on the library shelves for news of people she had once known. Some one was advertising for a nursery governess. Then she turned to a magazine. A name! A name she had not seen for fourteen years. It was Edgar Welland's! An article of his!

She read quickly, breathlessly, the story of a mighty cathedral in the Far East, the Candova, now in ruins. Its frescoes, its glittering towers, its bells of music, all in crumbling silence now, the birds nesting in its statuary, the night winds moaning down the aisles long clogged with debris. The writer went on to tell the story of a youth, a gifted young fellow; fortune, talent, influence, all were his; he was beginning a brilliant career, but sin—sin had laid a hidden hand upon him. One day the doors were torn open, the world saw a ruined Candova, the man a felon's cell. The story was probably an extract from a sermon, for there followed an appeal for the Candova of Christian character wherever it was secretly going to ruin.

Ray Bruce locked her hands across her eyes as she read, to shut out the world that came and went, clacking its heels on the hard stone floor. The story was for her—for her just now. Her Candova was fallen. The tears flowed silently down her face. Oh, that voice, that spoke out of fourteen years of silence! It was as the wine of life to her in the hour of her faintness. She could hear the very voice that uttered the plea. Would that she could go back to the pure ideals of her early girlhood! Would that she might rebuild her Candova!

She sat there long—so long it was night, and the library lights were lighted. But when she rose her face was calm. She would give up her dream of fame. She would teach, and by days of hard, faithful labour she would strive quietly to rebuild the fallen Candova. In heaven he would know, if they never met on earth, what his words had done that night.

An hour later she was on her way to the house where the nursery governess was wanted. She waited alone in the white electric light of the drawing-room. A picture on the wall startled her—a scene from the Rockies, a hunter and a herd of deer in a ravine. It was the picture she had shown Edgar Welland years ago.

Mrs. Monroe descended the tapestried stairs. Her applicant pointed to the picture and told her story.

"I think you will do, dear, very nicely," said the fair-faced little woman. "I will pay you your first quarter's salary in advance, my dear," she continued, glancing at her clothing. "You will come home to us to-morrow, then. I trust it will prove home in truth."

So it came that Ray Bruce was seen taking three pretty children along the avenue for their morning walk. And it came also that those who passed her

daily noted her face taking on a new roundness, her eyes a new light; the hard lines were disappearing, the bitterness giving place to tenderness. Little waifs looked timidly up into her face in passing, and she who had nothing else to give them gave them her smile. Sometimes she even went for Mrs. Monroe with a basket of fruit or a bunch of flowers to some sick one. The little Monroes twined their tiny arms about her neck, and whispered little nothings in her ear, and she was beginning to find that there was something else in life besides art and fame. And she looked up into the skies afresh, but this time she did not say, "God is cruel;" she only said, "Father, hold me lest I fall."

It was one night late in the summer, and two gentlemen of clerical cut were following the long rear verandah of the upper story of a tenement house. One was evidently in his own field of labour, the other a stranger. They were passing an open window; the blind raised to admit the air revealed an instant's picture. A woman lay on a sick-bed in a poorly furnished room; she was gazing admiringly at a lady in white muslin bending over the face of a child she was washing.

"Humph!" said Dr. Arthurs. "There's one of my flock playing the good Samaritan."

"Who? the woman in white? Do you know her?" asked the stranger quickly.

"Yes. She's Mrs. Monroe's governess. You met Mrs. Monroe yesterday, you know. This Miss Bruce seems a very fine character, capable woman, too. She's a fine worker. I find her a great help. She used to be looked on, years ago, as a promising artist, they tell me. Came of good family—considerable means once, but did not turn out all that was predicted of her in the line of art."

The two men left their message at the other end of the building, and in passing the lighted window again they instinctively softened their steps. The voice of childish prayer came from within; the woman in white was kneeling with the little one beside its bed.

A little past midnight Ray Bruce came out of the tenement-house. The moon had risen, outlining the towers and chimneys of the sleeping city; it outlined, too, the figure of a man leaning on a railing. He turned toward her, and the light was on his face.

"Mr. Welland!"

"I am very glad to see you again, Mr. Welland," she said, as he escorted her home. "I have always wanted to thank you for that story you wrote of the fallen Candova."

"Why, may I ask?"

"Because—because my own Candova was fallen."

He murmured something half to himself about being permitted.

She, meantime, was wondering silently. Did he still live alone with the old French housekeeper? Or were there little feet now pattering about his chair.

"Do you remember," he asked, "a certain man who told a certain young artist that she lacked the home-touch?"

Did she ever forget?

"Well, that man saw through the window of a tenement-house to-night the 'touch' he thought was lacking long ago."

Then he told her brokenly of his lonely life and work in a mining town of the Rockies.

So the Poonagee it was not given her to choose in her girlhood was waiting yet with the sunsets in the West.

In after years she painted another picture. But it was a moving picture this time. Two children romped and frolicked among the vines and rocks about their Western home. Sometimes they stopped in their play to run their fingers through the locks of a silvery-haired mamma.

And if her hand had faltered, if she had not fulfilled her dreams, she had learned at least that there were other things in life than art and fame. She was satisfied.

Simcoe, Ont.

BETTER FAR.

'Tis brave to do, but braver far
To leave the thing you want undone,
If strife thereby averted be,
And peace and harmony be won.

'Tis fine to speak, but finer far
To act and be. The noblest art
In language never can surpass
The triumph of the human heart.

'Tis better far that self should die
Than dominate the heart and brain;
For he who loses self hath lost
The least. The best doth yet remain.

THE CONFERENCES.

In the leafy month of June nearly all the Methodist Conferences of the Dominion, as well as the Synods and Assemblies of the other Churches, hold their annual sessions. In none of these is the *esprit de corps* stronger than in the Methodist Church. The ministers greet with a special sense of brotherhood the comrades of other years, and recall the happy memories of the past.

Never, we think, has the tide of religious feeling flowed higher than in the Conferences just closed. The public services have been scenes of special benediction and grace. The spell of that great life which God two hundred years ago gave to the world seemed to rest upon the assemblies, a new feeling of consecration came upon the preachers and people. The Church is girding itself for the best possible celebration of the Wesley Bicentenary by a great religious revival. This gave the keynote to the Conferences. There was much earnest conversation on "the state of the work," there was much soul-searching as to the causes of less rapid progress than with all our organization and effort we ought to have made, and a determination to emulate the triumphs of early years of Methodism.

We quote, in part, the words of the pastoral address of the Toronto Conference to the churches under its care, the only one of those addresses which we have, at the date of this writing, seen :

The God of our fathers is with us yet. He has not left us without signal marks of His favour. There have been gracious revivals of religion in many of our congregations. The old fires of Methodism are still burning on our altars. The old doctrines of Methodism have not lost their power. We thank God for the accession to our number through faith in the Lord Jesus. We praise Him that very many of these come from the children in our Sabbath-schools.

IN THIS BICENTENNIAL YEAR

we look back with devout gratitude for God's gift of the man who preached a new evangel with a new power in the cold, dead ear of the world. As we contemplate the results of the great revival of the eighteenth century, its reorganization of society on a higher plane, with a wider vision and deepened religious life, with its far-spread missions, with its noble philanthropies, with its many churches and institutions of learning and beneficence, with the many millions who bow at its altars and fashion their lives after its holy teachings, we devoutly exclaim, "What hath God wrought! Not unto us, not unto us, O Lord, but unto thy name be the glory." Not in pride of heart, but in lowliness of soul, we would think upon the way in which the Lord our God hath led us.

"Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

We need, and we possess, the same sources of strength that our fathers had. The personal experience of sins forgiven, of fellowship with the Divine, the gift and grace and guiding of the Holy Spirit, are our privilege as well as theirs, are no less a source of strength amid the changed conditions of our modern civilization and its complex social relations than in the simpler life of a hundred years ago. We have the same almighty Saviour from sin, the same succour in every time of need, the same solace in sorrow and affliction. Our God maketh us always to rejoice in Him.

THE OUTWARD FORM

and manifestation may vary, the inward strength abideth for ever. Not so many books of devotion, perhaps, are read as in the former time, but the Word of God itself is studied as it never was before—not in the worship of the letter, but in obedience to the Spirit, which giveth light and life. Methodism is still true to its early ideal as Christianity in earnest, as a power within, sanctifying the life and moulding the character. Amid the manifold activities of the times it enables men, while diligent in business, to be fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. The Church of to-day is more marked, we think, than at any former time with that spirit which looks not upon its own things, but on the things of another ; which is not satisfied with saving one's own soul alive, but which seeks to benefit the bodies and the souls of men ; which looks not so much to reward in heaven, but seeks to

bring heaven down on earth, and to lift men above their sordid selves and ennoble and dignify their lives here and now. With a burning zeal and a passionate charity, it is endeavouring in the home land and in the far land to seek and to save that which was lost.

OUR MISSIONS

in the great empire of China have passed through a time of fiery trial, and have not been found wanting. Our missionaries have taken their lives in their hands and gone back to their fields of distant toil. In the empire of Japan, where a nation has been born in a day, they are moulding the young life of that realm. In our own land they are teaching and training the red men of the forest and plain, of whom we are the providential wardens. The white man's civilization has often brought to them less of blessing than of bane. We are under solemn obligation to lift up and succour and save these red races whose ancient inheritance we possess.

Never for any land or nation did the

GOLDEN DOORS OF OPPORTUNITY

swing wide open on every side as to our land to-day. God hath given us a goodly heritage, which the nations of the earth are seeking to share. From many lands, and of many tongues, are flocking the multitudes who shall be the future citizens of this great Dominion. Upon our own Church more largely than upon any other rests the responsibility of moulding these diverse peoples into a great Christian civilization. It will tax all the energies, all the wisdom, all the grace that we possess to rise to the height of our privilege and of our obligation in this regard. Under the inspiration of this divine call, let us lift up our eyes and behold the fields white unto the harvest, and thrust in the sickle and reap.

There are not wanting signs of great encouragement in this crisis in our history. The success of the Twentieth Century Fund has relieved many of our embarrassed churches, and left them free for fresh endeavour. It has in some measure strengthened our colleges and universities, and better equipped them for the training in higher Christian culture, never so much needed as to-day, of the men who shall be the tireless workers in this harvest field. The need of the hour is that we should pray therefore to the Lord of the harvest to send forth labourers into his harvest, and that we should with large and liberal souls devise liberal things, and so be ourselves greatly enriched. Above all, we need the divine anointing. We need the tongue of fire of a new Pentecost. We need a richer, fuller baptism of the Holy Ghost. We need a great spiritual revival in all our borders. This will be the solution of all the problems before us, this will be the equipment for the duties that call us. We have adequate organization, we have perfect machinery, what we need is the Spirit within the wheels to give power and efficiency in this supreme opportunity.

Never has the beneficence of Methodism been so marked as in the very recent times. The laying of a million and a quarter dollars upon God's altar for the Twentieth Century Fund, and the gift of nearly half a million more to redeem imperilled St. James' Church in our commercial metropolis, and other remarkable givings, have shown that Methodism is not a rope of sand, but a closely knit organization. This demonstration of its solidarity is a pledge of its integrity, and an evidence of its unifying power.

SABBATH-SCHOOLS.

The training in Christian nurture and piety by the great company of devoted Sabbath-school teachers has not been unavailing. This is the brightest augury for the future of our beloved Zion. The Church of to-morrow is in the schools of to-day. These schools are an instrument of potent influence placed in our hands. Never were they better equipped, never did they receive such generous support, never were so many faithful teachers —often busy men of affairs and women of refinement and culture—devoted to the training of our youth, the hope of our country. But still further improvement in methods, still more careful study of the Word of God, still more practical results must be sought —not by the destruction of the system by which such grand results have been reached, but by its development to higher usefulness and efficiency. The extension of the schools in two directions affords great possibilities of good: the development of the Home Department, so as to embrace the aged, the infirm, the shut-ins who are the prisoners of God's providence; and the organization of the Cradle Roll, by which the babes of the household may be adopted into the Church of the liv-

ing God. These, if faithfully prosecuted, will embrace the whole family in a golden circle for the study of God's Word.

EPWORTH LEAGUES.

Never were our Epworth Leagues doing a nobler work for Christ and his Church than to-day. Never was more prayerful study, more earnest effort, more kindly co-operation put forth than now. But they have not reached the full ideal of their full usefulness. They may exert an influence of untold power upon the young men and young women in our towns and cities, who through the exigencies of our industrial civilization are often severed from their homes and exposed to social perils and estrangements from the house of God. What is a young man or woman to do who has no place in which to live except a little seven by nine room, in an alien and often unsympathetic environment? It is the duty of the Church to act the part of father and mother to these homeless young people, to extend the hand of cordial greeting, to show a kindly sympathy and interest, to bid them welcome, not merely to the class-meeting or prayer-meeting, but to its social gatherings and entertainments. Hence the General Conference directed that wherever practicable church parlours for reading, music, rational culture, and social enjoyment should be opened.

Nor may the Church frown upon the desire of its young people for out-door recreation and athletic games. These will, under proper guidance, conduce to those twin essentials of moral well-being, a sound mind in a sound body. These will prove a powerful antidote to the saloons and pool rooms which too often spread their allurements and beguilements around the path of our youth. We are glad to know that in some of our churches these reading parlours and gymnasia are being organized, that in connection with others playgrounds are being prepared for the children of the schools and for children of a larger growth.

OUR SUMMER SCHOOLS

are annually enlisting increased numbers of our young people to seek the advantage of our college halls, and Biblical instruction and missionary inspiration. These possess the potency and promise of great spiritual blessing to our Church. Our college halls are filled as never before with eager young souls who are coveting earnestly the best gifts, seeking the best training for life and its duties. Analogies of the Holy Club at Oxford, out of which grew the Methodism of the world, are not wanting in these institutions of learning. It is cause for gratitude that they are instinct with Christian spirit, inspired with missionary zeal, and better equipped than ever for the higher culture of heart and mind and brain of our young people. Many parents have made strenuous efforts, even to great self-denial, in the past to secure this precious boon of higher education for their children, and have been abundantly rewarded by their increased usefulness in the world. May their number be greatly multiplied.

No Church has provided more largely and liberally than the Methodist Church in this land sound and wholesome periodical reading for all classes of the household. We urge upon our people the duty of making the widest and wisest use of this provision. Amid the flood of fiction, frivolous and often pernicious in its character, it is the duty of parents to see that their households are well supplied with that which will interest, instruct and religiously profit their members.

SOCIAL QUESTIONS

The Methodist Church is not indifferent to the great sociological problems of the times, and an advance was sounded all along the line in the unending war against the liquor traffic, Sabbath profanation, the gambling spirit of the race-course, pool-room, and other forms of making haste to be rich.

There are some aspects of our national life that arouse deep solicitude. In the material prosperity by which we are surrounded we should not be full and forget God. If riches increase we should not set our hearts upon them. We should not in the greed for gain join in a chase for worldly riches at the cost of better things. We may not despise the plodding industry of our fathers, slow, perhaps, but safe and sure.

In the emphatic verdict given by the people of this province when the liquor bar was up for trial, the voice of the Methodist Church was heard in no uncertain tones. But the bar is still with us, and doing its deadly work. There must be no faltering nor failing till these death-traps, in which Canada's most precious treasures are lured and

limed, are for ever banished from our land.

A new evil has within a few years developed whereby even young children are sacriced to the Moloch of sordid greed. The deadly cigarette is poisoning the blood, dwarfing the lives and perverting the natures of children, often of tender years. The noble efforts of the Women's Christian Temperance Union to procure the suppression of this crying evil call for our warmest sympathy and most earnest co-operation.

The chief bulwark of our holy religion, the sanctity of the Sabbath, is being assailed at many points by the greed of organizations of travel and traffic. This must be guarded with greatest vigilance, and protected with most earnest endeavour.

The unhappy strifes between our brethren who toil with their hands, and those who often toil harder with their brains, is a portent of ill omen for our modern civilization. The best thought and effort of Christian men is demanded to find some solution of this vexed problem, whether in profit-sharing or co-operative industry, or in whatever way the difficulties can be overcome, and an industrial peace secured. The greater dominance of the Sermon on the Mount and the Golden Rule would remove these evils which estrange class from class, and man from man. No man liveth to himself. We are interdependent one upon another. Let the whole body be fitly joined together, and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, making increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in love.

The visits of our vivacious and vigorous, and ever-youthful General Superintendent are always an inspiration and a blessing. His ardent optimism, his fervent loyalty to Christ and His kingdom, and to the Empire of which we form a part, create a kindred enthusiasm in those who hear his utterances. In a remarkable manner his visits to the Conferences, from Newfoundland to far Vancouver, and sometimes to Bermuda and Japan, maintain a uniformity of administration and a unity of feeling which are essential to the well-being of this far-extended Church. The brethren go forth to their varied fields of toil, feeling that Methodism is a mighty unit, is a brotherhood the wide world over.

JOHN WESLEY.

BY THE REV. DAVID H. ELA, D.D.

So strenuous his faith, so firm for truth,
So tolerant of thought—to heritage
Of liberty and law giving one gage;
With courage joined such gentleness and ruth,
With calmest judgment burned such fire of youth,
With such impetuous zeal such counsel sage,
Such pulses throbbing in the blood of age—
Youth so discreet, years so intense, forsooth,
The world, half faithless, sees—
Yet, year by year,
Awaits in vain his zenith power's decline,
Marks how all realms, all climes, his followers share,
His name, his deeds, with growing lustre shine,
Till Wesley, in all lands beneath the sun,
Mighty as Paul is held, beloved as John.

—*Zion's Herald.*

Health and Hope and Happiness
All your life-long pathway bless.

—*Clifton Bingham.*

Current Topics and Events.

THE "LOUISIANA PURCHASE" OF 1803, SHOWN BY THE SHADED PART OF THE MAP.

—From The Review of Reviews.

A Hundred Years of Progress.

It was eminently fitting, says The Christian Herald, that the first national celebration, in connection with the World's Fair Dedication, should have been that of the Louisiana Purchase, which was observed on April 30th and the two succeeding days in the Exhibition City. That purchase, which gave the United States the vast territory now occupied by practically all the States bordering on the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers, was an event whose importance can never be lost sight of by posterity.

When Napoleon signed away France's American possessions for $15,000,000, the United States territory, which hitherto had been bounded on the west by the eastern bank of the Mississippi, was at once extended to include the great States shown in our map. At the outset of the negotiations, it was proposed to purchase only that part of the province of Louisiana which included the city of New Orleans; but the French Emperor, whose schemes of European conquest were then expanding to colossal proportions, himself proposed that the negotiation should include all the territory owned by France in the central part of the Western Continent —nearly a million square miles—very little of which had been explored by the whites. This new turn to the negotiations opened up vast possibilities, and the rich possessions, of which France had once dreamed that she might make a second Canada, passed from her control. Napoleon foresaw the difficulties that would arise in attempting to hold so extensive a territory against the American colonies; but he could not have foreseen the mighty development that was destined to take place along the great Mississippi highway.

When this magnificent territory was added to the Union it was but little known. The upper Missouri had been visited by a few daring travellers, but the country was wild and filled with hostile Indians. St. Louis was a mere French trading-settlement, and beyond it all was wilderness. Two years after the treaty, a strong expedition visited the upper Missouri River, and returned with glowing reports of the character of the country. What was then a wilderness, nominally Catholic but largely heathen, has since become a cluster of Christian States. Populous cities and thriving towns and villages have sprung up on every hand; railroads bridge every stream and chasm, and tunnel the mountains; river transportation lines have opened up the country to com-

merce along the waterways; the great fertile areas supply cereals to feed the nations, while a thousand varied industries swell the tide of commerce that flows through what a century ago was almost an unknown land.

It is impossible to overestimate the influence of this act of territorial expansion upon the fortunes of the nation. The Louisiana Purchase was a conquest of peace. Recognizing this fact, the French people are to be represented on a larger scale in the Exposition than any other country on the continent of Europe. There are no regrets, no recriminations, no aftermath of bitterness over France's lost possessions.

A Century Plant.

Our cartoon expresses the American idea of the value of their century plant. The price paid for this great purchase was fifteen million dollars, just the amount which was paid by the Hudson's Bay Company for the vast fertile area covered by Manitoba and

A CENTURY PLANT.

UNCLE SAM: "That century plant was worth buying."
—The Philadelphia Press.

the North-West Territories, an area about equal to that of the Louisiana Purchase, and being an incomparably richer wheat-growing region. At the end of a hundred years doubtless that vast Territory will be divided into many Provinces, each with its great cities rivalling those of the Louisiana Purchase. We shall have a century plant of our own, comparable with that of which our American kinsmen are to-day so proud.

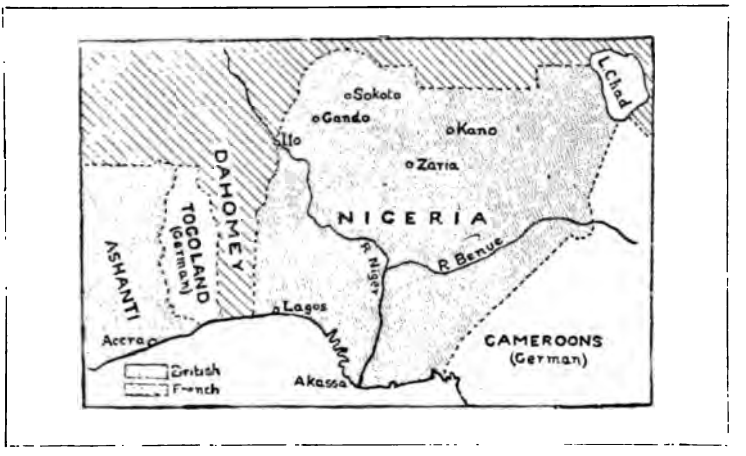
BURYING THE CLUBS.

John Bull and Ireland bury a few, and will set out the Irish Land Bill on their graves.

Amid Mr. Chamberlain's expansive ideas of empire building, the happy consummation of peace and prosperity in dear old Ireland is for the time overlooked. Our thumb-nail sketch shows how long-estranged friendship is being re-knit. The old foes are burying the hatchet and smoking the pipe of peace.

Britain in West Africa.

Another kingdom added to the Empire, says the London Spectator. That strange "destiny" which drove a few English merchants owning a few square miles as trading stations to the conquest of the Indian peninsula appears to be again driving us forward in West Africa. Nobody that we know of deliberately designed the conquest of the vast regions which we describe by those two words. The British people as a body know absolutely nothing about it, not even its geography, and do not feel the slightest inclination when they hear that "Sokoto has fallen" either to cheer or to "maffick." The army regards victories there with something like dismay, lest they should imply the



MAP SHOWING THE POSITION OF KANO AND SOKOTO.

formation of more stations in "God-forgotten holes," and the Imperial Government itself discourages expansion as much as the East India Company ever did. It is sick of its ever-accumulating responsibilities, and does not supply its agents in West Africa either with sufficient troops or adequate resources for administrative expenditure. Nevertheless, the work goes forward. State after state passes, as if through some invisible compulsion, under British authority, and as it passes produces a situation demanding in the eyes of all local experts a fresh advance, till we are already responsible for fifteen kingdoms in West Africa, each with its history, and for a population which is greatly underestimated at twenty millions. There is little use in resisting the process, which is directed by some force, be it Providence, as we think, or Necessity, as others think, and no moral reason for doing it.

Government by Assassination.

The Government of Russia has been described as "a despotism tempered by assassination." The saying is largely true of the turbulent south-eastern principalities of Europe. Recently relieved from the tyranny of Turkey, some of them have fallen prey to the petty tyrannies, misgovernment, and oppression of its successors. "The smaller the cockpit the fiercer the fight," and the smaller the kingdoms often the keener the animosities, and more unscrupulous the strifes of rival factions.

All the world lifts its hands in horror at the wholesale massacre of the recently ruling house of Servia. Neither Alexander nor his wife Draga were model rulers, but their faults are largely forgotten in the hideous manner of their taking off. Such ruthless and reckless butcheries find no parallel in European history since the days of the later Roman empire and its still more degraded Byzantine successor.

The question is, What will Europe do about it? Will it allow the enthroned assassin to defy the public opinion of mankind, or will it wipe out the Servian kingdom or annex it to some other more civilized nation. But for the conflict of rival races in the Austro-Hungarian empire, it would naturally gravitate to that country. Yet on the death of the aged Francis Joseph, chaos may come throughout his wide dominions. Our own personal observation of travel in both Bulgaria and Servia makes us feel that under Austrian rule they would reach a higher civilization than as independent governments. The tendency to integration of nations favours also this result.

To Russia.

This vigorous poem of Joaquin Miller's, says The Epworth Herald, is especially pertinent just now. Russia is reviving, with new and revolting cruelties, the race-hatred which has made the wandering Jew a shrinking, pitiful fugitive on every highway of the Old World. Meanwhile, Mr. Car-

negie gives his millions for a marble palace to house the Czar's International Court of Peace.

["Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth?"—Bible.]

Who tamed your lawless Tartar blood?
What David bearded in his den
The Russian bear, in ages when
You strode your black, unbridled stud,
A skin-clad savage of your steppes?
Why, one who now sits low and weeps;
Why, one who now wails out to you—
The Jew, the Jew, the homeless Jew.

Who girt the thews of your young prime,
And bound your fierce divided force?
Who—who but Moses shaped your course,
United down the grooves of time?
Your mighty millions all to-day
The hated, homeless Jew obey.
Who taught all poetry to you?
The Jew, the Jew, the hated Jew.

Who taught you tender Bible tales
Of honey lands, of milk and wine?
Of happy, peaceful Palestine?
Of Jordan's holy harvest vales?
Who gave the patient Christ? I say,
Who gave your Christian creed? Yea, yea,
Who gave your very God to you?
Your Jew, your Jew, your hated Jew!

THE MASTERY OF THE PACIFIC.

President Roosevelt's remarks in California on the prospective American mastery of the Pacific, have aroused keen criticism in France and Germany. Theodore the Strenuous declares

HIS PRIVATE PRESERVE.
—Brooklyn Eagle.

"America's geographical position in the Pacific is such as to insure our peaceful domination of its waters." Nevertheless, he urges building a navy of the best and most formidable ships. His critics consider this claim a new and enlarged Monroe doctrine. There are other powers than the United States on the Pacific. The British Empire has in Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, to say nothing of India and South Africa, a very much larger littoral on the Pacific, and immensely greater commerce. The single British port of Hong Kong has a larger trade than the port of New York. Our cartoon humorously takes off Mr. Roosevelt's somewhat bumptious proposition.

The New York Nation sizes up the situation as follows:

"We do so much tall talking of that kind, in the press and on the stump, that we think nothing of it, because we know that it means nothing in particular. But here is the German press talking about daring ambitions and an 'alarming development of the Monroe doctrine!' What stupid folk they are to take this screaming of the eagle as anything more than practising the scales. Yet, if that noble bird expects to be welcome in the international zoological gardens, where he has demanded admission, it would be just as well for him to adopt the rule of not screeching unless he means something by it, or always carrying a placard in his talons, reading, 'Don't mind me; I'm only joking.'"

The Brooklyn Eagle thinks: "It is to be regretted that Mr. Roosevelt cannot talk of expansion in any of its various guises without sounding a note of strife. He seems to be constitutionally unable to speak of the victories of peace without associating them with the triumphs of war."

The following rather incoherent historical criticism of Kaiser Wilhelm appears in an English paper: The Emperor, who is half German and half English, is probably the most hysterical person in Europe, and with the exception of the Prince of Montenegro and of the Pope, is far and away the ablest sovereign in Europe, possibly in the world." We should have thought hyper-hysterics inconsistent with such exalted statesmanship.

Religious Intelligence.

KING STREET METHODIST CHURCH, TORONTO.

The Methodist Social Union and its Work.

Many and varied are the beneficent fruits of the Methodist Social Union. This organization found its origin March 25th, 1892, its purpose being the advancement of the interests of Methodism in Toronto. By "interests" it is not alone financial interests that are meant. The Union concerns itself with the spiritual and social welfare of the churches as well, and especially with the promotion of connexional spirit among them. It seeks to aid small and struggling churches, and those burdened by debt, also to give such advice as will prevent errors in the erection and location of churches.

By means of its annual banquet, Methodists throughout the city have come to know each other better, and to know each other's needs. Christian fellowship has been greatly promoted. In fact, we have begun to look upon the banquet as a great family gathering.

Another avenue through which the Union has touched the public at large is by the Festival of the Lilies, held every Easter Monday in the Massey Music Hall. These concerts have netted several thousand dollars in behalf of the work of the Union.

Those desirous of helping Toronto Methodism in general can do so through the Union, and feel that their contributions are being used in the best possible way for the general good. A body of men with the needs of the whole city spread before them are better prepared to grasp the needs of any particular church than even that church itself.

One of the developments of the Union along this line is the institutional church, of which the new King Street Church, recently opened, is a worthy example. Without the splendid work of the Union this church would be an impossibility. Through its aid $17,300 was contributed, thus enabling the church, which has cost $23,000, to be opened free of debt. This is largely due to the generosity of Sherbourne Street Church, of which King Street Church may be called the daughter.

The former church was small, ungainly, ill-equipped, and unsanitary, in the midst of a poor and needy field. To-day we have a splendid, well-equipped building in its place. The money expended has not been so much in outer embellishment as in the equipment of the church for its work. We were pleased to find it provided with a reading-room and gymnasium, to be

INTERIOR OF KING STREET METHODIST CHURCH, TORONTO.

kept open every night, this in a district where hitherto there has been no place for young men to spend their evenings but the saloon.

We rejoice in the development of this spirit of brotherhood, which takes to heart the needs of the churches in the poorer districts. Without making parasites of them, the Union is helping them to help themselves.

The members of the Union are now a goodly number. All ministers and adult members of the Methodist Church are eligible for membership, which only costs $1.00 per year.

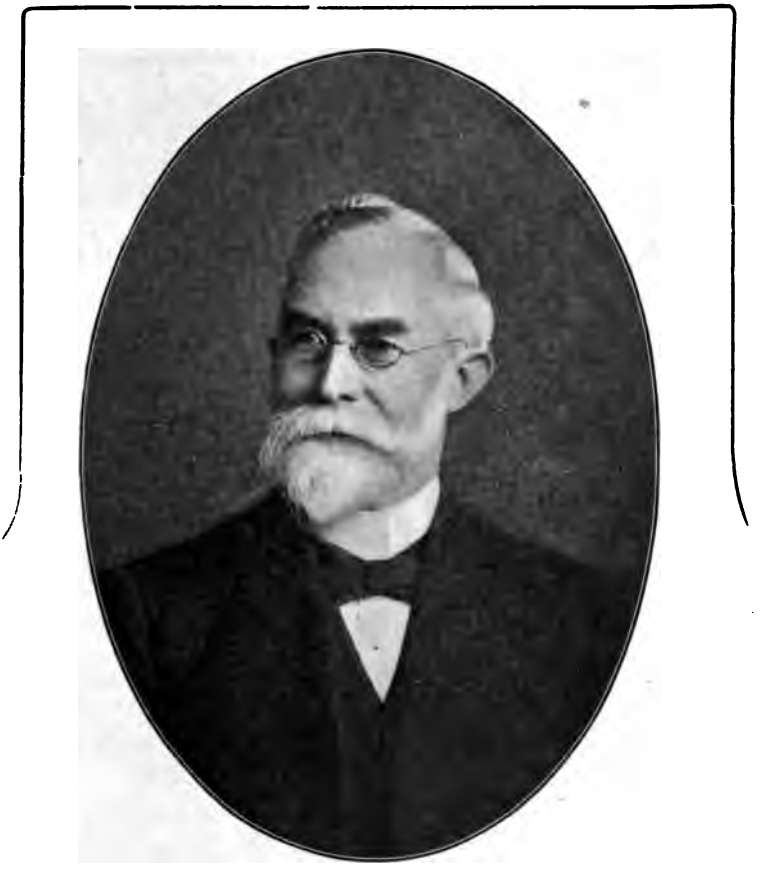
Among the forceful men of the Union is Mr. R. C. Hamilton, one of its former presidents, and now its special treasurer. Of its present president, Mr. Richard Brown, we shall have more to say later. Mr. Hamilton, of the Royal Insurance Company, was born in the town of Killeshandra, Co. Cavan, Ireland. He is the son of Rev. Robert Hamilton, a gentleman of Scottish descent. The subject of our sketch came to Canada some forty-two years ago, and at once identified himself with Elm Street Church, where throughout the years he has ever given zealous service, wise counsel, and a worthy example. In 1877 he was elected trustee. He is now recording steward. Several years of his life, from 1857 to 1861, were spent in Halifax, where he is likewise favourably known. A man of clean life and clean lips, he richly deserves the respect that his name commands among his fellows. In the business world he is known as a man whose word can be absolutely relied upon. It is well when the Church has men of this stamp, who are willing to devote themselves and their energies steadfastly to her interests. Mr. Hamilton has been connected with the Union since its organization, and has ever proved himself zealous in its interests.

Presbyterians and Methodists to Co-operate.

Another proof of the growing bond of sympathy between the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches in Canada is that shown in the joint letter to both bodies issued by the secretaries of the respective Missionary Societies, the Rev. Drs. Sutherland and Warden. The purpose of this letter is to promote co-operation in New Ontario, British Columbia, and the North-West. The phenomenal growth of the population in these districts makes it impossible for one Church to keep pace with it. While sympathetic toward the subject of organic union the letter points out that that is a matter of future deliberation. No overtures on the subject have as yet been presented to the courts of either Church. But it is affirmed that present duty lies in the line of fraternity between the two

Churches. It is recognized that the differences in administration, and even in doctrinal statement, are not fundamental. It is hoped, too, that co-operation in our newer fields will influence likewise the older and more settled provinces. The problem of to-day is the missionary one, both at home and abroad. Says this letter:

"In this crisis of the world's religious history the paramount duty of Christians is not to build up organizations, each after his own pattern, but to evangelize the world in obedience to the Master's word."



MR. R. C. HAMILTON,

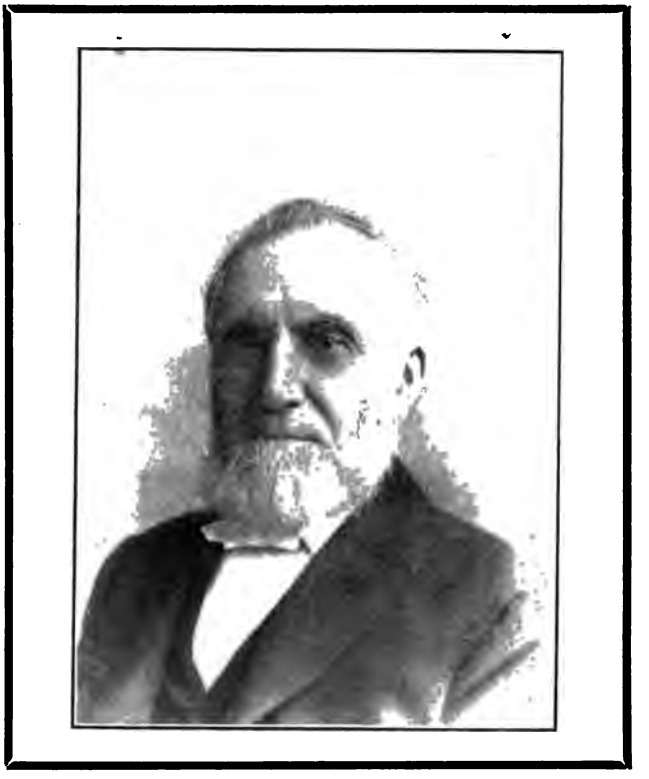
Treasurer of the Toronto Methodist Social Union.

DEATH OF THE REV. DR. DEWART.

Truly a prince and a great man is fallen in Israel. The death of the veteran editor, scholar, and preacher, the Rev. Dr. Dewart, came with a shock of surprise to the community. Without an hour of warning he was cut down in his ripened maturity of manhood. It was only last week that he took an active part in the proceedings of the Toronto Conference, and up to the very day of his death gave no premonition of his approaching end. He ceased at once to work and live. He was so familiar a figure among us that we failed to realize that Dr. Dewart was growing old, so full was he of mental energy and alertness. Yet he had reached the advanced age of seventy-five, and had lived from his youth a strenuous life.

In the days of his prime he was a great preacher, strong, evangelical, fervent, his close-linked logic lightened and brightened by apt illustra-

tion and poetic imagery. He was one of Canada's great editors, conducting The Christian Guardian with marked success through important crises in the history of Methodism in this land. It is not generally known that it was in Dr. Dewart's house, and through his initiative, that the first steps toward the Methodist union in Canada were taken, and largely through his influence were carried to a successful issue. With some features in the basis of the second union he was not in accord, but with the principle he heartily concurred. He was one of the most vigorous promoters of the federation of Victoria and the provincial universities.



THE REV. EDWARD HARTLEY DEWART, D.D.

In his early ministry he was considered quite advanced and progressive, and, indeed, by some was thought almost radical in his theological views. But in later years he was much more conservative in this regard, and was a stalwart defender of the orthodox standards against what he considered pernicious innovations. Of these his many books and pamphlets in defence of the faith are striking illustrations. "His opinions," Dr. J. S. Ross well remarks, "while in process of formation were, like the molten metal, susceptible to pressure, but when once formed, like the hardened steel."

Dr. Dewart was one of the most virile and vital of our Canadian poets. His ode on the death of Tennyson was one of the very strongest which that event called forth. In the days of his vigour he was a leader of men, a very Rupert of debate, exerting by his strong moral convictions a profound influence. The marked note of his character from his early manhood was his intense evangelical earnestness. This spirit breathed through his numerous tracts and pamphlets and editorials, and marked his pungent preaching.

There was no opportunity granted for dying testimony, save a few last words commending himself and the faithful companion of well-nigh fifty years of ideal married life to the love and care of God. Nor was there need of such. The stalwart and sterling

character which he developed throughout long years of Christian service was more eloquent than could be any dying words.

The assemblies of Canadian Methodism, without the presence of Edward Hartley Dewart—without the benediction of "the good grey head that all men knew," will lack one of the strongest characters and one of the most potent forces for righteousness that our church and country have ever known.

From Shadowland to Glory.

On the 10th of April of this year William Henry Milburn, D.D., passed from the shadowland in which he spent this life, into the Light of Glory. The blind orator of American Methodism was late chaplain of the Senate of the United States. He was born in Philadelphia in 1823, the son of prosperous parents. Like his blind brother, George Douglas, he entered life with every sense perfect. When five years of age, through an accident at play, he lost the sight of his left eye, and the right one was greatly impaired. Thus handicapped, he began, at the age of eight years, to spell his way through volumes of voyages, travels, history, fiction, etc.

In 1837 his father lost almost all his worldly goods. The family moved to Jacksonville, Ill., where young Milburn continued his studies. He finally entered college. But so difficult was it for him to read with his impaired vision that he had to bend nearly double and his spine became affected. He was compelled at last to give up his ambition of graduating. At the age of twenty he became a probationer in the Methodist ministry. Some two years later he chanced to be travelling on an Ohio steamer; among the passengers were a number of Congressmen on their way to Washington. "Not a few of them swore outrageously, played cards day and night, and drank villainous whiskey to excess." Sunday morning, on the steamer, Milburn was asked to preach. In his sermon he fearlessly denounced these sins.

After the service, as he sat alone in his room, wondering how his words would be received, a Congressman came on behalf of the others to present him with a purse of money and assure him an honourable election as chaplain of the Senate. He consented and became at Washington the lion of the season. But at the close of Congress he declined re-election.

He was an indefatigable worker, a prodigy of self-culture. He stowed his mind with the best literature, with large portions of the Scripture and with hundreds of hymns. He had a phenomenal memory. Let him hear a voice once, and ten, twenty, thirty years later he knew his man again at sound of his voice. He went about alone with perfect freedom in spite of his affliction. It is estimated that up to five years ago he averaged not less than ten thousand miles of fearless travel a year in his preaching and lecturing tours. He covered thus most parts of United States, Canada, Great Britain, and Ireland. His trust in all men was implicit. To those with whom he had to deal he would say, "Here is my pocket-book, take what you ought to take." And it speaks much for human nature that rarely, if ever, was his trust abused. He was the author of many books, among them "With Rifle, Axe, and Saddle Bags," "What a Blind Man Saw in Europe." In his later years he was tenderly cared for by an accomplished Canadian lady, the daughter of the late Rev. John Gemley, whom he adopted as his own.

Death of Rev. W. W. Shepherd.

A thrill of sorrow was felt throughout Canadian Methodism at the death of Rev. W. W. Shepherd, principal of the Muncey Institute. His death was the result of an accident, being thrown from his carriage during the preceding week. His noble character, his services to Canadian Methodism, and particularly his twenty-three years of splendid work in connection with Mount Elgin Institute, are too well known to need further comment. He had put the Institute on a paying basis and thus relieved the Missionary Society of responsibility in the matter. The Institute has doubled its attendance in the past few years, having now over a hundred pupils.

His services, however, were not confined to this great work alone. Since going to Muncey he has preached regularly. He was chairman of the district for several years. He was a member of the General Conference, and president of the Annual Conference in 1894-5. In each of these offices he was noted for his energy and wise counsel. A courteous gentleman, a man of foresight, of tenderness, and of broad sympathies, his memory will ever be an inspiration. Our sympathies go out to the bereaved family.

Book Notices.

"The Turk and His Lost Provinces." Greece, Bulgaria, Servia, Bosnia. By William Eleroy Curtis. Author of "The True Thomas Jefferson," etc. Chicago, New York, Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co. Pp. 396. Price, $2.00 net.

Ever since we traversed from end to end the Bulgarian peninsula, the disturbed regions of the storm-centre of Europe, we have been looking for a book which covers just the field of this latest volume by Mr. Curtis—but up till now without success. It is easier to learn the history of ancient Greece and Rome than that of the many new kingdoms and principalities of south-eastern Europe. Mr. Curtis is a vigilant observer and trained newspaper writer. He has traversed these regions with his eyes wide open, and records with vivid interest the result of his observation and study.

The Bulgarian peninsula is one of the most primitive in character, yet one of the longest settled sections of Europe. "Her kings and queens and courts shone resplendent in ermine and jewels when western Europe was still overrun by barbarians." The blight of the Turk, the modern successor of Attila, "the scourge of God," of whom it was said "the grass never grew where his horses' feet trod," is over all this region.

The first section of the book is devoted to the unspeakable Turk, himself, his government or misgovernment, his family, his city, his mosques and palaces, and, finally—the most cheerful outlook for the future—Robert College and the missionaries. No wonder the lost provinces and those soon to follow them have been in chronic revolt, for, says Mr. Curtis, "the thresholds of thousands of homes are slippery with the blood of husbands and fathers who have died defending the honour of their wives and daughters." The spoliation of the peasant has become a science. Even after the recently pledged reforms the exorbitant taxes were this spring collected from the seed corn of next harvest.

Mr. Curtis gives a vivid picture of the city of the Sultan, its strange contrasts, its maladministrations, its gorgeous palaces and reeking and wretched purlieus. While it may be true that, as Mr. Curtis says, you seldom see a mosque out of repair, yet in Cairo and the provinces you seldom see one that is not out of repair. No country, not even Russia, is more intolerant. No Turk can become a Christian except on penalty of exile, imprisonment, or assassination. No city has a more polyglot population. here are newspapers published in fourteen different languages. The strife of tongues is like that of Babel.

No wonder that the Bulgarian atrocities roused the soul of Gladstone and all Europe. The American consul at Constantinople states that fifteen thousand persons were massacred by the Turks in a single month. The creation of the new kingdom of Bulgaria and its strange fortunes is a tale of facts stranger than fiction. Even now it is only emerging from anarchy. But the railway, telegraph, and telephone and improved agriculture are removing the stigmas of centuries of blight. Incidentally the author says the German telephone system is the worst in the world, which he explains by the suggestion that some of the German words are too big to send over the ordinary wire. A Berlin professor, however, tried to show the absurdity of the proposition. His moral is: Never try a joke on a German professor.

We describe elsewhere the present status of Bulgaria. One of its greatest exports is attar of roses, of which a million dollars' worth a year is sold. There are eleven Methodist missionaries, with eight churches and thirteen schools at work. They are the leaders of mission work in that land. Speaking of Miss Stone's capture and ransom for $65,000, Mr. Curtis gives a list of eighteen others, several of whom were ransomed at a cost of sums ranging from $50,000 to $60,000.

The history of Servia, with its swineherd monarch, who cooked his own meals in the palace, is one of unique interest. His successor, Alexander, is described as "a degenerate, looking like a fugitive from an asylum for the depraved." Of Queen Draga little better can be said. The misrule of the Turks in Bosnia is described as one of chronic and chaotic anarchy. It is officially asserted by the British consul that eight or ten thousand

persons were annually murdered by the troops, but to-day, under wise Christian government life is as safe in Bosnia as in Illinois; travel is safer, because there has never been a train robbery in the country.

It is to the credit of the Turk that his religion makes him a total abstainer, but he makes up by indulgence in coffee, of which some drink a hundred cups a day, and smoke a hundred cigarettes.

In Greece, says our author, what is needed is "not so much men of culture, but men of agriculture." The king himself is served by the field, and the highest civilization is dependent upon the cultivation of the soil. This book is simply indispensable to a correct comprehension of the interesting problem of south-eastern Europe. It has many striking illustrations.

"The Jewish Encyclopedia." Vol. IV. Chazars to Dreyfus Case. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls Company. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xxii-688. Large 8vo. Price, $6.00 per vol.

It is remarkable that no other such great work on the religion, history, and biography of any race has been produced by any Church or race as this Jewish Encyclopedia. God's chosen people Israel through the ages have been bitterly persecuted, and their maltreatment by Russia excites daily the indignation of the world. It is another illustration of the vitality and virility of this remarkable people, of their scholarship, their energy and enterprise, and of the enterprise of the great Christian Publishing House which issues this work. All Christendom is interested in the Jew. All the Churches are connected with his faith. Nowhere is this many-sided subject so fully and fairly treated as in this Encyclopedia. An evidence of its thoroughness and up-to-date character is shown in the fact that the Dreyfus case, on which was focused the attention of the world and which is still "a live wire" in French politics, is treated in fifty-six closely printed columns, with several illustrations. Into this space have been condensed the essential facts of this most celebrated trial of modern times. So important do we deem this great work that we have placed it in the hands of an accomplished expert for more adequate treatment in this Magazine and Review.

"The Papers of Pastor Felix" (Arthur John Lockhart). Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 386. Price, $1.25.

Our readers have long been familiar with the delicate fancy, the grace of diction, the poetic insight, the keen sympathy with nature of "Pastor Felix," a much prized contributor to The Methodist Magazine and Review. These qualities are conspicuously shown in this collection of some of his most graceful articles and most touching stories. They are interspersed with fine poetic selections and with some of his own contributions in verse. The nature studies of the varied aspects of the seasons will open new windows to the world without through which many of us walk blindfold. Mr. Lockhart, though for some years a member of the East Maine Methodist Conference, is a Canadian, born in Lockhartville, Nova Scotia. He retains his love for the land of his birth and has won wide recognition in both the United States and Canada as a poet and essayist. We welcome this volume as an important contribution to our international literature. A handsome Canadian edition is published by our Book Room.

"The Souls of the Black Folk." Essays and Sketches. By W. E. Burghardt Du Bois. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. viii-264. Price, $1.20 net.

This book is an important contribution to higher literature by a coloured writer. The author is a professor at Atlanta University. His work found its way into high-class magazines, as The Atlantic Monthly, World's Work, and other leading periodicals. His book is marked by fine literary grace. It is in some respects a cry *de profundis*. The iron of injustice has entered into his soul. He echoes the bitter cry of his coloured kinsmen: "Why did God make me an outcast and a stranger in mine own house? The shadows of the prison-house closed round about us all, walls relentlessly narrow and unscalable to sons of night who must beat unavailing palms against the stone."

He discusses the great race problem which confronts the American people. Education, intellectual, but

still more industrial, is the only solution of this problem. "They are rising, all arising, the black and white together." There is a strange pathos in some of the chapters, as that on the Sorrow Songs of his race, some of which are given with the strange, fascinating music to which they are sung. The studies of the Black Belt, the Training of the Black Men, the Quest of the Golden Fleece, the Faith of the Fathers, and the Passing of the First-born are a new voice of strange power in our ears. A fine poetical vein runs through these papers.

"Ontario Historical Society Papers and Records." Vol. IV. Exploration of the Great Lakes, 1669-1670. By Dollier de Casson and De Brehant de Galinee. Galinee's Narrative and Map, with an English Version, including all the Map Legends. Translator and Editor: James H. Coyne. Part I. Toronto: Published by the Society. Pp. xxxvii.-89.

The Ontario Historical Society is accomplishing a great work for our country. The preservation, study and dissemination of the documentary history of our province is a task of much importance. In this work the Society has achieved great success, very largely through the inspiration and energy of Mr. J. H. Coyne, B.A., its president for 1898-1902. Mr. Coyne has prepared, edited, and translated the very fascinating narrative on the exploration of our Canadian lakes two hundred and forty years ago. A detailed, accurate, and interesting account of that exploration exists in contemporary narrative written in the quaint old French of the period. This Mr. Coyne has translated into lucid and luminous English, comparing the narrative with the different extant versions. The narrative in English and French is printed on opposite pages so that one can verify the accuracy of the translation. It is a model of editorial fidelity. Mr. Coyne has also visited many of the places described and presents photographs of their present appearance, reproductions of historic maps and portraits. This is a very important contribution to the history of our province.

"The Oldest Code of Laws in the World." The Code of Laws promulgated by Hammurabi, King of Babylon, B.C. 2285-2242. Translated by C. H. W. Johns, M.A. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xli-88. Price, 1s. 6d. net.

This very important document—one of the most important, says the editor, in the history of the race—is one of the latest results of studies in Assyriology. It contains the laws enacted by Hammurabi, which date from the time of the migration of Abraham from Ur of the Chaldees, and must have served to "mould and fix the ideas of right throughout that great empire, and so form the state of society in Canaan when, five hundred years later, the Hebrews began to dominate that region." The document is of intense interest.

"The Keswick Movement" By Arthur T. Pierson, D.D. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 50 cents net.

This little book traces the origin and growth of the Keswick Movement since the first Keswick Convention about a quarter of a century ago. It is a sympathetic exposition of this movement toward holier living that is slowly but steadily permeating the whole evangelical world. Dr. Pierson writes in a clear, concise, and forceful style, and many readers who have previously heard little or nothing of this movement will recognize that a similar influence has been at work in their midst.

"The Cross and the Dice-Box." Sermons and Addresses to Working Men. By Rev. Thos. G. Selby and nine others. Manchester: Jas. Robinson. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. vi-282. Price, 3s. 6d. net.

This book takes its rather sensational title from the sermon on the text: "Upon my vesture did they cast lots." The sermons are strong and cogent presentations of divine truth, specially adapted to arrest the thought of working-men—The Value of a Man, the Sacredness of Work, the Workman and his Overseer, Unclean Speech, the Law of Christ concerning Controversy. Among the writers are Griffith-Jones, Thomas Selby, Principal Rowlands, and George Jackson, whose "Man with the Muck-rake," here included, was heard with such appreciation during his visit to Toronto.

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W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor

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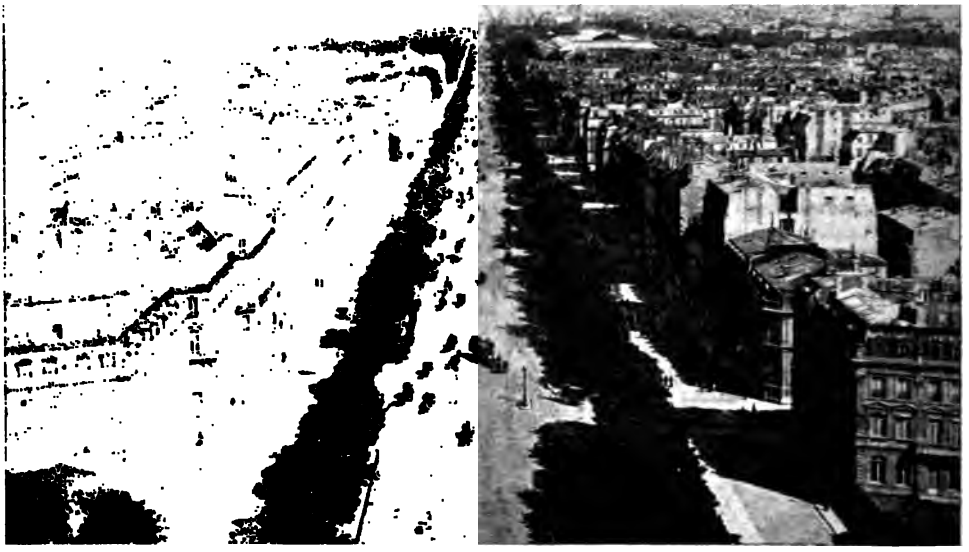
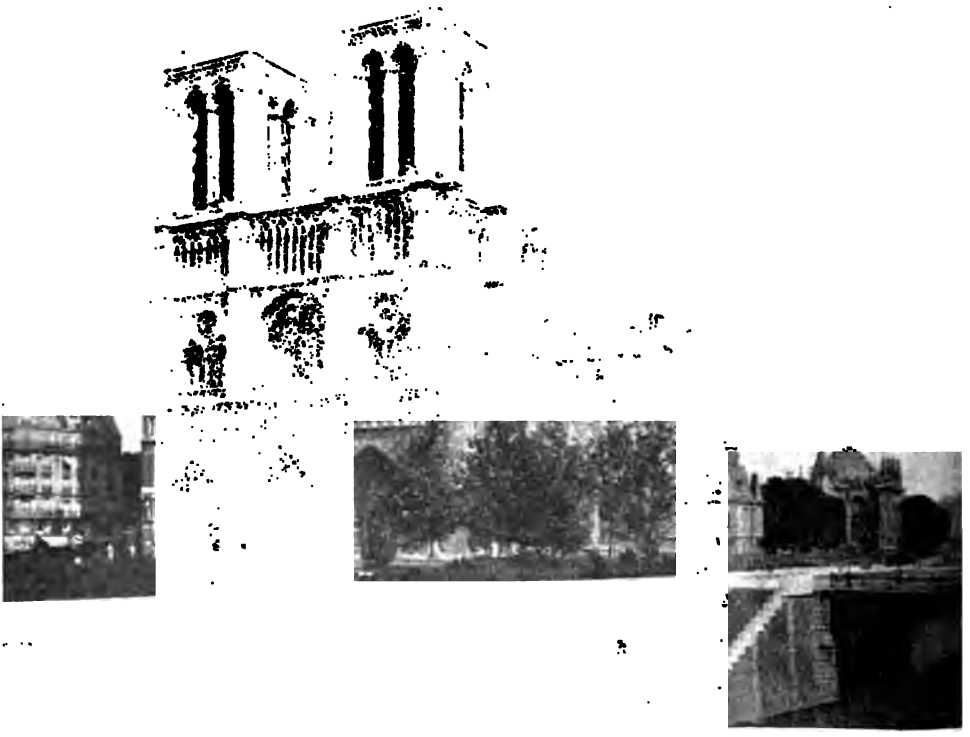


THE CHAMPS ELYSEES, FROM THE TOP OF THE ARCH OF TRIUMPH.



Methodist Magazine and Review.

AUGUST, 1903.

PARIS THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY CHRISTOPHER CROSS.

MONUMENTAL ENTRANCE TO EXPOSITION, PARIS.

PARIS is undoubtedly the most beautiful and fascinating city in the world. Every night the boulevards and avenues are lighted up brilliantly with electric lights which shed rays almost equal to the light of day. Beneath the powerful glare passes in never-ending procession an excited and jovial crowd of students, tradesmen, men of means, foreigners of every clime and in the strangest costumes, women of every class and grade, artists, tourists, and every other imaginable phase of humanity. To amuse and pander to this motley throng, Paris, with its population of over two millions, has a vast number of places of amusement, cafes, and restaurants, which are kept open till the small hours of the morning. All is light, gaiety, and the very excess of luxury.

Saturday is a busy day in Paris, but for extravagant gaiety the great fete day of the week is the Sabbath. This day is specially set apart for horse-racing on the Longchamps,

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NAPOLEON'S ARCH OF TRIUMPH.

the Chantilly, and other famous courses. The gayest balls are in progress during Sunday night and Monday morning. Most of the theatres in the city and its suburbs are crowded on this special evening. The hippodrome, the circuses, concert halls, and singing cafes are in full swing. The outlying towns of Versailles, St. Cloud, and Sevres lend their quota of pleasure-seekers; in fact, to see Paris on Sunday night, with her nervous and excited throng, is a sight most peculiar and disturbing to one accustomed to the more staid and dignified existence of a Canadian. If the history of Paris for the last ninety years were written in the shape of a novel, it would be scouted and laughed at as too extravagant and impossible a concatenation of events for even such a romancer as Dumas to concoct.

The Place de la Concorde is a noble square, 390 yards long and 235 yards wide, and has been the theatre of the most important episodes in this strange history. This Place is the largest and most beautiful in the city, and probably the finest in the world. In the centre stands the obelisk of Luxor, similar to, but much larger and better preserved than, Cleopatra's Needle on the Thames Embankment. At the time of the birth of our Saviour this monolith was 1,500 years old, and then revered as an object of great antiquity. It stood at the gate of an Egyptian temple at Luxor, and now, after having existed for over three thousand years, it has been placed in the centre of a magnificent square in the gayest city on the face of the globe.

When Cæsar conquered Gaul, and the ancestors of the modern, dainty Frenchman were running, half naked, through the woods, this obelisk graced a city of one of the most learned and powerful nations of antiquity. If this wonderful old relic could speak, what a tale of the rise and fall of nations it could tell, and what words of wisdom and warning it could give to the people among whom it has found a temporary resting-place! Round the Place are eight colossal statues, representing the chief cities of France,

THE PLACE DE L'OPERA.

including Strasburg, the latter draped in mourning on account of its capture by the Germans.

Standing upon this spot, the view is the most interesting in Paris. Looking east, up through well-kept gardens, one sees the site of the Imperial Palace of the Tuileries, the ruins of which have been cleared away. There reigned the Emperor Napoleon III., who ruled and modelled Paris with the hand of a despot. His son, the Prince Imperial, was the idol of his father and the pet of the court, and probably was surrounded by a more magnificent retinue of retainers than any royal prince in Christendom. A few terrible reverses in quick succession sufficed to send both father and son into exile, and both died in comparative obscurity, the latter falling by the cruel Zulu assegai. On the 23rd and 24th of May, 1871, the Tuileries were destroyed by the Communists.

Turning round and looking to the west, one sees, a few yards in front, the commencement of the famous Champs Elysees. It is a mile and one-third in length, and ascends till it reaches the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile. This arch cost $2,000,000, and it is the most imposing monument of triumph ever constructed. The idea of erecting this memorial of victory was conceived by Napoleon I., and is certainly worthy of the genius of that marvellous man. It was built in 1836. It is 160 feet high, 146 wide, and 72 feet deep. Those who have not seen it can form no idea of its immensity. It derives its name Etoile from its position as the centre whence radiate twelve fine avenues in the form of a star. When visiting the place, I determined to drive up to the arch and have a careful look at the celebrated bas-reliefs which adorn its sides. When I arrived on the spot I found a crowd of excited people running to and fro. I asked the cause, and was informed that a short time before a young man had committed suicide by throwing himself from the summit. A dark pool of blood on the pavement marked where he fell. It was a shocking sight, and such as I don't wish ever to see again.

NEW ART GALLERY, PARIS.

Turning around again to the right, one faces the Rue Royale, at the end of which is the Church of the Madeleine, which cost £520,000. This neighbourhood was the scene of desperate fighting between the Communists and the Government troops. One of the most formidable barricades was erected across the Rue Royale, and when they were finally driven from this position three hundred of the insurgents took refuge in the sanctuary of Madeleine. The soldiers, after meeting with vigorous resistance, at last effected an entrance, and within the stately walls of this sacred edifice, in the year of grace 1871, they actually slaughtered in cold blood the whole three hundred of their fellow citizens at the point of the bayonet.

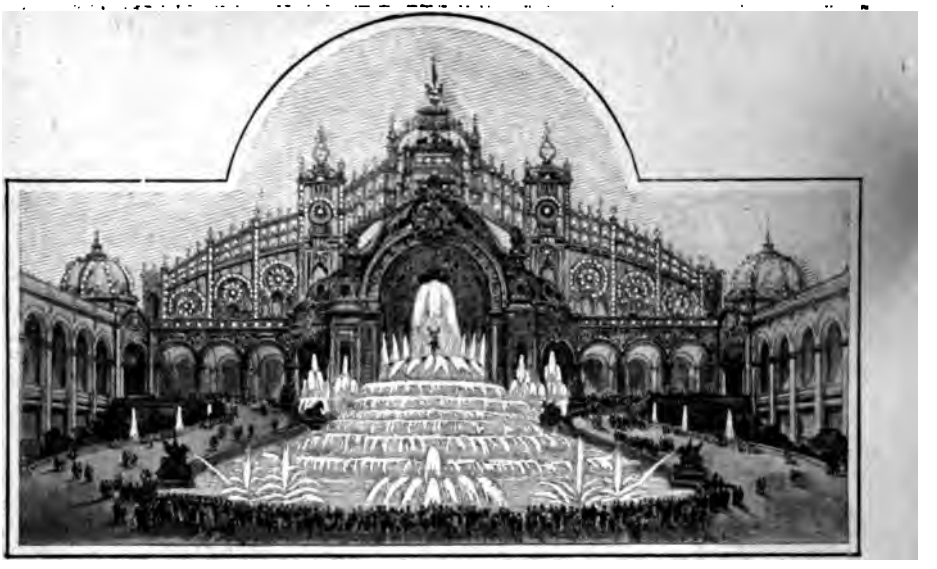
In the Rue Royale a most diabolical crime was committed at this time. The Communists being defeated at every turn, took their revenge by setting fire to every building of importance to which they could gain access. While the fire was raging, they bribed some firemen to fill the engines with petroleum. This was done, and hundreds of barrels were poured into the burning houses, causing indescribable horrors and vast loss of life and property.

I am still standing at the obelisk. Looking towards the south over the Seine, one can see, prominent above everything, the gilded dome (344 feet high, surmounted by a lantern and a cross) of the Hotel des Invalides. Beneath this dome lie the remains of the most daring and masterly genius that France, or perhaps any other country, ever produced. From a friendless Corsican exile, Napoleon Bonaparte rose to be the most powerful potentate in Europe, and made each of his brothers a sovereign. There is no parallel in history to the career of this extraordinary man of destiny. Emperors and kings cringed before him, and were glad to obey his bidding. Berlin was entered by the victorious French army, and Russia

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW FROM THE EIFFEL TOWER.

trembled on hearing of his threatened invasion. England alone was equal to him. Her bulldog tenacity and courage he could never conquer, while the fates seemed to be against the formidable preparations he made to invade the tight little island, and finally the British forces were the cause of his complete overthrow. The tomb is the most superb and impressive I have ever seen; when standing beside it people speak in hushed tones. Something in the solemn atmosphere and presence of the mighty dead seems to forbid either levity or indifference. A mosaic laurel wreath is inlaid round the monumental urn, wherein reposes all that is left of "Imperial Caesar, dead and turned to clay." This sarcophagus is of red Finland porphyry, and weighs one hundred and thirty-five thousand pounds.

The Place de la Concorde, however, in itself, has witnessed some of the most terrible scenes recorded in the whole range of history. In 1770, more than twelve hundred persons were crushed to death in the moat which then surrounded the Place, and two thousand were injured, in a panic caused by the accidental discharge of some fireworks, on the celebration of the marriage of Louis XVI. with Marie Antoinette. In 1792, the statue of Louis XV. was melted by the Convention and coined into pennies. The square was then named Place de la Revolution. Prior to the first Revolution, in 1789, the French nation and the Government seem to have been jogging along in a very orthodox sort of way, but upon the breaking out of the people in that year, the demagogues got the upper hand. Here, was placed the dreadful guillotine, and here were beheaded Louis XVI., his beautiful queen, Marie Antoinette, and several others of the royal family. Through the fickleness of the French, it was not a year till



ELECTRICAL PALACE AND FOUNTAIN.

Danton, one of the chief insurgent leaders, himself met his death on the same spot. A few months after Robespierre, the most cruel and bloodthirsty of the whole lot, had his head shorn off by the same guillotine, amidst the jeers and acclamations of all classes of the people. In less than twenty-nine consecutive months more than two thousand eight hundred people were publicly butchered by the guillotine.

Napoleon I., Louis XVIII., Charles X., Louis Philippe, and Napoleon III., have all lived adjacent to and taken great pride in this chief of open places; and during the reign of Louis Philippe the present obelisk—a solid block of rose-coloured granite—was presented to him by Mohammed Ali, Pasha of Egypt, and erected at an expense of two million francs. It was considered a great engineering feat to raise it to its present lofty position, as it is seventy-six feet high, and weighs five hundred thousand pounds.

In 1815, after the irrepressible Bonaparte had escaped from Elba, and risked his all and lost it at Waterloo, the Place was occupied by the British forces under Wellington. In March, 1871, after the capitulation of Paris, the armies of the German invaders encamped on the same ground. The last chapter of the story is probably the most unhappy one of all. It was brother fighting against brother, and father against son. The Communists, in May, 1871, took their stand here, and large numbers were slaughtered without mercy. The Place, as it looks to-day, however, would never suggest anything but feelings of admiration. It should be viewed both in the daytime and at night—by day to get the extensive view, while by night in every direction, east, west, south, and north, can be seen myriads of gas-jets, while the many places of amusement, even more brilliantly lighted up, and the moving carriages, with their different coloured lights, add greatly to its beauty. A walk about 9 p.m. over the adjacent bridge spanning the Seine will repay any visitor to Paris.

THE MADELEINE.

addition to the above view,
een the swift little steamers
ıe and red lamps, and the
white stone Palace of the
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comparison with the Sorbonne in respect of freedom of higher education to the great masses of the people. At the head of this admirable system stands the Institut de France, which consists of a body of the most distinguished scholars, statesmen, lawyers, painters, sculptors, musicians, and philosophers of France, whose object at their periodical meetings is to promote by discussion and more tangible assistance the general prosperity of the higher branches of learning in the State. To be one of the two hundred and twenty-five members of the Institute is the longed-for goal to which every man of ambition, from the struggling artist to the wealthy aristocrat, directs his eyes.

Among the libraries of the world the National Library—Bibliotheque Nationale—stands first, and that of the British Museum second. This vast collection of three million books is opened practically free, and any student may explore its priceless treasures. I will not advert to the picture-galleries of the Louvre, also open gratis to the public, and whose salons are nearly three-quarters of a mile in length, nor to its galleries of

UNDER THE EIFFEL TOWER.

COLUMN OF JULY, PARIS.

NOTRE DAME.

sculpture, as the slightest notice would far transgress the limit of my paper.

Rather an interesting place to visit is the Bourse. Here between twelve and three every day can be seen the stock-broking business of Paris. From the gallery is the best place to view the wild scene beneath—a crazier-looking lot of mortals I don't think get between the four walls of a building. In a small circular enclosure near the end of the room are the sworn and duly-enrolled brokers. Outside of this barrier are collected a miscellaneous crowd of stock-jobbers, etc., who each instructs his broker within to buy or sell certain stock. When he has received his instructions, he hurries to the inner circle and shouts at the very top of his voice, accompanying this fearful row with violent gesticulations. He wants to purchase or dispose of stock, but he looks like a maniac. This is only one of the many hundreds beneath, who are each trying to see who can shout the loudest. The din can be distinctly heard across the street from the Bourse, notwithstanding the noise of carriages and pedestrians.

COLUMN VENDOME.

PORTE ST. MARTIN.

CAFE WITH GUESTS LUNCHING ON THE BOULEVARD.

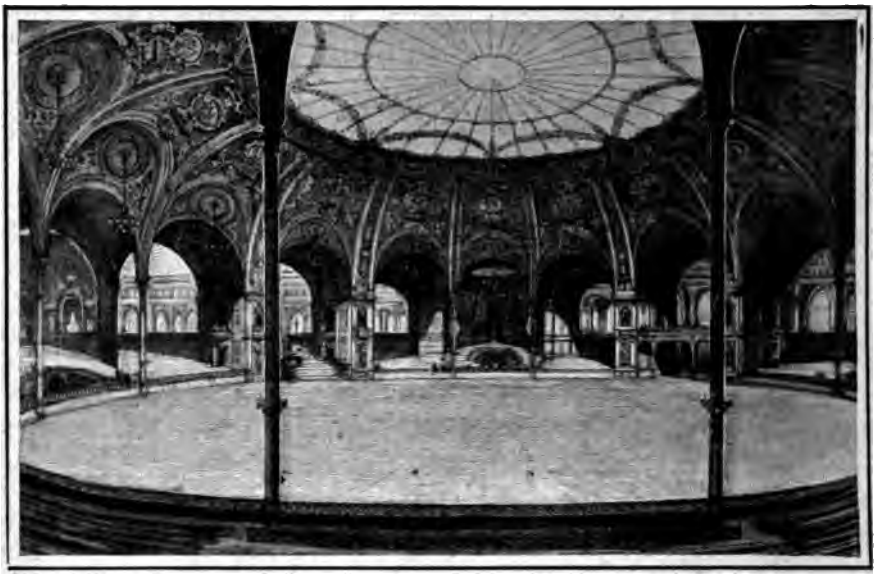
ery tourist who comes here s it a point to go out to Ver- s. The town is eleven and a ter miles from Paris. Versailles ce was occupied by the King of sia and his staff from 19th Sep- er, 1870, to 6th March, 1871. onnection with this occupation, of the rooms is particularly in- ting—the Galerie des Glaces, h was built by the splendour- g Louis XIV., the Grand Mon- e, is 240 feet long, 33 feet wide, 42 feet high, and is the most nificent room in the palace. , on the 18th of January, 1871, German States, without a dis- ng voice, called upon the Prus- monarch to be their emperor, here, in the midst of the hos- French, in the midst of his ful army, in the atmosphere of and victory, the veteran soldier- received his reward.

ne of the most interesting places aris is the Hotel de Cluny. Here Roman Emperor Constantius rus, in the third century, ded a palace, the vast baths of h are still in good preservation. Julian was proclaimed Em- in 360, and here the early kish monarchs resided. On the site of the palace, the monks of Cluny, in the fifteenth century, built the present exquisite mediæval abbey, which became again the residence of the sovereigns of France. It is now one of the most interesting museums of mediæval relics in the world. In the very heart of the crowded and busy city one may lounge in the quaint old monkish garden or explore the still older Roman baths, carrying one back to the very dawn of Gallic history.

Along some of the boulevards may still be seen some of the ancient gates, as the picturesque Porte St. Denis, and Porte St. Martin.

The most impressive building in Paris is the famous Notre Dame Cathedral, and the finest view of this is, we think, the rear, showing the flying buttresses on which the noble pile is sustained. When in Paris recently, the editor of this magazine climbed the steps of the lofty tower and heard the great bell toll, which seemed to shake the very earth, and on the gallery made the close acquaintance of the grim and grinning gargoyles and monstrous figures, seemingly the disordered creation of the monkish architect's nightmare.

The modern churches, the Made-



SALLE DES FETES, IN THE GRAND PALAIS.

leine, the Pantheon, and Des Invalides are, with their classic architecture, more like pagan temples than like Christian churches, but the interiors are very impressive notwithstanding. The new Hotel de Ville is a stately structure, built upon the site and upon the model of the old structure demolished by the frenzied passion of the Communists.

The word "hotel" in Paris does not mean, as with us, a public caravansary, but a private mansion or residence, or, in some cases, an historic building, now used as a museum, as the "Hotel Carnavalet" and the "Hotel de Sens" and the "Hotel de Cluny," already referred to.

The general style of street architecture strikes us as generally overdone, with too ornate decoration. The Parisians are fond of historic monuments, and almost every square is embellished with these noble structures. Of this sort are the Column of July, on the site of the Bastile, and the Vendome Column, erected to commemorate the victories of Napoleon I., which was pulled down by the Communists and since restored to its former magnificence.

Summer days
And moonlight nights, He led us over paths
Bordered with pleasant flowers; but when His steps
Were on the mighty waters—when we went
With trembling hearts through nights of pain and loss—
His smile was sweeter and His love more dear;
And only heaven is better than to walk
With Christ at midnight, over moonless seas.

—*Northwestern.*

THE DISCOVERER OF THE GREAT WEST.

CAVALIER SIEUR DE LA SALLE.

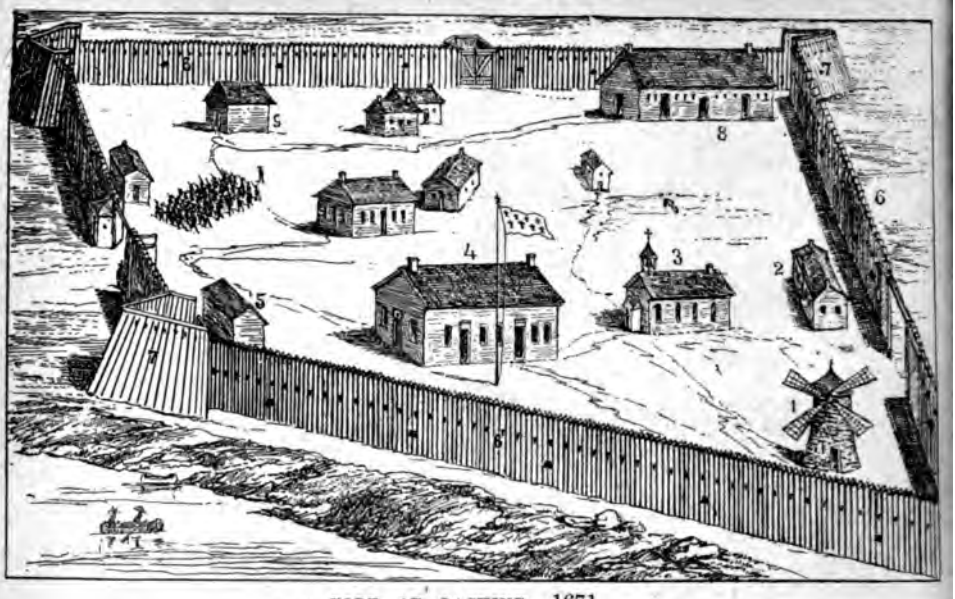
BY THE EDITOR.

ROBERT CAVALIER SIEUR DE LA SALLE.

THE name of La Salle will be for ever identified with the early exploration of the great West. He was the heir of a wealthy burgher of Rouen, but he had forfeited his inheritance by entering a Jesuit seminary. His active spirit, however, was ill-adapted for scholastic life, and, leaving the seminary, he sailed for Canada, to seek his fortune in the wilderness. At the head of the rapids above Montreal he planted a trading post, to which was subsequently given the name, either seriously or in derision, of La Chine, as if it were the first stage on the way to China, in allusion to the idea that that country could be reached by following, westward, the water-ways across the continent.*

Impelled by this thought, La Salle longed to explore the Far West, of which, even before Joliet's revelation, such exciting

* The appearance of this in 1671 is shown in the accompanying cut from Girouard's "Le Vieux LaChine" (Montreal, 1889).



FORT AT LACHINE, 1671.

1, Windmill; 2, Priests' House; 3, Church; 4, La Salle's House; 5, Barn; 6, Palisades; 7, Bastions; 8, Warehouse.

rumours had reached his eager ears. He joined, in the summer of 1669, a company of Sulpician priests who had resolved to emulate in the wilderness the missionary zeal of their rivals, the Jesuits. With four-and-twenty men, in seven canoes, they left La Chine on the 6th of July. A month of arduous toil was consumed in overcoming the rapids of the St. Lawrence, and reaching Lake Ontario. Failing to procure a guide in the Seneca country, the adventurers pressed on to the head of the lake. The Sulpician fathers decided to visit the tribes on the great "unsalted sea," Lake Superior. La Salle, on the contrary, determined to solve the geographical problem of the West, and feigned sickness in order to part company from the Sulpicians without an open rupture. The latter pressed on by way of the Grand River, Lakes Erie and Huron to Sault Ste. Marie, wintering near Long Point, on Lake Erie, and taking possession of the country in the name of the King of France.

The movements of La Salle during this time are involved in obscurity. It appears that he reached the Ohio, and, possibly, the following season, Lake Michigan and the Wisconsin; but it is not certain that at that time he discovered the Mississippi, although it has been claimed that he did.

La Salle received the seigneury of Fort Frontenac, with its adjacent lands, where Kingston now stands, and was soon able to raise large sums of money for the accomplishment of his designs of further exploration. He constructed for this purpose four small decked vessels, the first that ever floated on the waters of Ontario. He nursed a nobler ambition in his soul than that of being a successful fur trader. Visiting France, in 1678, he obtained a royal commission for exploration in the Far West. Having engaged some thirty fol-

lowers, and secured a supply of ship's stores and merchandise, he sailed for Canada. Among his followers was one who proved of vast service in the execution of his bold designs—Henri de Tonti, an Italian officer, of dauntless daring and unflinching fidelity. He had lost a hand by the explosion of a grenade, and wore an iron substitute, which he sometimes used with striking effect upon the astonished Indians. Another of La Salle's companions in exploration was Father Hennepin, a Recollet friar, a man of great courage, but also of intense vanity, and, in the narration of his exploits, of unblushing exaggeration, not to say mendacity.

On the 18th of November, a cold and gusty day, La Motte, Hennepin, and sixteen others, left Fort Frontenac in a little vessel of ten tons for the Niagara River. Hugging the northern shore of Lake Ontario, in ten days they reached an Indian town, not far from the site of Toronto, and took refuge in the mouth of the Humber, where they were frozen in. Cutting their way out of the ice, on the 5th of December, they crossed the wintry

JEAN BAPTISTE TALON, FIRST INTENDANT OF NEW FRANCE, 1665–1672.*

* Jean Baptiste Talon, whose portrait we give, the first Intendant of New France, 1665–1672, specially laboured to develop the natural resources of the field, the forest, and the mine, as well as the fisheries and the fur trade. He endeavoured to promote manufacturing, shipbuilding, and trade with the West Indies. He began the construction of an intercolonial road to Acadia, and extended explorations towards Hudson's Bay, the Great Lakes, and the Mississippi. Many of his enlightened schemes are only being carried into effect two centuries after his death.

lake to the Niagara, which they ascended as far as the rapids at Queenston. Skirting the cliff above the rugged gorge, the explorers beheld, amid its setting of sombre forest, the virgin loveliness of the great cataract. Hennepin's account and sketch of the Falls are graphic, though exaggerated.* The party returned to the mouth of the river, and began the construction of a fort on the site of the present Fort Niagara. They were soon joined by La Salle, whose boat was wrecked near the mouth of the river. During the winter, La Salle, with two companions, returned, on foot, through the snow-encumbered woods, to Fort Frontenac, for additional naval supplies. Their bag of parched corn failed them on the way, and for two days they journeyed fasting.

An essential part of the enterprise was the construction of a vessel above the Falls. All the ropes and rigging rescued from the wreck were therefore carried over the steep and rugged portage, extending from Lewiston to Cayuga Creek, a distance of twelve miles, Hennepin carrying on his shoulders his portable altar and its furniture.

Here, amid short allowance of food and many other privations, which were not compensated by the frequent masses and homilies of Hennepin, the little company toiled at the construction of a vessel. Its huge ribs so provoked at once the astonishment and jealousy of the neighbouring Indians that, as a squaw informed the French, they determined to burn it on the stocks. In the spring, however, it was sufficiently advanced for launching, which was accomplished amid the chanting of the Te Deum and salvos of miniature artillery. The armament of five small cannon made the vessel an effective floating fort. It received the name of the "Griffin," from the armorial bearings of Frontenac, and bore, carved upon the prow, the effigy of that fabulous creature.

Not till the month of August did La Salle return to Niagara. Incited by his enemies, his creditors had seized his property for debts, which his seigneury would amply have discharged. But his great enterprise might not brook delay, and with his usual fortitude, he submitted to the blow.

On the 7th of August, the "Griffin," a goodly craft, of forty-five tons burden, spread her wings to the breeze, and, stemming the rapid current, entered Lake Erie. The strange apparition of the winged vessel and booming cannon, everywhere produced surprise and consternation. In three weeks they reached Lake Michigan. La Salle freighted the "Griffin" with a cargo of furs in order to appease the clamours of his creditors, and sent her back to Niagara. She must have foundered in an autumnal storm, as she was never heard of again.

Weary of waiting her return, he resolved to explore the interior. With Hennepin, Tonti, and thirty men, by the end of December, after many privations and adventures, he reached Lake Peoria, in the heart of the populous country of the Illinois. Here, amid the despondency, mutiny, and desertion of his men, he built a fort, to which, in allusion to his disasters and disappointments, he gave the name of Crevecoeur—Heartbreak.

Despatching Hennepin to explore the upper waters of the Mississippi, and having seen well advanced the construction of a vessel of forty

*"The Falls," he says, "were 600 feet high, yet the Indians descended in perfect safety." "Four carriages," he adds, "could drive abreast beneath the American Fall without getting wet." His pictures are more accurate than his descriptions.

tons burden, in which he purposed descending the great river to the Gulf of Mexico, and sailing to the West Indies, the intrepid pioneer set out, on the 3rd of March, with five companions, through wintry snows and pathless woods, to Fort Frontenac, more than a thousand miles distant, in order to procure stores, anchors, and rigging for his new vessel.

The hardships of that terrible journey were almost unparalleled. The streams were impeded with floating ice, and the travellers had frequently to break a way for their canoe with axes, or to drag it for leagues through marsh or forest encumbered with melting snow. They were at length compelled to abandon it altogether, and laden with arms, ammunition, blanket, and kettle, to wade, knee-deep, through slush, or inundated meadows. Game was scarce, and the pangs of hunger were added to the sufferings of fatigue. The Indians, too, were hostile. For days, La Salle and his companions were dogged by a war-party, and dared not light a fire at night to dry their saturated clothes. Snow, sleet, and rain, piercing winds and bitter cold, and weary marches through the woods, wore down their failing strength. Fever, cold, and spitting of blood attacked several of the Frenchmen, and even the Indian guide. On Easter Monday they reached the fort on the Niagara, where the "Griffin" had been launched.

La Salle alone, substained by his indomitable energy, was capable of a further journey. But it was necessary for him to hasten on to Fort Frontenac. Tidings of disaster awaited him. Besides the confirmation of the loss of the "Griffin," with her valuable lading, he learned that a ship from France, freighted with his goods, valued at over twenty-two thousand livres, had been totally wrecked in the St. Lawrence. His agents had plundered him, his property had been seized for debt, and several of his canoes, with rich lading of furs, had been lost in the rapids. Still his unconquerable will overcame every obstacle. He obtained in Montreal the needed supplies and recruits for his great expedition, and was on the eve of setting out from Fort Frontenac for his return to Crevecoeur, when a more crushing blow fell upon him than any he had yet received.

Two voyageurs arrived, bringing a letter from Tonti, his faithful Italian lieutenant, which stated that, shortly after La Salle's departure, the turbulent garrison of Crevecoeur had mutinied, plundered the stores, destroyed the fort, and thrown into the river the arms and goods they could not carry off. They also seized a quantity of furs belonging to La Salle, and plundered his forts on Lake Michigan, and at Niagara. Part of the rascal crew then fled to the English at Albany, and the rest, twelve in number were advancing to Fort Frontenac to murder its seigneur. La Salle only braced himself for fresh energies. With nine trusty men, he proceeded to intercept the mutineers. After a sharp resistance, in which two were slain, the survivors were captured and conveyed to Fort Frontenac, there to await their trial.

La Salle's cherished enterprise seemed now utterly wrecked. Yet he did not despair. On the 10th of August he again set out for the country of the Illinois, with a company of twenty-five men. This time he went by a new route. He ascended the Humber from Lake Ontario, and, crossing a portage to the Holland River, reached Lake Simcoe, and then descended the Severn to Lake Huron. Skirting the Manitoulin Islands, he hastened

on with seven men, by way of Lake Michigan and the Joseph, Kankeekee, and Illinois rivers to Crevecoeur, leaving the rest of his force to follow.

Here a scene of horror awaited him. The great Illinois town of seven or eight thousand inhabitants, near which the fort was built, was a desolation of blackened embers, hideous with charred bodies, rifled from the Indian graves, and half-devoured by wolves and buzzards—on every side was evidence of massacre and havoc. The fort was utterly demolished, although the vessel still lay upon the stocks; but no signs of Tonti, or of his companions, could be found. La Salle, therefore, disheartened but not despairing, retraced his steps to his fort of St. Joseph, where he gathered his men about him and awaited intelligence of his lost lieutenant.

The story of that hero's adventures is one of tragic interest. After the flight of the mutineers, he, with his little band of Frenchmen, seven in all, removed to the Indian town, in order to conciliate its inhabitants. An unexpected storm of savage fury burst upon this forest community. The ferocious Iroquois, having well-nigh exterminated the Hurons, Eries, and Andastes, sought new tribes to conquer. Five hundred painted warriors made their way through pathless forests, from the lovely lakes of Central New York, to the fertile prairies of the Illinois. They burst like a hurricane upon the hapless town and soon made of a populous country a solitude. Tonti, after futile efforts to mediate, in which he was nearly slain, was only able to save his little colony by retreat to Green Bay. Indeed, even retreat did not save them all, for Father Ribourde, the only heir of a rich Burgundian house, retiring to the forest to recite the office of his breviary, was cut off by a band of prowling savages.

But what, meanwhile, had become of Father Hennepin, whom La Salle had sent to explore the Upper Mississippi? The unquestioned courage and energy of that distinguished pioneer were unhappily equalled by his vanity and mendacity. Bating all exaggerations, however, it appears that he, with his two companions, followed the course of the mighty river almost to its source, far beyond the beautiful Falls of Minnehaha, which he named after St. Anthony of Padua. After many hardships, they made their escape, and returned, by way of the Wisconsin and the lakes, to Canada, to tell their remarkable story.

To appease his creditors, and to collect means for carrying out his project, La Salle must again visit Canada. Paddling a thousand miles in a frail canoe, he reached Fort Frontenac. Obtaining fresh supplies of goods, arms, and ammunition, by mortgaging his already heavily encumbered seigneury, he returned to the country of the Illinois. With his faithful lieutenant, Tonti, twenty-three Frenchmen, and eighteen Indians with their squaws, he started upon his eventful voyage of discovery. Having abandoned for a time the idea of building a vessel, he resolved to trust to canoes. It was midwinter, and the canoes and stores had to be dragged for some distance on sledges over the snow. At length, on the 6th of February, the frail barks were launched on the broad bosom of the Mississippi. For sixty days they glided down the giant stream, leaving behind the icy realm of winter, and entering the genial domain of spring. Savage tribes were awed by displays of power, or conciliated by the bestowment of gifts.

ı the 6th of April the broad,
heaving billows of the Gulf
:exico burst upon their view.
feudal pomp and religious
ıony, La Salle proclaimed the
'eignty of Louis le Grand over
ast country of Louisiana—a
:ry embracing the whole mid-
nent, from the sources of the
ouri to the Gulf of Mexico,
the Alleghanies to the Rocky
ıtains. The gallant explorer
d in the grand Te Deum and
lla Regis, and volleys of mus-
, and shouts of Vive le Roi,
rmed the annexation of half a
nent to the domain of France.*

Salle now set his face north-
, eager to despatch the news
s discovery to Canada, and to
ce. But an invasion of the
ıis country by the Iroquois was
nent. He therefore tarried
ıild, with vast toil, a new fort,
Louis, at "Starved Rock," **
ıolated cliff with steep escarp-
s, overhanging the Illinois
r. But Frontenac had been
led from the government of
.da, and the intrigues of La
's enemies were unrestrained.
discoveries were discredited,
character was maligned, his
ıeury was seized, his authority
superseded, he was summoned
uebec, and an officer was sent
mmand his new fort, St. Louis.

Salle hastened to France to
ıd himself against the accusa-
of his enemies, and to solicit
ıid of the crown in carrying
he grand emprise, in which he
exhausted his private fortune.
is memorial to the king he
:stly sets forth his claims for
tance.

ıe Ohio and the Mississippi received
ames respectively of River St. Louis
iver Colbert.

ıo named from being the last refuge of
ty of Illinois, who were starved to
by their enemies.

"To acquit himself of the commission with which he was charged," he says, writing of himself in the third person, "he had neglected all his private affairs, because they were alien to his enterprises; he had omitted nothing that was needful to its success, notwithstanding dangerous illness, heavy losses and all other evils he had suffered. During five years he had made five journeys of more in all than five thousand leagues, for the most part on foot, with extreme fatigue, through snow and through water, without escort, without provisions, without bread, without wine, without recreation and without repose. He had traversed more than six hundred leagues of country, hitherto unknown, among savage and cannibal nations against whom he must daily make fight, though accompanied by only thirty-six men and consoled only by the hope of succeeding in an enterprise which he thought would be agreeable to His Majesty."*

Nor were these statements, as we have seen, exaggerations. He had expended on this enterprise one hundred and fifty thousand crowns, and was now so impoverished that, unless subsidized by the king, his lofty projects for the glory of France, and the extension of her dominion, must fail. He therefore asked for one vessel and two hundred men for one year, in which time he proposed to fortify the mouth of the River Colbert or Mississippi, thus controlling eight hundred leagues of inland navigation; to organize a force of fifteen thousand savages; and to attack the Spaniards and seize the rich mines of Mexico. Dazzled by this gigantic scheme, which La Salle must have known greatly transcended his ability to execute, the king placed at his disposal four vessels with a military force.

On the 1st of August the ill-fated expedition, numbering, including soldiers, sailors, and settlers, two hundred and eighty in all, set sail

* Quoted from a contemporary document by Parkman, "Discovery of the Great West," p. 302, *note*.

from Rochelle. Many of the recruits for the colony were beggars and vagabonds from the streets of Rochelle and Rochefort, and proved turbulent and mutinous. When the fleet reached St. Domingo, fifty men on board the "Joly," the principal vessel, were sick, La Salle among the number. Tossing in the delirium of fever in a wretched garret under a tropical sun he well-nigh lost his life.

After a month's delay, pale and haggard and weak, La Salle was able to sail again. By a fatal mistake, the little fleet missed the mouth of the Mississippi, and sailed some two hundred miles to the west of it. In attempting to enter Matagora Bay, on the Texan coast, the "Amiable," his principal storeship, was wrecked, La Salle thought by design, on a sand-bar, with the loss of nearly all the provisions, arms, ammunition, tools, medicines, baggage, and other goods—a blow of crushing calamity to the infant colony. The base-souled and treacherous Beaujeau, his lieutenant, to whose machinations the disaster was probably due, now set sail and abandoned the disheartened settlers to their fate. A rude redoubt and a few hovels were built of driftwood and fragments of the wreck upon the wild, inhospitable shore, named in feudal fealty, St. Louis.

The neighbouring Indians proved hostile, prowled around the frail fort, and stole some of the goods rescued from the wreck. La Salle set out to explore the country. He returned to report the disastrous intelligence that they were far from the Mississippi, the goal of their hopes. Gloom and almost despair settled upon every soul but that of the unconquerable commander. During the summer more than thirty of the colonists died, and many of the survivors were smitten with mortal illness.

It was absolutely necessary to find the Mississippi. La Salle, therefore, on the 1st of November, set out in quest of that "fatal river." Five weary months dragged on, when one day seven or eight travel-worn men, with patched and tattered clothing, appeared before the fort. They were La Salle and his companions in misfortune. He had failed in the object of his search, and the "Belle," a little vessel on which he had depended for the transport of his colony to the Mississippi, was wrecked, with the loss of many lives, and of all his papers, and the bulk of the stores, ammunition, and tools.

La Salle now made the desperate resolve to attempt an overland journey to Canada for succour for his ill-starred colony. Having patched their ragged clothing with deer or buffalo skins, after mass and prayers, the forlorn hope, each man bearing his pack and weapons, set forth on their long and perilous route. Six months more dragged their weary length along when La Salle once more appeared at his Texan fort, wasted with fever, worn with fatigue, and again baffled in his attempt to reach the "fatal river." Of twenty men who had gone out with him, but eight returned.

The condition of the colony was now desperate. Of over two hundred settlers only forty remained alive, several of whom were women and children, and most of the men were completely demoralized by treachery, mutiny, vice, or disease. La Salle alone, by his unconquerable will and audacity of hope, curbed their turbulent spirits and saved them from despair. A dreary Christmas and Twelfth Night were celebrated with festive cups filled with water instead of wine. A journey to Canada was clearly the only resort. The sails

of the "Belle" were cut up to make clothing for the travellers, and after midnight mass and bitter parting, of sighs and tears, and last long embraces, La Salle and twenty men started on the fatal journey, soon to end for him and others in disaster and death.

Among his followers were some turbulent spirits—ex-buccaneers, and the like—who ill brooked the restraints of his rigorous discipline, and resented his stern and haughty manner. It was resolved to murder him, and, throwing off the restraints of civilization, to join some Indian tribe and share their savage life.

La Salle seemed to have a presentiment of his fate. "On the day of his death," writes the Recollet friar who witnessed his assassination, "he spoke to me of nothing but matters of piety, grace, and predestination; enlarging on the debt he owed to God, who had saved him from so many perils during more than twenty years of travel in America." He walked into an ambuscade, and was treacherously slain by a musket-shot. "There thou liest, great bashaw!" cried one of the murderers in cruel exultation over his corpse. With unutterable baseness, they stripped the body naked, and left it unburied on the prairie, to be devoured by buzzards and wolves.

The animating spirit of La Salle was not the religious enthusiasm of the Jesuit missionaries, nor the patriotic devotion of Champlain, but rather a vast ambition, a passion for discovery, an intense energy of character, which courted difficulty and defied danger. The story of his life is one almost unbroken Iliad of disaster. He failed in that magic gift of successful leadership, that disarms jealousy, and inspires enthusiasm equal to its own. He was the victim of unscrupulous rivals, and of craven-hearted traitors. His splendid services to France and civilization merited a better fate than his tragic and treacherous death, at the early age of forty-three, upon the Texan plains.

The assassins soon quarrelled among themselves, and, for the most part, perished by mutual slaughter, or were murdered by the Indians. The elder brother of La Salle, with seven others, made their way, with incredible hardship, by route of the Mississippi and Illinois, the Great Lakes, and the French and Ottawa rivers, to Canada, and proceeded to France, where the tragic story awoke much commiseration.

Two years later a Spanish force from Mexico, sent to exterminate the French intruders, discovered the ill-starred Texan fort. But no sentry challenged their approach, no banner waved above the frail redoubt, the silence of death reigned over all. They entered and beheld a scene of ravage and ruin. On the prairie without lay three dead bodies, one that of a woman. From a painted and wandering savage, once a Frenchman and follower of La Salle, now lapsed to barbarism, they learned of the massacre of the wretched remnant of the colonists, wasted by smallpox, sick at heart of hope deferred, and perchance welcoming death as a release from their sufferings. Thus ended, in disappointment, disaster, and death, La Salle's vast and towering schemes of conquest and commerce and colonization.

In human hearts what bolder thoughts can rise,
Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn!
Where is to-morrow?

CHINESE HATRED OF FOREIGNERS.

BY THE REV. GEORGE OWEN, PEKIN, CHINA.

Missionary of the London Missionary Society, 1865.

IN most countries the European and American receive a certain amount of respect and deference; but in China as soon as either steps beyond the treaty ports he at once realizes that he is not a *persona grata.* He is gazed at, jeered at, ridiculed, and caricatured more or less wherever he goes, and he finds to his dismay that a foreigner is looked upon by the Chinese with hatred and contempt. Some spit, some curse as they pass him; others invite their friends to look at this freak of nature. No word of compliment reaches his ear from any quarter, but insolent looks, ribald remarks, and abusive epithets greet him on every hand, and in many places he is saluted with something harder still in the shape of stones and brickbats. He has not travelled far or stayed long before he entirely agrees with Tennyson: "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."

This antagonism is partly racial and partly the result of a long and peculiar history, and a knowledge of the history is essential to an understanding of the antagonism.

Chinese history begins about two thousand years before the Christian Era. The Chinese were then a small people living along the northwestern reaches of the Yellow River, and were surrounded by powerful barbarian tribes with whom they waged frequent warfare, and whom they gradually conquered, absorbed, or annihilated. Exclusiveness was a very marked characteristic even then. They had little or no intercourse with neighbouring tribes except that of war, and cherished for them the utmost contempt. To the Chinese, then as now, the outsider was a barbarian and an immeasurably inferior being. And history has justified his pride. While the barbarians contented themselves with the uncertain products of the chase and spontaneous fruits of the earth, or depended on a few scattered flocks and herds, the Chinese began early to till the soil, and to cultivate gardens, orchards, and fields, and soon became what they are still—a nation of farmers. Bit by bit they drained the marshes, cleared the forests, banked the rivers, and changed the wilderness into rich corn lands with villages, towns, and cities. Then by the invention of writing and the diligent pursuit of learning, they raised themselves still higher above all their neighbours, and arrogated to themselves the proud title of the "Literary Nation," to which they still fondly believe they have the exclusive right.

With barbarism all around them they steadily advanced in civilization, inventing new implements and new arts as new conditions and needs arose. They borrowed little or nothing from others—indeed, there was no one from whom to borrow. Their civilization is their own, and China is the product of her own unaided genius. That genius has shown itself to be full of resource and invention. No race has invented more or borrowed less. They were the first to discover the

principle and use of the magnetic compass, to manufacture gun-powder, to make paper and invent block-printing, to burn, paint and glaze porcelain, to cultivate the silk-worm and weave silk fabrics. It was from China that Eastern Asia obtained its civilization and such knowledge of the arts and of letters as it possessed. The Coreans and Japanese simply adopted the literature of China as their own, and it was their only mental pabulum till a few years ago.

Superior to all their neighbours in the arts of peace, "the black-haired race" proved equally superior in the art of war. The barbarian tribes who harassed the infancy of the Chinese people were everywhere driven back, and their lands came under the plough of the Chinaman. The struggle was often long and bloody, but the result was always the same: the Chinaman triumphed, and the bounds of civilization were pushed a little farther forward. Gradually these tribes disappeared altogether, only a few feeble remnants remaining in the mountainous regions of the south-west. Thus, century by century China grew till it stretched from the Pacific Ocean in the east to Central Asia in the west, and from frozen Siberia in the north to tropical Burma in the south.

Very naturally this long-continued success bred in the Chinese a supercilious contempt for all other peoples and an overweening conceit in their own powers. This contempt and conceit have become ingrained in the Chinese, and characterize their whole bearing toward other nations. They early called their country the Great Flowery Land—the home of civilization, refinement, and art. Their state is the Celestial Empire, to which all peoples owe allegiance, and their sovereign the "Son of Heaven," to whom there can be no equal on earth.

By her geographical position China was cut off from intercourse with the great nations of the West. On the south and east lie the China Sea and the Pacific Ocean, on the north frozen Siberia, on the west the Gobi Desert and the Tibetan Mountains. These great natural barriers at once isolated and guarded her. The great waves of conquest which swept over the rest of the world from the Atlantic Ocean to the Bay of Bengal never reached China. The very names of what we call the world's great kings and conquerors, philosophers and sages were never even heard of in the Middle Kingdom. The Chinese hardly knew of the existence of the other great nations of Asia and Europe. It was ignorance quite as much as pride which led them to speak and write familiarly of China as *Tien-hsia* (the "All-under-Heaven"). To the Chinese China has been the world for long centuries. Until the beginning of the nineteenth century the intercourse between China and other nations was very limited and irregular, and was never utilized by the Chinese to acquire any knowledge of other lands and races. Even now, after a century of intercourse with the West, the majority of Chinese scholars and officials, not to speak of the great ignorant masses, know absolutely nothing of Europe or America. This isolation and ignorance have fostered a spirit of exclusiveness, pride, and contempt.

The vastness of her empire, embracing every variety of soil and climate, has made China a world in herself and rendered her independent of other lands. She produces not only all the necessaries but nearly all the luxuries of life, and can feed and clothe her immense

population without importing a pound of food or a yard of cloth. She neither needs nor desires foreign commerce, and would hail with rapturous delight the departure of every foreign merchant and the closing of every treaty port.

The present dynasty, which began its rule over China in 1644 A.D., has fostered the anti-foreign prejudices of the nation more than any previous dynasty, particularly during the last hundred years. It has assumed toward all foreigners a superior and arrogant tone, and maintained an attitude of unfriendly aloofness. It has played the Celestial-Empire and Son-of-Heaven role and looked down with undisguised contempt upon the barbarians squabbling for its trade-crumbs. At first it demanded from them the most abject submission: every communication had to bear the inscription "A respectful petition." Lord Napier's refusal, as envoy of Queen Victoria, to use that inscription, and the cruel indignities he suffered in consequence, led to England's first war with China.

For more than half a century the Chinese strove hard to exact an acknowledgment of over-lordship from all foreigners, and insisted on the envoys of Western States performing the *Ko-tow* as a condition of obtaining an imperial audience. Intoxicated with the "Celestial-Empire" view of things, they scouted the idea of friendly intercourse on a basis of equality. There is and can be but one Son of Heaven, and all under heaven are his vassals. They have been compelled by the stern logic of superior force to abate their pretensions, but the same arrogance and assumption of superiority still mark more or less all their intercourse with other nations.

All down through the century for any official, either high or low, to show an appreciation of Western ways has invariably been fatal to his career, and brought upon him virulent abuse and social ostracism. The Marquis Tseng, after his long residence in England as China's representative, found, when he returned to Pekin, that the slightest appreciation of anything foreign raised a howl in the Tsung-li-Yamen, and he had to exercise the utmost caution in order to avoid being branded a pro-foreigner and thus losing all influence over his fellow-countrymen. During the forty years that Western representatives have lived in Pekin no high Manchu or Chinese official, with the exception of Marquis Tseng, has ever entertained any of them in his own house or sought to cultivate their acquaintance. Nor has there been any intercourse between the families of Chinese officials and the families of Western officials. Such intercourse would at once have brought the official under censure and blighted his career. Whatever his real sentiments, the Chinese official must maintain an attitude of hostility and aloofness.

Among a large section of the officials and scholars there has been a conspiracy of slander. They have laboured hard to mislead their countrymen and to traduce the foreigner. To instil contempt and foster hate, foreign countries are represented as miserable specks only a few miles square, without literature and without language, unless the quacking of ducks and the chattering of magpies can be so called. Foreigners have no surnames, no family relations, nor any social system. Stories of the most revolting kind have been invented and diligently circulated, representing the life of all foreigners as filthily immoral and loathsomely impure. They are charged with all the sins of Sodom. In another

class of stories foreigners in general, and missionaries in particular, are charged with kidnapping and mutilating children, with practising the most abominable arts on women, and with distributing bewitching drugs in the medicine they give to the sick, in the tea they offer to visitors, and in the ink with which their books and tracts are printed. These stories have been scattered broadcast over the land in the form of plain or illustrated tracts, hand-bills, and placards; and in 1889 they were published as one of the volumes of the well-known and semi-official work called "Tracts for the Times." These filthy stories have poisoned the minds of millions, and have done more than anything else to make the name of foreigner hateful. This is exactly the purpose for which they were invented. Even officials who have resided in America and Europe, instead of correcting these foul slanders, often add their own quota by misrepresenting the most innocent habits and institutions of the West; or the good is concealed and only the bad is reported.

The same pride and hostility which have led the Chinese to belittle and besmirch the foreigner have also led them strenuously to oppose the introduction of foreign ideas and inventions. From the practical character and business instincts of the Chinese, we should have inferred that they would seize with avidity and turn to their own advantage the mechanical and scientific discoveries and inventions of the West. And so they doubtless would, had they not been hampered by pride. But the idea that China is inferior in anything to foreign countries, or has anything to learn from them, is hateful to a true son of Han. There must be no copying and no borrowing. China's splendid isolation and proud self-sufficiency must be maintained at all costs. She has done very well without these newfangled fads in the past, and can do very well without them in the future.

This "superior" attitude has given infinite satisfaction to all save a thoughtful few. Now and then a voice has been heard crying in the wilderness and saying: "No doubt China is vastly superior to all other countries, and the Chinese are 'foremost in the files of time;' but did not the Master say, 'The intelligent scholar is not ashamed to learn from his inferiors'? Besides, these boasted inventions and discoveries of foreigners were all known to ancient Chinese scholars, as can be proved from their books. But these products of Chinese genius, neglected in the land which gave them birth, gradually travelled westward, and foreigners seeing their value utilized them, and now claim them as their own productions. By making use of them ourselves we shall only be recovering our own." But the pill even thus disguised was still too bitter.

It is probable, however, that could these inventions have been introduced without foreign aid, self-interest would have overcome pride. Could the Chinese have constructed and worked railways, steamers, telegraphs, mills, and mines themselves, they would have done so long ago. But each and all of these meant the employment of foreigners, and the placing of power and influence in their hands, and from this the Chinese shrank with instinctive dread. With the railways and mines in their possession, what was to prevent their getting control of the whole country? The Chinese all along have had the haunting fear that the "barbarians" harboured designs on the fat provinces of China and were with devilish cunning matur-

ing plans to seize them. Every missionary is suspected of being a political spy and of seeking to "buy the hearts of the people" by his schools, hospitals, and other charities. This suspicion has grievously hindered missionary work and has labelled every convert a traitor. It is most unfortunate that recent events should have seemingly countenanced these baseless suspicions.

It is mainly as being foreign that Christianity is objected to. The charge against the native Christians is not that they are followers of Christ, but that they are followers of the "devils," or foreigners. The Chinaman is not a religious enthusiast. His creed is a compound of Confucianism, Buddhism, and Taoism in various proportions, and it is impossible for a man with such a creed to be a fanatic. His hostility is political and racial, not religious. The Boxers called the native converts not Christians, but "*Erh kwei-tsz*" ("number two devils"), foreigners being devils number one, and as such slaughtered them mercilessly.

As might be expected, hostility to foreigners is much more marked among the classes than among the masses. But for the malicious representations of the officials and scholars, the people on the whole would have been friendly. It is a significant fact that foreigners have always been better treated the farther they were from official centres; and Christian missions have been much more successful in the villages and country towns than in the cities where officials congregate. It is not her ignorant masses that have opposed progress, but her scholars. Her light has been darkness.

Hostility to foreigners is also much more pronounced in some provinces than in others. Kwangtung (Canton) and Kwangsi have always been aggressively anti-foreign; but Hunan has outstripped all China in its hatred of the foreigners and antagonism to everything foreign. In every other province the foreigner did gradually secure a footing, but whenever he showed his face in Hunan he was immediately pelted beyond the border. Broadly speaking, South China is more anti-foreign than the North.

It is discouraging to note that all through the century, except during the short-lived reform movement of 1898, the Chinese have taken no forward step of their own accord. Such improvements as exist have not been spontaneous. The foreigner with his guns stands behind them. Nothing progressive has ever been done willingly by the government. Every concession has been extorted from them by force or threat of force. Even redress of injuries and wrongs has been granted only under pressure. They have gone just as far as they have been forced to go and no farther. We have been rolling a very heavy ball up-hill. But there has been one great and important exception. No force was used or threatened to obtain the large missionary concessions granted during the last forty-two years. This is probably due to the fact that the Manchus found Roman Catholic missionaries already at work in China when they conquered it in 1644, and that the second emperor of the dynasty, the famous Kang-hi, favoured them. It would seem also that the Chinese have much greater dislike to the merchant and the consul than to the missionary. While they have steadily resisted the trader and rigidly confined him to a few ports, they have conceded to the missionary the right of travel and residence in every part of the empire.

A Chinese who sought to excuse or justify the hostility of his countrymen might point to opium, to

war, to seizure of territory, to the spheres-of-influence policy, and to other regrettable things, and we should probably sympathize with many things he might say. All the same his plea would be fictitious. The hostility existed long before these things occurred, and most of them happened in consequence of that hostility. On the whole, China has been kindly dealt with, and has been treated with undeserved and unwise leniency. Her persistent evasion of treaty obligations has been lightly condoned, and her open encouragement of anti-foreign feeling winked at. It would in the end have been much better for her had she been held to a stricter account, and compelled to adopt measures for the enlightenment of her people and the reform of her institutions. The real offence of the foreigner is that he has forced himself into the country in spite of Chinese opposition, and has aggravated that offence by his assumption of equality and even superiority. All other peoples—the Corean, the Mongol, the Tibetan, the Burmese, and others—come as tribute-bearers, acknowledging the suzerainty of the Son of Heaven, and humbly soliciting his favour; but these red-haired barbarians, with offensive arrogance, assume equality with the black-haired people and refuse submission to the Dragon Throne. Their presence in this independent attitude is an insult to the majesty of China, and an offence to her people. Let them own subjection or keep away.

A Chinese might also account for the contempt in which his countrymen hold foreigners by dilating on the drunkenness of sailors and the loose lives of many residents in the treaty ports. But in doing so he would only be playing a part. He knows that bad as many foreigners are, they are more than matched by multitudes among his own countrymen; and he knows also that Chinese object much more to the virtues of foreigners than to their vices. The vices are signs of weakness, and are gloated over; the virtues are evidences of strength, and are feared. It is also a superfluity of hypocrisy for the lying, gambling, opium-smoking, many-wived Chinaman to sniff at the "immoral" foreigner. Moreover, the majority of foreigners in China are neither beasts nor devils, but upright and honourable men, whose public actions and private lives, judged by ordinary standards, are beyond reproach. The fact is, all such pleas as these are false and hypocritical. Missionaries of blameless and saintly lives are often as bitterly hated as any others, and millions who have never seen a European or American cherish the traditional contempt and hostility to the foreigners.

Happily during the last few years there has been a visible change. At the close of the war with Japan (1895) a reform movement sprang up in Pekin and gradually spread throughout the empire. The leaders of the movement were some of China's most brilliant scholars and a few of her highest officials. The bulk of the party consisted of the younger officials, literati, merchants, and gentry. After a time the emperor himself was won over, and soon after a great scheme of reform was inaugurated. Edict after edict was issued, ordering the most radical changes, especially in education, and it looked as if China was about to reconstruct herself after foreign models, as Japan had done. One very marked feature of this movement was the friendly attitude of the leading reformers toward foreigners and toward Christianity. They treated foreigners as equals, courted their society, and showed high appreciation of Western things. Christian-

ity was praised, its moral and civilizing power acknowledged, and a few prominent reformers went so far as to express the wish that it might soon become the national religion of China.

But the old conservative, anti-foreign, progress-hating party took alarm, and having gained over the empress dowager to their side, overthrew the reformers (September, 1898), and restored the old system of ignorance, pride, and hate. The party grew more and more rabid in their hostility to reform and antagonism to things foreign, and eventually adopted the Boxer movement with its motto, "Exterminate the foreigner." But the movement is not national. There are tens of thousands, especially in Central and Southern China, eager for progress and reform, and more or less friendly to foreigners. Until the war with Japan the upper classes of China were practically united in their hostility to the foreigner and to Christianity. Now there is a deep cleft with the Reformers on one side and the Boxers on the other. The former is headed by the emperor, the latter by the empress dowager. —*The Missionary Review of the World.*

THE MOTHER.

BY DORA SIGERSON.

"Ho!" said the child, "how fine the horses go,
With nodding plumes, with measured step and slow.
Who rides within this coach, is he not great?
Some King, I think, for see, he rides in state."

I turned, and saw a little coffin lie
Half-hid in flowers as the slow steeds went by,
So small a woman's arm might hold it pressed
As some rare jewel-casket to her breast;

Or like Pandora's box with pulsing lid,
When throbbing thoughts must lie for ever hid.
"Why this? why this?" comes forth the panting breath,
"And was I born to taste of naught save death?"

"Ho!" said the child, "how the proud horses shake
Their silver harness till they music make.
Who drives abroad with all this majesty?
Is it some Prince who fain this world would see?"

And as I looked I saw through the dim glass
Of one sad coach that all so slow did pass
A woman's face,—a mother's eyes ablaze
Seize on the child in fierce and famished gaze.

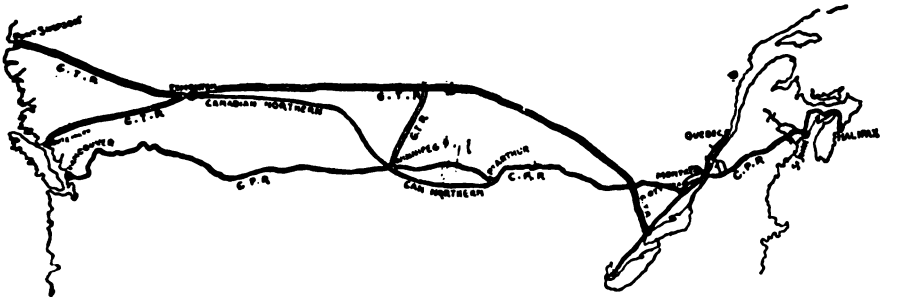
"Death drives," I said, and drew him in alarm
Within the shelter of my circling arm.
So in my heart cried out a thousand fears,
"A King goes past." He wondered at my tears.

—*The Spectator.*

CANADA: ITS DEVELOPMENT AND DESTINY.*

BY THE REV. F. A. WIGHTMAN.

II. INDUSTRIAL AND COMMERCIAL CENTRES OF THE FUTURE.



PROJECTED ROUTE OF THE GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY.

HE development of the country and the construction of railways northward, presupposes a great increase in the general population, and the occupying of territories now uninhabited. Should our treatment of the subject of our possible development prove in the main correct, it would not only imply a great change in the present condition of existing centres of population, but also the locating of centres not now existing. A growth from six to, say, seventy-five millions of people would simply revolutionize matters in this respect. Canada is still, as we have seen, a frontier country with little settlement at any distance from the southern border.

With the spreading of population more or less uniformly over the whole agricultural area, must, of course, come the birth of numerous towns and cities where now the wilderness is supreme. In proportion to our population we have a goodly number of cities, some of which are large, handsome, and substantial. In this respect we compare favourably with any country of similar population, and, doubtless, some at least of the present leading cities will continue to keep pace with the progress of the country, though they are situated near the frontier.

A study of most countries reveals the fact that the chief centres of population are not generally situated on the frontier, but in the interior. An exception, of course, is made with respect to the great entry ports. What is almost universally true of other countries, must, in a great measure, characterize us when the distribution of population becomes more uniform and general. Certain conditions, such as living beside a kindred and friendly race, separated by an extensive border line, together with certain geographical peculiarities, would lead to the suggestion, however, that our frontier cities would be more numerous and larger than if these conditions did not prevail. Thus, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver, Victoria, and other centres, have grown and flourished, nor do we think that the fact

* From a forthcoming volume which deals exhaustively with this subject.

that these centres lie near the outer edge of Canadian settlement will materially affect their growth or supremacy in the future. Nevertheless some of the great cities of the Dominion must in time grow up in the heart of the country.

There are, however, causes which must contribute to the continued advance of many of our oldest cities; this is especially true of the maritime cities of Halifax and St. John. Their location makes them each the commercial metropolis of their respective provinces, and in addition to this fact, through their ports must pass the great bulk of Canadian freight and passenger traffic to the Old World, at least in the winter season. They may reasonably be expected to expand greatly and to keep pace with the country's progress.

Similarly also with the ancient city of Quebec; the extension of ocean traffic to Montreal has, to some extent, been detrimental to the growth of Quebec in the last generation, but with the advent of larger steamers, and a demand for the quickest possible time, together with the extension of new lines of railway into new territories, Quebec is bound to share in the general trade of the St. Lawrence, though it is not necessary to regard her as a rival of Montreal. There will be sufficient prosperity for both. This ancient city, with so much of historic tragedy and romance, is still magnificently located, and is bound to fulfil her early indications of greatness.

But what of the new cities that are to spring up when the country becomes populous, and where will they be located This is a very fascinating question, and one, of course, that cannot be fully answered. Different causes contribute to the growth of cities, and a combination of causes contribute to the upbuilding of great cities, and a strategical position at the gateway of a great nation is almost sure to build up a great shipping port, or a strategical position with respect to manufacturing or mining, or the distribution of trade brings into existence manufacturing or mining or commercial centres; were these factors combined, the centre resulting would be still more important. Doubtless there are locations in Canada where one or all of these advantages may be found and in time they will be revealed. A few of them we may venture to suggest.

It would seem, for instance, that Sydney in Cape Breton must eventually become one of the very largest cities in the Dominion of Canada. Her situation is certainly strategical for two reasons at least, namely, that of the great ocean terminus for freight and passengers, and secondly, as one of the great manufacturing centres of the country. Already the indications of this coming greatness are so apparent that it is doubtful if any centre in eastern Canada will be able to compete with Sydney as a metropolis of the Maritime Provinces. What the next fifty years holds in store for her it is hard to say, but it would not be surprising if she contained one million inhabitants between that time and the end of the century.

Chicoutimi is an ideal terminus for the several trunk lines to the north and west; should this be realized Chicoutimi could not remain a mere country town or village. No place having connections as these railway systems would give, could fail to become great, and we believe that the position of Chicoutimi is such that there is every reason to expect one of Canada's large cities to be located at this point. A place of some importance is also almost sure to develop in eastern Labrador in time.

At some point at the south of James Bay we believe will be located another of the great cities of the

ın; its exact location may de-
ıon the securing of the best
, and opinion is divided as to
antages of the several har-
ere, but at one of these points,
of its wonderful location
pect to northern navigation,
relation to converging rail-
es, there is almost sure to
in time a large and wealthy
[ts similarity of location
ıggest for it a Chicago of the
It is quite probable that
considerable importance, as
already intimated, may be
at Fort George, on the east
James Bay, and also at Fort
Churchill on the west coast.
development of the United
ndicates that at certain in-
large cities are uniformly
ıs distributing centres for
urrounding sections; this
uggest, as far as the Cana-
orth-West is concerned, a
of cities of considerable im-
: at reasonable intervals.
y one near the mouth of the
ıewan, or at the head of
Vinnipeg, perhaps another
rt Chippawa on Lake Atha-
ınd probably another near
rovidence on Great Slave
These, however, must be re-
n the light of suggestion, as
leveloped character of the
country gives no clue to any more definite knowledge.

The more southern sections of the West are already sufficiently developed to indicate what are likely to be at least some of the important centres of that part of the country. Regina, Calgary, Prince Albert, and Edmonton have each something to suggest an assured future, so also have some of the newer towns of southern British Columbia. In the northern part of British Columbia it is difficult to speak more than in a general way, though, as has already been intimated, there seems every reason to believe that a city of fair proportions will mark the terminus of a transcontinental railway somewhere near the mouth of the Skeena River. Dunvegan also has claims to future importance.

Some of the most progressive cities of Canada are still in their infancy; they have grown up as if by magic; this is especially so of Winnipeg and Vancouver, to say nothing of Dawson. History is constantly repeating itself, and this is pre-eminently the age of rapid development; and it may be that some of these prospective cities may come into existence as rapidly as those already named, others may grow more slowly, but with all it is only a matter of time.

THE CURE OF THE FIELDS.

own the great green fields,
and spent with care;
was sad, and my spirit had
en sore to bear.
led me to pray in their own grand
vay,
eft my trouble there.

l green and calm were they,
ey bade me be at rest;
was above, and his wondrous love
ı was manifest;
ne there came, at a tired child's
:laim,
diction blest.

"Faith," said the grasses soft and low.
Oh, but the sound was dear!
"Hope," said the light of the sunshine bright.
How could I choose but hear?
"Love," said each voice, "and so rejoice,
Child of the earth, nor fear."

I went my way from the great green fields,
And I left my sorrow there;
For they had taught my puzzled thought
The spirit of their prayer,
And I joyed to know that I could not go
Beyond our Father's care.

—*Angelus.*

THE BALLAD OF LONDON RIVER.

BY MAY BYRON.

From the Cotswolds, from the Chilterns, from your fountains and your spring
Flow down, O London river, to the seagull's silver wings:
Isis or Ock or Thame,
Forget your olden name,
And the lilies and the willows and the weirs from which you came.

Forego your crystal shallows and your limpid, lucid wave,
Where the swallows dart and glisten, where the purple blooms are brave,
For the city's dust and din,
For the city's slime and sin,
For the toil and sweat of Englishmen with all the world to win.

The stately towers and turrets are the children of a day:
You see them lift and vanish by your immemorial way:
The Saxon and the Dane,
They dared your deeps in vain,—
The Roman and the Norman,—they are past, but you remain.

Your Water-Gate stands open o'er your turbid tide's unrest,
To welcome home your children from the East and from the West,
O'er every ocean hurl'd,
Till the tattered sails are furl'd
In the avenue of empire, in the highway of the world.

The argosies of Egypt, the golden fleets of Ind,
In streaming flocks and coveys they beat adown the wind:
Heavy with priceless stores
They hover to your doors,
They lay their lordly merchandise on your insatiate shores.

The gallant boy you beckon; to his eager eyes agleam
You vaunt your ancient glory, and you haunt his waking dream:
His leaping veins you fire,
His valiant hopes inspire,
And he woos you for the pathway to his utmost heart's desire.

You draw him to his destiny, you lure him to his fate:
With tales of old adventure his soul you subjugate,
With sounds of quay and creek,
And the ripple grey and sleek,
And the rough winds in the ratlins where they pipe their summons bleak

He sees the wharf and shipyard, the mooring post and crane,
The dock-bridge swinging open, the bollard and the chain:
All day the hammers ring,
All night the flare-lights fling
Their tremulous arms of welcome to the pilgrims that you bring.

Long magic hours he gazed from the Bridge's middle arch,
At the masts in thronging medley, at the sea-hosts on the march,
Whether crowding side by side
Comes the pageant of your pride,
Or you turn your traffic seaward at the falling of the tide.

He sees forgotten navies in their triumphs and despairs,—
King George's ships, King Charles's ships, are moored by Blackwall Stairs:
The men whose boisterous breath
Acclaimed Elizabeth,
Their gusty cheering rings to him from out the doors of death.

So you drag him out and onward, so you cast him from the shore,
Till he lose the last wan glimmer of the lightship off the Nore:
To him, to him alone,
'Neath empty skies unknown,
The sea shall show her sorrows, and her joys shall be his own.

Then you call him, call him, call him, from the ultimate ends of earth,
You wrench his heart with hunger for the city of his birth:
And his senses you befool,
Till in Rio or Stamboul
He hears the roar of London and the shoutings in the Pool.

And the vessel hurries homeward under sun and under stars,
She flies, all canvas crowded, or she drifts beneath bare spars,
Till the rattling cordage creak,
And the whistling block shall speak,
And the groaning yards make answer, Lo, the haven that we seek.

The squalours and the splendours that have girt you as you go,
The majesty and meanness, your sons again shall know,
While the grinding hawser slips,
And the falling anchor grips,
And they haul the huddled foresail down in London of the Ships.

Then swing us to the surges, through the hurricane to grope,
With iron ills to grapple, with crushing odds to cope:
One with your flood are we,
Blood of your blood we be,
Beating eternal measure still to the pulses of the sea.

AMID COREAN HILLS.

BY PICTOR IGNOTUS.

SIX months in Japan had given us a taste of the Orient. But we were hungry for more, and determined to cross to the "Hermit Nation." My Japanese pictures had been pronounced a success, but after all they had not roused the world to my claims. In fact the world went on quite as calmly as if I had not painted them? But still I carry my canvas with me, and try to make myself believe I am working hard as we travel. Malcolm, dear fellow, is more honest, and owns that his only purpose in these travels of ours is to gain health of body and breadth of mind. And I have no doubt he will ultimately be more satisfied than I in my goose-chase after fame.

COREAN MANDARIN.

We were on board the "Pelican," heading toward Corea, with a brisk breeze and a sunny sea. A middle-aged globe-trotter was sitting on his camp-chair at the extreme end of the ship's deck, where he felt the full force of the dip of the vessel. He looked almost as rusty as the old ship itself, but he had an extensive knowledge of Oriental countries, as we soon learned.

"Corea?" he said, when we spoke of our destination. "Oh, well, you must take in the whole of the seven wonders. I've never seen them all myself, and I have my great doubts of some of them, but look them up, look them up. The Coreans will tell you about them."

Of the seven wonders we had never heard, we told him.

"Well, the Coreans could tell you better than I. There's first the hot mineral spring near Kin-Shantoa. The people believe that a dip in this spring will cure any disease. Another one is a couple of springs on the opposite side of the peninsula. They are connected by a subterranean passage, and when one is full the other is empty. But the strange part is, though they are connected, the water in one is bitter, and in the other sweet."

"Then there is a cavern from which a winter wind is always blowing, so strong, they tell me, that a man cannot stand before it. There is a stone that has lain glowing with heat on a hill from remote ages, and a pine forest that they cannot kill out, no matter what injury they do to its roots. But the most wonderful

all is the 'floating stone.' 've probably heard of it. It is to stand in front of the palace have built in its honour. It aps to be free from support on ides, and they tell me that two can pass a rope under it, withfinding any obstacle.

Of course, I am not going to h for all these wonders, you r. The seventh of them is a of the sweat of Buddha. They it enshrined in a temple, and a blade of grass will grow for y paces around it. It is a d square. No animal will dare rofane it."

hus, with talk and tales, our ls were prepared for the strange country that lay before us—a try that in spite of its limited , contains double the popula- of Canada, a country whose nal policy is "Courtesy to the respect to the west, tribute to and no foreigners wanted in kingdom," or rather empire, one t say now, since the King of a informed the great powers e few years back, that he had himself proclaimed Emperor.

was just break of day when we ght our first glimpse of Corea. ooked at first like some huge German castle, or else a range of through which the storms have deep trenches. So hilly is it, ench missionary once compared general appearance of Corea to ocean under a strong gale. But found that what we had comd to crooked trenches were in ty narrow winding valleys, that inded us of the puzzle gardens ur childhood.

uring our first days, however, we d enough to observe in the sea- t, without betaking ourselves among the hills.

he prevailing white garb that we everywhere, particularly on the made us feel at first that the

COREAN SOLDIERS.

"Hermit Nation" was out on a sort of holiday, but when we saw the women of the land struggling at their task of keeping these white robes of their lords clean, without soap, we realized that the holiday was as one-sided as it was continual.

"Don't work. Leave the work for the women." That is the Corean's settlement of industrial problems.

The women cultivate the fields and bring the produce to the "Chang," or market. Labour is degrading in the eyes of the Corean. So he leaves it to the degraded sex. The word for labour is akin to that for damage, loss, evil, misfortune. The Corean's idea of being genteel and well-bred is synonymous with doing nothing. He will always strive to make it apparent to you that he does no work. And with the general poverty and filth that surround him, he does not have to make a very great effort to con-

EMPEROR LI-HSI OF COREA.

vince you of his "honourable idleness."

Our first concern on landing was to find an inn. We had not expected to rest on downy and fragrant couches. An article on Corean inns that we had been reading on the steamship had filled us with expectations that were not exactly *couleur de rose*. Said this writer:

"The floor is mud, the walls are mud, and the roof is mud. The floor is covered with a dirty reed mat. The innkeeper kindly provides chunks of wood for the weary traveller to rest his head upon, and a wooden lamp stand, covered with oil and dirt, with a lamp which emits a very unpleasant smell and gives very little light. The room, as a rule, opens out on to the stables, and the smell of the stables pervades the room, mixes with the smell of the lamp and the smell of the Corean pickles, and produces an odour which is new to most people outside Corea."

We found the description not far from the truth. But it was not the lack of material comforts so much as the curiosity of the native that troubled us. Privacy is always associated with evil in the Corean mind. Does a man want to be alone or get out of sight for five minutes? That man, says the Corean, is up to some mischief. Has he any affairs he does not want to tell his neighbours? Something wrong there.

The ordinary questions of the street are: "Where are you going? What's your business? Whom is your letter from?" And the friendly neighbours will group around the happy recipient of the letter and help him decipher its contents. To refuse to share this confidence would be a gross insult. There is something sweetly primitive after all in this all-confiding innocence. But we did not in the least enjoy this curiosity at the inn.

We had the usual luck of travellers in being unable to get a room to ourselves. Scarcely had we put down our grips before the natives began to steal in by twos and threes to look us over. They felt our clothes, picked up our brushes, pressed the sponges; in short, exam-

ON A COUNTRY ROAD IN COREA—GOING TO THE CHANG OR WEEKLY MARKET.

TIVE TEACHER AND HIS PUPILS—FUSAN, COREA.

very article of our toilet as
l it out for use, smoking all
ile the most vile-smelling to-
The fact of our wanting to
nd dress, and get brushed up
our voyage did not offend
sense of propriety in the

for our sense of propriety—
re had been travelling for
:ime now. It was well, too,
:verything one does in Corea
be done before
s of the curious
, who sit around
itch with solemn
nance while you
r undress. Even
you say your
s some one bends
ou to see what it
bout.
re had no privacy
we decided to
a good deal of
without doors.
one has already
ed the appear-
f Corean towns
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nts of stone and
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except those of
wealthy classes.

and these are tiled. The houses through whose open doors we glanced were almost devoid of furniture. The family occupied the floor in lieu of chairs.

A huge bell suddenly startled us with its solemn sound, as we wandered about that evening. We learned that this bell every night at nine o'clock gave the signal for men to come in off the streets. It is the women's hour, when they may pour forth from their cramped quarters. Any man unfortunate enough to be caught out after this must face the severe penalty of the law.

"In some things Corea isn't so far behind," said Malcolm, with his dry smile.

The Corean woman has anything but a happy lot. The toil and drudgery of the land lies heaviest on her shoulders. She lives in al-

BRIDGE ON THE PATH TO LAK-KUM-SAH MONASTERY.

ARROW GATEWAY AND ENTRANCE TO THE MONASTERY.

most entire seclusion in the small rooms assigned her. She has no mental culture, no knowledge of the outside world. For her husband to converse with her often would show a lack of good taste on his part. She is far beneath him; at his death she must not re-marry, but must mourn the loss of her master the rest of her life.

We had planned that as early as possible in our Corean tour we should visit one of the missionaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the Rev. James Garston. Oddly enough, our journey took us past one of the monasteries of Buddha, where dwells the abbot of Suk-Wang-Sa. Mr. Garston had suggested in his letter giving directions, that we call on the abbot on the way. It was after a journey of nearly twenty miles through the heat and malaria of the rice-fields that we arrived at the monastery, and were kindly greeted by the monstrously fat abbot and by his following of monks and priests. He inquired in a manner that reminded us of the Japanese, "Could our honourable stomachs tolerate the fare of his poor abbey?" We certainly could not complain of lack of hospitality that evening, as we shared their meal of rice, pressed sea-weed, and roots.

But the interesting part of our visit was the midnight hour. We were awakened by the low, dull roar of drums that echoed through the monastery. Then came the chanting monotone of monkish voices, "Namu Amita Bul! Namu Amita Bul! I put my trust in Buddha! I put my trust in Buddha!"

We then watched them as, prostrated upon the stone floor, they repeated faster and faster their cry to the brass-faced god. Some of these monks had been going through these midnight rites for upwards of half a century. The worship ended at the sound of beautiful bells with varied voices, and once again the monastery

FIGURE AT TEMPLE GATEWAY.

AN EXTERIOR WALL OF TEMPLE.

Native Christian Teacher—Two little boys given by their parents to the monastery to be educated as Buddhist priests—The lady is the author of this article.

slept under the calm light of the Corean moon.

Next day we pressed on toward the village where our missionary friend was stationed at the time. It was an entrancing journey through the red summer hills. We travelled with ponies, and the Corean pony is a character in himself. But we have not time to discuss his amiable and unamiable characteristics just now. We have matters of greater moment. We had been in the midst of a heathen stronghold, but now we were to see Christian Corea, just as we had seen Christian Japan.

There would be no need to preach missionary sermons to rouse the Church, if her people could only see these new-born churches in the lands of darkness. Mere spots they may be in the great densely-populated nations, but spots of life nevertheless in the midst of death. We had been studying the ease-loving, pain-hating Corean. But next day we sat in the house of the enthusiastic missionary, and heard tales of sacrifice that made our lives pale into insignificance in comparison—tales of men beaten with rods till their flesh hung in rags and their bones disjointed; aged men bound with cords and water poured over them, freezing as it fell! And all borne for the name of Jesus Christ! All these horrors in Corea? Yes, and no further back than the beginning of last century.

But, in spite of these persecutions, ten years after the baptism of the first Corean convert, there were four thousand Christians in that land. Surely the land yields an abundant harvest. We had heard much of the work the open Bible was doing

in Corea, but had never pictured a land where men were gathering in little knots to discuss it on the street. Then we remembered how we had laughed in derision at the Corean's habit of curiosity. Perhaps this very trait had led him to look more fully into the new religion of the cross. To men, too, accustomed to share their letters and confidences on the highway, what more natural that they should discuss this new grace in their hearts, and that each as he discovered new truths in the Book of Life should share it with his fellows.

land where Protestantism planted its banner for the first time in the year 1883.

Another day we were sitting on the steps of the missionary's cottage, when a blind man came up the path. He walked without a cane, feeling his way with his great wooden shoes with their turn-up toes. On his sightless face was a light there was no mistaking. It was the peace of God. And this was Blind An. We had read far away in Canada of a conversation one of the missionaries had had with him. "Life is very different now to me," An had said;

TEMPLE WITH IMAGES OF FORMER ABBOTS AND MONKS.

Mr. Garston pointed out to us, on the way to one of his distant services one day, a little village church that had cost the builders untold, persistent efforts. They had no funds to start with, but the congregations had grown too large for the houses where they were wont to meet, and so they had been encouraged till, step by step, and piece by piece, the little church was completed as it now stood before us. No mission funds had helped them. They had done it all themselves, and this in a

"The words of Jesus are very sweet. What ones do I like best? 'Ye cannot serve two masters,' and 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart.' And of all the incidents of Jesus' life I love most the story of the healing of the man who was born blind."

"Do you know all your Bible so well?" I asked.

"I know it well," answered An.

"Do you know what is the fifteenth chapter of Luke?"

"O, yes," he replied; "the par-

ables of the lost sheep, the lost coin, and the prodigal son. You see," he said, "I think of the gospels all the time. In my little room at the gate others read them to me. Is it possible that anything else could be so sweet to me?"

"Do you know it makes me wish I had prepared for a missionary?" I said to Malcolm, as we sat on the threshold thinking of these things. The Corean breeze from over the far red hills came fanning our brows, and the wild apricots shook their wealth of blossoms all around us. Inside we heard the voice of the missionary's daughter singing:

"Heard ye the voice from over the sea,
Not far from the 'Flowery Land'?
'Tis the 'Hermit Kingdom' that calls to thee
From the land of the 'Morning Calm,'
'Come over and help us.' Heard ye the cry!
'Come quickly, the harvest is white;'
'Say not, "four months,"' or by and by,
Corea askes now for the light.

"Millions of hands are outstretched there
To receive the living bread;
And multitudes by her rocky shores
Stand waiting to be fed.
Heard ye the voice? 'Tis the Master now
As He speaks the word of command;
Hearken attentive, and to it bow,
'Go ye into all the land.'

"'Why stand ye idle?' 'The harvest is white,'
And the labourers, oh, so few!
Hasten, young man, to do with thy might,
The Master is calling for you.
The day declineth, O slothful Church,
And the night cometh on apace,
Awake and heed the voice of thy King,
'His business' requireth haste."

THE LURE OF THE WOODLAND.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Green o' leaf, sheen o' leaf, tremulous, wavery,
Where down the aisleways the errant airs blow;
Arras of maple-boughs—emerald bravery!
Always the twilight, and never the glow.

Wren-call and glen-call—a thrush fluting mellowly—
And a far whip-poor-will mournful and faint,
Then a near robin-note, friendly and fellowly,
And the small phœbe-bird's die-away plaint.

Rook-gabble; brook-babble; jewel-weed shimmering;
And the tall bee-balm with torches alight;
And in the darksomemost recesses glimmering,
Lo! the white ghost-flowers, like stars in the night!

Lure o' heart, every part—mystery, magicry;
Wonder!—a world of it hid from the day!
Cure for care everywhere, balm for life's tragicry;
Up, then, my comrade, and let us away!

—*The Outlook.*

BALM.

After the heat the dew and the tender touch of twilight;
The unfolding of the few
Calm stars.
After the heat, the dew.

After the sun the shade, and beatitude of shadow;
Dim aisles for memory made,
And thought.
After the sun, the shade.

After all there is balm; from the wings of dark there is wafture
Of sleep,—night's infinite psalm,—
And dreams.
After all, there is balm.

—*Virginia Woodward Cloud, in The Atlantic.*

A STUDY OF SWINBURNE FROM HIS SHORTER POEMS.

BY MAUDE PETITT, B.A.

MR. ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

ONE might distinctively describe Swinburne as the poet of the passing away of things. The meeting—the fading—the drift—the decay—the evanescence—these are the strings of his lyre that vibrate most often. Is there a green leaf on the bough? Swinburne sees it shrivel. Is there a flower on the hill-side? He sees it fade. A bird singing to the dawn-light? Soon its song will be silence. A pair of lovers strolling on the shore? Yet a little while and that tender passion will be dead as the sea-sands beneath their feet.

> "All things sweet
> In time wax bitter again."

> "But with the incessant hours
> Fresh grief and greener woe
> Spring, as the sudden sun
> Year after year makes flowers;
> And these die down and grow,
> And the next year lacks none."

One finds everywhere in his poems this echo of change and decay, as

> "Delight that lives an hour
> And love that lives a day."

And in his "Garden of Proserpine"—

> "We are not sure of sorrow
> And joy was never sure;
> To-day will die to-morrow;
> Time stoops to no man's lure;
> And love grown faint and fretful,
> With lips but half regretful,
> Sighs, and with eyes forgetful
> Weeps that no loves endure."

Or, in "Before the Mirror"—

> "Glad, but not flushed with gladness,
> Since joys go by;
> Sad, but not bent with sadness,
> Since sorrows die."

And in "Rococo"—

> "Life treads down love in flying,
> Time withers him at root;
> Bring all things dead and dying,
> Reaped sheaf and ruined fruit,
> Where crushed by three days' pressure
> Our three days' love lies slain;
> And earlier leaf of pleasure
> And latter flower of pain."

One turns gladly from this sentiment of change and decay to Tennyson's

> "Love is love for evermore."

> "Love's too precious to be lost,
> A little grain shall not be spilt."

One turns, too, back to that old Biblical love-song of Solomon with its "Love is strong as death," "Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it."

Doubtless this is one of the reasons why Swinburne with his re-

markable genius is not more deeply enshrined in the hearts and lives of men. It is as though he sees but the shifting shadows of a great rock of realities, and has no perception of the rock itself. He has lost the vision of the "everlasting hills"; he has lost the grasp of the "eternalness" (if one may coin the word) of the deeper things of life. Keats, dying in his youth, spoke of his own fame as "writ in water." But Swinburne sees all things as "writ in water." It is thus because he is the poet of the passing of things that his name, too, passes from the place his genius should accord him in the hearts of men. The rose may fade; the leaf may wither; the voices of loved ones may be hushed in that long silence. But deep in the hearts of men there is an abiding conviction, whether clear or vague, that all this change and death and decay is but the making way for the things that endure. Nor can you persuade men easily that the most sacred passions that actuate our lives are only passing things—the emotions of a night. The word "eternal" has a satisfying echo in the human soul. And no poet can be truly great who fails to give voice to the higher yearnings of men's hearts. That is where Swinburne fails.

> "The song of woe
> Is after all an earthly song."

And Swinburne has not caught those diviner strains that lead men up to higher things. A man of genius and of power he certainly is. No other living poet has the same melody of language, the ravishing wealth of words, the splendid tapestried imagery, the light musical glide of the hand over the lyre. Swinburne is a scholar as well as a poet, a critic as well as an artist. One might say of him as he himself said of Rossetti, "His poetry has all the grace of force and all the force of grace." One feels almost inclined to break into song in reading his lyrics, so resonant, so musical, so melodious in their flow. It is true that, in a large sense, Swinburne has made a poetry of his own. His lines sparkle and ripple with rhythm like the waves of the sea, and like the sea waves, roll away in a long series of swelling vibrations, as in his "Forsaken Garden," where

> "The fields fall southward, abrupt and broken,
> To the low last edge of the long lone land."

The poem abounds in this alliterative music. It is as if he had stayed the sea he loved so well and chained its rhythm to his song.

And again, in "By the North Sea,"

> "The pastures are herdless and sheepless,
> No pasture or shelter for herds,
> The wind is relentless and sleepless,
> And restless and songless the birds."

It is not so much his wealth of words as his manifold ways of using them that makes his vocabulary rich. It is often as though he sounded the same word in all the different keys. His poetry abounds in musical phrases, peculiarly his own, as the "liquid, low twilight," the "wild wind-footed years," "old moons and last year's flowers, and last year's snows."

Again, note the softness of touch in the words—

> "Where the silver-sandalled shadows are
> Too soft for arrows of the sun to mar."

With all his scholarship, and he is a scholar of no mean rank, his highest degree has been taken in the university of the Great Outdoors. It is to Nature he appeals in all his moods. He knows her dawn-lights, her evening caresses, her midnight whispers. Star, sea, rock, sky, are all alive to him and his soul enjoys a mystic communion with them all. Doubtless much of this love of Nature is a heritage from his Northum-

berland ancestors. The impress of the North beauty that slumbered for generations in the souls of those sturdy Borderers has suddenly burst into the flames of genius in him. Doubtless, too, his boyhood home in the beautiful Isle of Wight did much

> And the joy of her heart's own choice is
> As ours, and as ours are her pains;
> As the thoughts of our hearts are her voices,
> And as hers is the pulse of our veins."

Seas—seas smiling, seas gray, seas that heave and blacken, seas that

MR. SWINBURNE FROM AN EARLY PHOTO BY ELLIOTT AND FRY.

to nourish the imaginative, nature-loving mind.

But it is at sight of the sea he breaks into his most thrilling songs. As to Byron, the sea is to Swinburne a living soul:

> "For the sea, too, seeks and rejoices,
> Gains and loses and gains,

glimmer in silvery rest, seas awake and full-breasted, seas low-lapping their shore, Swinburne has watched by them all. He can moan with the sea's moan; he can sing with her song. He knows her playfulness and her passions, he knows even the mysteries hidden in her deeps.

But his love of Nature, in spite of its ardour, is after all a misunderstanding love. It is a sensuous, rather than a sentient, thing. He knows Nature, and yet he knows her not. One feels after all that it is her robes he is touching at times instead of herself—her russet and purple, her crimson and olive, her smiles and tears, but not her heart of hearts. He has fallen when she would have led him into the inner sanctum. He sees her change and decay and bury her dead, and fails to grasp the great lesson of the eternal fatherhood of God. He has walked all his life with her; he knows her tricks and fancies and moods. He can describe her faithfully, but he cannot always interpret her faithfully. He has missed her greatest self. He has missed the God in Nature. Else we would not find his genius in the cesspool of pessimism where it welters.

Perhaps his nature has been in some measure warped by the solitude and precocity of his childhood. For we read of his days at Eton that he had a lonely life there, that he took no part in the sports of the other boys, and was constantly bullied by them. At an age when other children are playing marbles he was taking Shakespeare to bed with him. There is little doubt that a childhood of overmuch thought and too much solitude, while it did much to develop his genius, gave, nevertheless, a melancholy and pessimistic

LADY JANE HENRIETTA SWINBURNE, AT THE AGE OF 83.

trend to his after-life. It is hard to overcome the effects of a lonely childhood.

It is said that genius develops in solitude, character in the stream of life. But in order to rightly use the former, it is necessary to have developed considerable of the latter. This is where Swinburne is lacking. His genius is a mad horse, plunging into hopeless seas with its rider.

Nevertheless, there are fine traits in his character. Few men have a greater reverence for childhood than he. In the presence of a babe his pantheism, materialism, atheism, and all his other objectionable "isms," vanish like shadows before an angel of light. His belief seems not unlike Wordsworth's, as expressed in his "Intimations of Immortality." The line,

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy,"

has its counterpart in Swinburne's

"O child, what news from heaven?"

It would be hard to find in our language a more reverent tribute to infancy than that in his "Herse"—

"Hush! for the holiest thing that lives is here,
And heaven's own heart how near!
How dare we that may gaze not on the sun,
Gaze on this verier one?
Heart, hold thy peace; eyes, be cast down for shame;
Lips, breathe not yet its name.
In heaven they know what name to call it; we,
How should we know? for see!
The adorable sweet living marvellous
Strange light that lightens us
Who gaze, desertless of such glorious grace,
Full in a babe's warm face!
All roses that the morning rears are naught,
All stars not worth a thought,
Set this one star against them, or suppose
As rival this one rose."

It is in lines like these we see Swinburne approaching our ideal of what with his genius he might have been. Perhaps the reverence with which he has knelt at the feet of childhood will cover much in the eyes of Him who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Another title Swinburne has to greatness is his appreciation of others. There are few more distinctive marks of a great mind than ability to distinguish, and willingness to acknowledge the greatness of other minds. In his sonnets particularly our poet forgets the cloudiness of life, and is lost in the light radiating from other souls. Shakespeare, Dickens, Carlyle, George Eliot, Ben Jonson, Thomas Heywood, and many others, receive his honest praise. Among all his heroes no name seems to be more highly exalted than that of Victor Hugo.

"Thou art chief of us, and lord;
Thy song is as a sword
Keen-edged and scented in the blade from flowers;
Thou art lord and king. . . ."

Nevertheless, ardently as he admired Hugo, he fails to reach up to the faith that was his. In spite of the revered writer's trust in God Swinburne sees only night and clouds and the hollows of darkness. He has not the bitterness of Byron, he has a gloom that is rather more akin to Rossetti. It is a peculiar scepticism he indulges, yet not so peculiar when we consider how many lesser men have indulged the same. It is seldom a questioning doubt. If it were it might question its way through the clouds and profit by the struggle. But Swinburne does not question, at least not often. He accepts as inevitable the gray above, and the gray all about him, and keeps on murmuring with sad lips his "I know not." In the "Garden of Proserpine" he says:

"From too much love of living
From hope and fear set free,
We thank with brief thanksgiving

Whatever gods may be,
That no life lives for ever;
That dead men rise up never;
That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea."

If in his poems we found more evidences of struggling doubt, if we found him wrestling towards the light, we might give his beliefs more sympathy. But there is, after all, something puny in this submission to the weight of a cloud he never tries to pierce. Nevertheless, though we do not find him wrestling for the light, we find now and then, especially in his memorial poems, a sort of after-glow, as though in his heart of hearts there had once been a gleam of light. For example, in his "Christmas Antiphones":

"God whose breast is rest
In the time of strife,
In Thy secret breast
Sheltering souls oppress
From the heat of life."

One can hardly conceive of lines like these as coming from the pen of an unbeliever. And yet we turn the pages and find this reference to God:

"We know He hath made us and is king;
We know not if He care for anything."

Naturally these beliefs have led to a certain laxity in his moral views, and critics have descried a sensuousness, especially in his poems and ballads. In his prose work, too, he congratulates Rossetti in that his name is not found among "those passionate evangelists of positive beliefs," who dwarf themselves and their fellows by restrictions of creed. But, like most of humanity, in the hour of bereavement he reaches out a little more earnestly after God and heaven and eternal things. In writing of the death of his father, he says:

"Fourscore years since and come but one month more,
The count were perfect of his mortal score
Whose sail went seaward yesterday from shore
To cross the last of many an unsailed sea.
The life, the spirit and the work were one
That here—ah! who shall say, that here are done?
Not I, that know not; father, not thy son,
For all the darkness of the night and sea."

Yet, even then, in the shadow of his father's death-bed, it is but a vague hope he has. Perhaps something hereafter. Who can say? Possibly it is not the "end all." Perhaps, after all, there is a beyond.

But there is no decided assurance. No firm rock for him. No Pauline confidence—"I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day." One regrets to turn away thus from one believed by many to be the greatest of living poets; yet we leave him voyaging alone on dark seas to a shore he knows not. Many a babe has looked into the face of the Father and grasped more truly the meaning of life, and for this reason Swinburne cannot be a great poet because, with all his melancholy melodies, he is not capable of being a leader of men.

This is all the more to be regretted since his patriotism, his love of liberty, his sympathy with every movement for the betterment of man—with qualities like these he should have made a thrilling singer of the nation's songs. His impassioned love of liberty is breathed most strongly in his magnificent "Song of Italy," and also in his "Litany of Nations." In the paragraph on Switzerland in this latter poem he says:

"I am she that shows on mighty limbs and maiden
Nor chain nor stain;
For what blood can touch these hands with gold unladen,
These feet what chain?"

No pen is more loyal to England than was Swinburne's when of her flag he wrote:

" Let England's, if it float not for men free,
Fall, and forget the sea."

His "Song of Italy" vibrates with the very pulsations of liberty. The freedom of winds and waves and skies seems sweeping through its lines. It is in a poem like this Swinburne is his noblest self.

NOTE.—Algernon Charles Swinburne born 1837, is a son of Admiral Charles Henry Swinburne and the Lady Jane Henrietta, daughter of the third Earl of Ashburnham. His paternal grandfather was Sir John Edward Swinburne, Baronet. He was educated at Eton and Oxford, in both of which institutions he seems to have impressed his masters and professors with his superior ability. He also made several trips to the continent, but did not have the "foreign bringing up" that is often accredited him.

THE LITTLE WHITE BEGGARS.

THE LITTLE WHITE BEGGARS.

The small waves came frolicking in from the sea,
Leaping the rocks where the big breakers roar;

Snowy crests tossing, so proud to be free,
Racing and chasing in baby-like glee
  Up the sand slope to the beach cabin door.

Throned on the post of the sea-looking gate,
  Safe in the fold of my sheltering arm,
Sat three-year old Dick, like a king in his state,
Little feet drumming at rapturous rate—
  Small King Canute, do the waves own thy charm?

Laughing eyes, blue as the blue laughing sea,
  Smiles rippling over twin coral and pearls;
Dainty white arms tossing up in their glee,
Baby voice shouting as merry and free
  As the sea-breezes tumbling those sunshiny curls.

O Richard, my king, what do babies' blue eyes
  Discern of the beauty of sea and of shore?
As much as the little sandpiper that flies
Where the crisp ripples curve, or the small waves that rise,
  When the floods clap their hands and rejoice evermore?

Do I slander the soul of my small "human boy"?
  Look out, then, my Dick, over ocean's blue floor,
And tell me what fancies those deep thoughts employ.
Ha! Dick, see them come! Do you join in the joy
  Of the little white horses all racing for shore?

The tiny uplifted arm paused in the air,
  The blue eyes grew thoughtful, the breeze-tousled head
Shook sunbeams around, and the sweet little pair
Of coral lips, trembling with utterance rare,
  "Doze isn't white horses," he earnestly said.

What, not little horses, Dick? See how they run,
  All their curly white manes floating back on the sea,
Dashing the drops up to shine in the sun,
Racing and chasing—what glorious fun!
  "No, no; doze is 'ittle white beggars," said he.

"'Ittle white beggars," he murmured again.
  Oh, little white breakers, you mean, I suppose.
"*Not* 'ittle white b'akers"—suggestion was vain,
My wisdom rejected with baby disdain—
  "'Ittle white beggars dey is; I knows."

Little white beggars—well, that's an idea!
  Then perhaps you can tell so we'll all understand,
What these little white beggars came begging for here;
And the soft baby lips whispered, close to my ear,
  "Dey beg for de wocks, an' de sea-weed, an' sand."

ANDRÉ CHÉNIER,

THE FRENCH POET WHOSE GENIUS WAS CONSECRATED BY MARTYRDOM.

BY PASTOR FELIX (REV. ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART).

Through the streaming streets
Of Paris red-eyed Massacre, o'erwearied,
Reel'd heavily, intoxicate with blood.
. . . . . .
Congenial souls alone
Shed tears of sorrow for each other's fate.
—*Coleridge: "The Fall of Robespierre."*

HEN the elder D'Israeli became the historian of calamitous authors, he might have been supposed essaying a task to deter the throng who elbow at the Muses' gates, and seek to force their way to Fame's glittering temple. It does not, however, appear that this somewhat gruesomely disheartening book has had any appreciable influence to withhold the devotees of "proud Ambition." Such an appeal could successfully be made only to cowardly hearts; and poets are not usually of the prudential, calculating tribe. "Behold! a lion in the way!" is a very joy-provoking cry to some who languish in untroubled shades, and is lure enough to the lovers of Minerva and of Urania. The heroes and poets who are to be crowned must always be selected from the eager oncomers,—the luminous, fragrant, enduring spirits, who are proven, out of the multitude of those who presume.

"Many and sharp the numerous ills
Inwoven with our frame,"

and incident to our condition here; but, various as are the calamities enumerated by our author, he does not mention them all: The long-enduring hopes, at last disappoin the mortification of wounded va and wounded love; the degradati vice and poverty; the slavery of pen; the failure of recognition appreciation; the bitterness of sc ful, adverse criticism; the h burnings of needy Genius at se his successful product pass be his control, swelling the gain others; the infirmities of temper character; the illnesses of the b the insanity of the mind; irritabi melancholy, spleen, remorse; im onment, solitude, loneliness, en despair;—all these he par somewhat pedantically, in long dismal array. But *one* he does mention;—and, perhaps, in the of most unfortunate authors, does not consider *that a calami* the imposition of death by viol He might say, with Burns' aged grim,—

"O Death! the poor man's dearest fri
The kindest and the best!
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest!
The great, the wealthy, fear thy blo
From pomp and pleasure torn;
But oh,—a blest relief to those
That weary-laden mourn."

Yes, this may be the language the outworn life; but what affi have youth and genius and sple life with the axe, the halter, darkness and oblivion of " wormy grave."

is pages we learn nothing of
/al Poet, who sang the sweet-
love and of springtime,* yet
d by the dagger of the assas-
him who shone, "a bright
r star" in the galaxy of Eliza-
yet fell a victim of papal
ıd the servility of a vacillat-
mpliant pedant-king; or of
rrowful Cavalier, Montrose,
erished by the headsman's
or of the youthful Chenier,
t-martyr of the French Revo-
Yet, of unfortunates, their
s most tragic. Want, neglect,
ıtment, poverty, scorn, delay,
may be parts of the
ne in a school wherein God
:s his choicest ministers of
ıd service; and we count these
ıltimately we may survive and
. We hope to triumph before
y closes. But surely, to die
decree and by violence, when
od is warm, and hearts beat
ith hope, and life seems radi-
th promise, and "the world
before us where to choose,"
ell be reckoned among the
lest calamities that poets may

he year 1794 the Terror had
l its height in Paris; the fever
:s and bloody thirst had even
to wane, and would suddenly
way. The prisons of the city
onstantly filling and empty-
very day the tumbrils rolled
h the streets, bearing to their
doom newly-devoted groups of

rshippe, ye that lovers been, this May,
or of your bliss the kalends are begun,
l sing with us, Away, winter, away!
ome, summer, come, the sweet season and sun,
ake, for shame! that have your heavens won,
ınd amourously lift up your heades, all;
lark, Love, that list you to his mercy call."

—*James I. of Scotland.*

Walter Raleigh.

pale-faced victims. Many a fair and noble head had fallen, and many a precious life had been squandered,—from the beautiful Princess Lamballe and the majestic Roland to the gifted and passion-hearted Andre Chenier. Suspicion stalked abroad, or lurked in mysterious guise; cruelty sat enthroned, making mockery of justice; one tyrannic faction said of another,—

"There are who wish our ruin—but we'll make them
Blush for the crime in blood. . .

. . . . . .
We'll denounce a hundred, nor
Shall they behold to-morrow's sun roll westward."*

He who now visits the most splendid, if not the proudest, capital of Europe, where elegance and pleasure have their selectest seat, will find it difficult by any process of the imagination to realize the scenes and transactions of a vanished century. How can he, who wanders by structures so new and fair they seem like the peculiar abodes of the Amenities,—palaces unique in their splendour, cathedrals and pantheons the most majestic,—bourses, markets, theatres,—houses of reverence, of beauty, of delight,—believe they ever witnessed crimes, the horror of which beggars the darkest that were ever known, even amid the deepest gloom and grime of London? How can he, roving by softly-lighted boulevards, brightened with smiling faces of gay-moving crowds, or orderly processions of a sane and peaceful people, as humane, as gentle, as refined and intelligent as any on the earth; or round those spacious parks, unrivalled in variety of artful beauty save by the fabled magical gardens of Armida;—how can he, I say, lingering amid such scenes, reconstruct that Hell-struck city of the Revolution, when it would appear as if the dark corners and underground cellars had vomited

* Coleridge: "The Fall of Robespierre."

devils, with all the shrieking, vindictive fury of the pit; until caves and dens that ravenous beasts inhabit, and thickets terrible with serpent and satyr, would seem places of genial asylum from the tenements of brick and stone, the haunts of dreadful men? How can he fill the close and dingy streets of old Paris with its foaming multitude of fierce eyes and maleficent faces,—the mænads breathing scorn and fury—the red-capped *sans culottes*—the raving Jules and Jacques that pressed and followed unhappy kings and queens and nobles to their doom!

Or will he find it easy to see that turbid current of hate and violence break at the foot of that horrid, Moloch-altar in the Place de la Revolution—the guillotine; until, falling heads, multitudinous as mellow apples in August, became a hideous commonplace; and knitting crones, seated at the gallows-stair, only drop a stitch as with a certain nervous start, to keep tally as another gory poll drops into the basket.

Then to wear a crown or a coronet was a capital offence; then to be distinguished for services to the state, or the world, to art, or science, or literature, was to become the object of an insane, fearful suspicion —a shining mark for the archer, Death. Then fell many an illustrious and many a beauteous head. The worthiest to live were the most imperatively summoned to die; and youth and gentleness, and goodness and loveliness, had no reprieve. Such a state of society has hardly elsewhere been known in a civilized country. It is well described as "The Reign of Terror." The malign and the animal passions of mankind were fearfully aroused, and the public spirit was heated to the most dreadful insanity. Meanwhile the timid shrank within their homes or sought escape beyond the city, dwelling with foreboding in solitary places; while bolder, prouder spirits, rendered desperate by wrongs and the long witnessing of bloodshed, courted their fate and rushed upon it.

The sons of genius exercise us with fascination, when they shine upon us like stars out of an unclouded sky: we are calmed and subdued at their voices, as by the spell of the sea. But when, involved in a midnight of storm and sorrow, we see their faces between rifts of the driving cloud, they agitate as well as charm us, while leading far apart from the ordinary ways of men. We can hardly criticise them or their works, as we might do if we saw them plodding in the commonplace paths of life, holding their manuscripts as merchandise in the market-places of the world. Young Korner dies, with the halo of battle on his brow, and his Hymn has a sacrificial sacredness, and the solemnity of the tomb, with all its pomp of battle. Dante and Milton sit remote, secure from common blame, solemnized by their ineffable sorrows. The boy Chatterton seems just out of touch, by the mystery of genius conjoined with fate; and the ethereal spirit of Shelley eludes us.* But, among the faces that look out upon us from their cloud-chambers, and through their golden mist of romance, none are more bewitching to our sober reason than the young man behind the bars of St. Lazare, whose lyre could not charm away the spectres that came gibbering around him at the last, though it ceased not its music till he had reached the foot of the scaffold. It matters not now that he was but the child of promise, that the crown of hope and youth was blighted upon his brow; since such a master of praise as Sainte-Beuve garlands his brow with laurel,

* "Ah! did you once see Shelley plain,
And did he stop to speak to you;
And did you speak to him again?"
—*Browning: "Memorabilia."*

and Hugo drops a tear of melodious pity over the fate of Andre Chenier.

A poet he should have been, by the conjunction of all appropriate planets. With a Cypriote Greek, of noble birth and enthusiastic spirit, for a mother (Mademoiselle Santi-l'Homaka), who nourished him from his cradle in the love of letters; sired by a cultivated Languedocian gentleman, in the diplomatic service of France at Constantinople; born under Oriental skies, and amid scenes long loved and praised by poets; nursed on classicism, till his was the instinct of perfection in literary form, and drinking in the Greek Anthology with his mother's milk,—it is no marvel that his should have been the gift and passion of song, and that it should have become his ambition to enlarge the domain of lyric and idyllic poetry.

The circumstances of his youth favoured the development of his æsthetic talent. His residence at the College of Navarre; his visits, at holiday seasons, to the splendid country houses of his friends, by whom his tastes were encouraged; his visit to Italy in the company of the brothers Trudaine; his pleasure, when in England—which, in its unseasonable fogginess, he esteemed no Paradise—with the works of Milton, to whose majestic harmonies and suggestions of multifold learning he was so susceptible; his arrival at the period of emergence into manhood, in what then seemed to many the dawn of universal liberty upon the earth, when it was "bliss to be alive, but to be young was very heaven!"—when

> "The inert
> Were roused, and lively natures rapt away!"*

all contributed to the same result in his spiritual formation, and made him for a time one of the most hopeful and joyous of mankind. No wonder if he projected schemes of greatness, and like Coleridge and De Quincey planned works of larger volume than he would have time or power to execute.

Quickly fell upon his life the shadow which was never to be lifted. As Milton hastened from Italy at the outbreaking of civil strife in England,—deeming his country's van the patriot's place; so from the land of Milton, and from musings on his harmonious verse, at the first tocsin of the Revolution, came Andre Chenier. He expected much, and fancied the way to patriotic, as well as poetic, distinction was now open to him. His ardent faith was soon chilled, however; he revolted from the horror and excess, and was not backward to utter his meaning, but became as obnoxious to tyranny in its basest, most vulgar guise as bold and generous spirits must ever be. The voice he listened to sounded no longer as from Platæa, or down the rocky glen of Thermopylæ,—the sound of a sane and a mighty people determined in the defence of their soil and their liberty; nor even as it did from the lips of Pym or the cannon of Cromwell; but it came yelling up from the pit—the vomit of pandemonium—the mænad-hymn of those who hastened blindly to destroy.

He looked into the eves of the boasted Goddess of Liberty, and saw a brazen strumpet in her wrath. The King was arraigned; Andre assisted in the defence. Henceforth his doom was sealed.* He was apprehended at the house of M. Pastoret, his friend, at Passy—whither he had resorted, it is alleged, to warn them of their danger—and incarcerated in the Luxembourg prison.

* Wordsworth: French Revolution.

* "Demoiselle Théroigne . . . comes leaning on the arm of Poet Chénier to demand liberty for the hapless Swiss of Château-Vieux."
—*Carlyle: French Revolution.*

From that he was removed, on account of its crowded condition, on March 8th, 1794, to the prison of St. Lazare. Frantic with dread, the father, whose hope and ambition centred in his children, exerted himself to obtain the release of his unhappy son. In vain: he was put aside with hypocritical evasions. Soon a brother of Andre had joined the company huddled in the Conciergerie prison, and it was found there was no possibility of obtaining release. No victims of Nero or of the Inquisition were surer of their fate.

"When we think of Andre Chenier," writes Katharine Hillard, "we see a youthful figure among a crowd of fellow-prisoners, the light of genius in his eyes, the dark shadow of impending death already enveloping him and climbing slowly upward, as the mist of the Highland second-sight rises higher as death draws near. The pathetic character of his fate touches the heart, and disposes us to judge the poems he wrote with that bias of personal interest which is so apt to warp the verdict of the critical mind." Yes, so will the idea of him ever rise upon us, surrounded by the beautiful and the miserable,—with not a few of his friends,—to whose foreboding minds he strove to minister. There were the Trudaines; "the charming young Duchess of Fleury"; Madame Pourrat, of Luciennes, and her daughters, the Countess Hocquart, and Madame Laurent Lecoulteux, to whom, under the name of Fanny, he addressed some charming verses. There must we see him still, with his "strongly marked features," as Lacretelle described him nearly half a century later; "his athletic though not lofty stature, his dark complexion, his glowing eyes, enforcing and illuminating his words.—Demosthenes, as well as Pindar, the object of his study."

We see him still, and hear him talking in his animated way, while "the most decided and the most eloquently expressed opinions" come freely from his lips. We see him writing verses on stray bits of paper, to be smuggled out of prison to the publisher, with soiled linen that went to the laundry,—graceful stanzas of gallantry and compliment, or words of burning passion in protest against tyranny and the sanguinary excesses of the time; or splendid odes, like that on his artist-friend David's picture of the deputies taking their famous oath at Versailles, in the Hall of "Le Jeu de Paume."

The following pathetic piece, entitled "The Young Captive," was written in St. Lazare, inspired by the tender regrets of the young and beautiful Duchess of Fleury:

"The corn in peace fills out its golden ear;
Through the long summer days, the flowers without a fear
Drink in the strength of noon:
And I, a flower like them, as young, as fair, as pure,
Though at the present hour some trouble I endure,
I would not die so soon!

"No, let the stoic heart call upon Death as kind!
For me, I weep and hope; before the bitter wind
I bend like some lithe palm.
If there be long, sad days, others are bright and fleet;
Alas! what honeyed draught holds nothing but the sweet?
What sea is ever calm?

"And still, within my breast, nestles illusion bright;
In vain these prison walls shut out the noon-day light;
Fair Hope has lent me wings.
So from the fowler's net, again set free to fly,
More swift, more joyous, through the summer sky,
Philomel soars and sings.

"Is it my lot to die? In peace I lay me down,
In peace awake again, a peace nor care doth drown,
Nor fell remorse destroy.
My welcome shines from every morning face,

ıese downcast souls my presence
this place
; restores their joy.

ge of life is but begun for me,
:he landmarks I must pass, I see
behind me stand.
ong banquet, now before me set,
ıave hardly touched the cup as
t
imming in my hand.

:now the spring; I would see
tumn brown;
bright sun, that all the seasons
›wn,
l round out my year.
flower, the sunny garden's boast,
ıut seen the fires of morning's
ıt;
eve might find me here!

canst thou not wait? Depart
m me, and go,
rt those sad hearts whom pale
ıpair, and woe,
ame perchance, have wrung.
ıe woods still offer verdant ways,
ıs their kisses, and the Muses
ıise:
l not die so young!"

tive too, and sad, my lyre none
less
the plaint of one who breathed
own distress,
ın a prison cell;
wing off the yoke that weighed
›n me too,
all the sweet and tender words
new
ıtle grief to tell.

witness of my captive days,
'mes shall make some lover of
lays
e maid I have sung.
upon her brow, and all shall
re,
her charms, her grief and her
pair.
o "must die so young!"

morning of July 25th, vas brought to the revolu- ibunal, and, with twenty- victims, underwent the of a trial. Profitless, as pt would then have been udgment, would it now be late the lying charges that ped up against him. The have the lamb; if with of reason, that is his The sentence was hastily pronounced and speedily executed. The call came on the evening of the same day; the place was the Barriere de Vincennes. He was not, martyr-like, in love with his fate; but he went as became a brave and collected spirit.

As he descended the steps of the prison, with his brother-poet, M. Roucher, he said, turning to him: *Je n'ai rien fait pour la posterite. Pourtant* (striking his forehead) *j'avais quelque chose la.*" The tumbril that slowly moved to the fatal place bore him in illustrious companionship; there were, beside, Roucher, Trenck, and the Counts de Montalembert and de Crequi. According to one account, the two poets beguiled their journey into the valley of the shadow of death with recitations from the "Andromache;" but another declares that, while Roucher declaimed, and was "noisily valiant," the sweeter and tenderer poet remained "mute and thoughtful."

It matters not now what was their solace; soon enough were their hearts still and their voices silent. The axe which had shorn the heads of a king and queen might not spare that of a poet. So perished Andre-Marie de Chenier in his thirty-second year. But why could not Fate have delayed his coming just a little? Respite was almost at hand. In three days the head of monstrous Robespierre fell from the same scaffold, and the Reign of Terror was at an end.

The latest offspring of his genius, which bears the melancholy impress of the poem already cited, is "Andre Chenier's Death-Song."* "The first eight stanzas were written in prison, after his condemnation; the two last he wrote at the foot of the scaffold while waiting to be dragged to execution. He had just finished the line,

* The translation and the note quoted are by John Read, of Montreal.

"Le sommeil du tombeau pressera ma paupiere,' when his turn came, and his words had their fulfilment. In the translation, the spirit, not the letter, has been regarded."

"When one lone lamb is bleating in the shambles,
And gleams the ruthless knife,
His yester playmates pause not in their gambols,
Their wild free joy of life,

"To think of him; the little ones that played
With him in sunny hours,
In bright green fields, and his fair form arrayed
With ribbons gay and flowers,

"Mark not his absence from the fleecy throng;
Unwept he sheds his blood;
And this sad destiny is mine. Ere long
From this grim solitude,

"I pass to death. But let me bear my fate,
And calmly be forgot;
A thousand others in the self-same state
Await the self-same lot.

"And what were friends to me? Oh! one kind voice
Heard through those prison-bars,
Did it not make my drooping heart rejoice,
Though from my murderers

"'Twas bought, perhaps? Alas! how soon life ends!
And yet, why should my death
Make any one unhappy? Live, my friends,
Nor think my fleeting breath

"Calls you to come. Mayhap, in days gone by,
I, too, from sight of sorrow
Turned, careless, with self-wrapt, unpitying eye,
Nor dreaming of the morrow.

"And now misfortune presses on my heart,
Erewhile so strong and free,
'Twere craven to ask you to bear its smart—
Farewell, nor think of me!

. . . . .

"As a faint ray or zephyr's latest breath
Revives the dying day,
Beneath the scaffold, that stern throne of death,
I sing my parting lay.

"Before an hour, with wakeful foot and loud,
Has marked its journey's close
On yon bright disc, the sleep of death shall shroud
Mine eyes from worldly woes."

Since that dismal time he has existed as a force in literature, stimulating poets who have accomplished results to which he only pointed the way. For many years after his death his works remained unedited, till Henri de Latouche took up the task with loving assiduity. Since the day when he ceased from singing, stronger souls have arisen to move the heart of the world with a power surpassing his. The colossal force of Byron has amplified, with greater intensity, his burning passion for liberty; and De Musset has carried forward to greater variety, if not to higher perfection, his sensuous grace and love of classic beauty. The luxurious honeyed phrase of Keats, his noble ambitions, and his brief, pathetic life,—if not his melancholy death,—find fitting parallel in the history and the product of Andre Chenier.

We conclude with a happier, or at least a more cheerful effusion, written in his muse's brighter day:

ODE.

May fewer roses call her own,
And fewer vines wreathe Autumn's throne,
Fewer the wheat-ears of the field,—
Than all the songs that Fanny's smiles
And Fanny's eyes and witching wiles
Inspire my lips and lyre to yield.

The secret longings of my heart
In words of fire to being start,
Moved by the magic of her name:
As when from ocean's depths the shell
Yields up the pearl it wrought so well,
Worthy the Sultan's diadem.

And thus from out the mulberry leaves
The Cathay silkworm twines and weaves
Her sparkling web of palest gold.
Come, dear, my Muse has silk more pure
And bright than hers, that shall endure,
And all your loveliness enfold.

And pearls of poetry divine
With rosy fingers she shall twine,
To make a necklace rich and rare;
Come, Fanny, and that snowy neck
Let me with radiant jewels deck,
Although no pearl is half so fair.

Pemaquid, Maine.

THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY.

BY THE EDITOR.

II.—HEROISM AND ROMANCE OF THE MOVEMENT.

TWO of the most noted leaders of the Underground Railway movement were those sturdy Quakers, Thomas Garrett, of Delaware, and Levi Coffin, of Ohio. In his sixtieth year Garrett, when mulcted in a fine of $8,000 for the crime of helping his brother man, replied : e, thou hast not left me a but I wish to say to thee, and n this court-room, that if any ıows of a fugitive who wants and a friend, send him to ıs Garrett, and he will be- him." Long afterwards he "The war came a little too or my business. I wanted to ɔff three thousand slaves. I nly got up to twenty-seven ed."

i Coffin, the Quaker Great- of Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's ," was born in a slave State, Carolina, in 1798. The scenes tnessed as a boy entered his In 1847 he settled in Cincin- ɔr the purpose of dealing only product of free labour. It is hat "for thirty-three years he ed into his house more than ıundred slaves every year." r Levi Coffin's Quaker drab broad-brimmed hat there l a vein of quaint humour ned with a shrewd business ɔd. Summoned before the jury, he was asked if he of any violation of the ve slave law in his own neighood. He replied that persons stopped at his house who *said* were slaves, but he knew noabout it from their statements, for the law did not consider them capable of giving evidence. He collected money for a poor family in need, and three swaggering Kentucky slave-holders subscribed their dollar each, and were greatly disgusted to find they had helped fugitive slaves along the Underground Railway. He so worked upon the sympathies of a strongly pro-slavery man by showing him a scarred and wounded fugitive that he could not help contributing to his relief. Coffin promptly rejoined: "Thou hast laid thyself liable not only to a heavy fine, but to imprisonment, under the Fugitive Slave Law. Thou gave a fugitive slave a dollar to help him to Canada; I saw thee do it!"

Sometimes he induced free negroes to act the part of supposed runaways. They would be hurriedly driven off with ostentatious precautions, to cover the fact that the real fugitives had quietly escaped. Coffin's good wife so far compromised with her conscience as to lay aside her Quaker garb and dress up as a fashionable lady, with a fugitive slave carrying a rag baby behind her. Coffin knew every quirk of the law, and was remarkably shrewd in taking advantage of any flaw in it.

At the close of the war, Coffin declared: "The stock of the Underground Railway has gone down in the market, the business is spoiled, the road is of no further use." The work of the Underground Railroad was done.*

* Since these pages were written we have read the admirable monograph by the Rev. T. Watson Smith, D.D., on "The Slave in Canada" published in the transactions of the Nova Scotia Historical Society, from which we quote these words :

"Then the pathways to the various Southern termini of the 'underground rail-

It was through Coffin that this mysterious railway received its designation. "Certain baffled slave-hunters," says "Ascot Hope," "are said to have declared that there must be an underground railroad to Canada, with Levi Coffin for president, as they never could get the slightest trace of a fugitive after reaching his house, so shrewdly and slyly did the Quaker manage their flight." Analogous to this was the "grape-vine telegraph," by which intelligence was secretly conveyed with strange rapidity along the Underground Railway lines.

A friend, and in a way a colleague, of Coffin's was John Fairfield, a man of heroic spirit and reckless audacity. He was the son of a Virginia planter, and became a fierce antagonist of the slave system amid which he was brought up. He was arrested again and again, but always managed to break gaol. He used to hector and bully the very men whom he was helping to escape in a way that convinced their owners that he had little sympathy with abolitionists. Bringing off a number of mulattoes and quadroons, he provided himself at Philadelphia with $80.00 worth of wigs and powder for their disguise. In 1853 he brought off twenty-eight slaves at one time. At Detroit, writes Mr. Fitch Reed, "two hundred and fifty abolitionists took breakfast with them just before daylight. We procured boats enough for Fairfield and his crew. As they pushed off from shore, they all commenced singing the song: 'I am on my way to Canada, where coloured men are free,' and continued firing off their arms till out of hearing.

On witnessing the ecstasies of the negroes on reaching the land of liberty, some of them to meet long-lost kinsfolk or friends, Fairfield exclaimed: "This pays me for all dangers I have faced in bringing this company, just to see these friends meet."

One of the boldest exploits of that "belated Covenanter," John Brown, was his escorting, in 1858, a band of twelve slaves from Missouri by a devious route of well-nigh one thousand miles to Windsor, in Canada, in mid-winter, in spite of a reward of $3,000 for his arrest. This raid excited great alarm in Missouri. Many slaves, as a consequence, were sold south, and others escaped. John Brown's policy, he himself avowed, was to destroy the money value of slave property by rendering it insecure.

Captain Jonathan Walker, for the crime of attempting to convey seven slaves from Pensacola to the Bahamas, was branded on the hand with the letters "S. S.", slave stealer, amerced in a heavy fine, and languished for nearly four years in a southern prison. Whittier's stirring poem immortalizes his heroism:

"Why, that brand is highest honour!—than
its traces never yet
Upon old armorial hatchments was a
prouder blazon set;
And thy unborn generations, as they tread
our rocky strand,
Shall tell with pride the story of their
father's branded hand!

road' soon became grass-grown; and the watchers at the Canadian boundary-line were at liberty to close their previously wakeful eyes; the road was no longer needed, its business was spoiled. Canada soon ceased to be in plantation life and song another name for heaven; the North Star, so long the nightly guide thither, soon came to seem but like a tradition.

"But—and let it ever be regarded as a gem in Canada's circlet of renown—previous to that period when a few strokes of the pen struck off the fetters from four millions of bondmen in the South, as the pen in the hand of William IV., King of Great Britain and Ireland, had done in the case of West Indian bondmen more than thirty years before, not fewer than thirty thousand slaves had crossed the Canadian boundary-line; had, to use the words of one of their number, 'shook the lion's paw'; and under the British flag in Canada had found freedom, shelter, education for 'the life that now is and for that which is to come,' and thus at least partial preparation for the duties of Christian citizenship."

ift that manly right hand, bold
loughman of the wave!
nded palm shall prophesy, 'Salva-
ion to the slave!'
p its fire-wrought language, that
whoso reads may feel
art swell strong within him, his
sinews change to steel."

ld attempt was made by Cap-
Drayton, of the schooner
," to convey seventy-six
t one time from the city of
gton.* By an irony of fate
sh for liberty was made dur-
reat torchlight procession in
of the establishment of the
ic in France. They were pur-
d brought back. Three per-
ere prosecuted, the amount
bail being fixed at $228,000.
n himself was fined $10,000
nt to prison in default, but
h the efforts of Senator Sum-
ter four years' imprisonment,
rdoned. The affair caused in-
xcitement in Congress.

eterred by such disasters,
d Dillingham, a Quaker, for
a slave to escape, was con-
l to three years' imprison-
n the Nashville penitentiary;
parated from his aged par-
d his betrothed bride, he died
months in the prison.

ear after Dillingham's death,
n M. Chaplin, for attempting
lease of two negroes, the pro-
of Robert Timms and Alex-
H. Stevens, was arrested, but
d on bail bonds of $20,000.
five months' imprisonment,
sent of his bondsmen, he sac-
his bail rather than meet the
which would have resulted in
years' imprisonment.

r Still escaped from Alabama
orty years of slavery. It was
rilous a task for him to return
is family through sixteen
ed miles of danger and diffi-
Seth Concklin, a white man,

going vessels were not infrequently
, as is done to get rid of rats, to
ire that no stowaways were on board.

volunteered to do it. "He travelled from first to last some thousands of miles, and spent two or three months among men who might have hung him up to the nearest tree had they guessed his true business." Seth Concklin convoyed his party as far as Vincennes. He was arrested and escaped, but was "found drowned with his hands and feet in fetters and his skull fractured"—perhaps by accident, perhaps by a darker fate.

Two brothers, market-gardeners, living near Baltimore, concealed in a large box a slave woman and her daughter, and conveyed it in their market-waggon across Maryland and Pennsylvania, three weeks' journey, to the land of liberty. Two students of Marion College were sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment for assisting two negroes to escape, and a pro-slavery party burned the college to the ground.

Among the most heroic agents of the Underground Railway were the negroes themselves. Many of these, having tasted the sweets of liberty in Canada, voluntarily incurred the risks of recapture, with the fearful penalties consequent thereupon, in their endeavour to bring off their kinsfolk, and often those whose only kinship was that of race and misfortune. Professor Redpath considers as many as five hundred a year as incurring this risk. No danger was too great for these knights of Christian chivalry to incur. With a reward for their capture, dead or alive, they braved imminent peril again and again.

One of the most notable of these sable heroes was Josiah Henson, the original of Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom." Born and bred a slave, he at length escaped to Canada. Eager to lead others into liberty, he travelled four hundred miles into Kentucky, and brought off safely a party of thirty fugitives. Time after time he repeated his adventurous

journey, and rescued in all one hundred and eighteen slaves from bondage. Of one of these journeys he writes:

"Words cannot describe the feelings experienced by my companions as they neared the shore; their bosoms were swelling with inexpressible joy as they mounted the seats of the boat, ready eagerly to spring forward that they might touch the soil of the freeman, and when they reached the shore they danced and wept for joy, and kissed the earth on which they first stepped, no longer the *Slave*, but the *Free*.

John Mason, another fugitive slave from Kentucky, aided the escape, in nineteen months, of two hundred and sixty-five fugitives, and assisted in all not less than thirteen hundred to escape to Canada. He was finally captured by the aid of bloodhounds. He resisted till both arms were broken. He was sold south to New Orleans, but escaped to the city of Hamilton, in Canada. "Let a man walk abroad on Freedom's sunny plains," he writes, "and having once drunk of its celestial 'stream whereof maketh glad the city of our God,' afterward reduce this man to slavery, it is next to an impossibility to retain him in slavery."

A brave woman named Armstrong, disguised as a man, returned to the Kentucky plantation where she had been a slave, hid near a spring where her children came for water, and brought off five of them to Canada.

Surpassed by none in high courage and consecrated zeal in these efforts to emancipate the slave was the humble heroine, Harriet Tubman. Of this simple black woman Governor William H. Seward, of New York, wrote: "I have known Harriet long, and a nobler, higher spirit, or a truer, seldom dwells in human form." John Brown described her as "one of the bravest persons on this continent—General Tubman, as we call her." "She saw in the oppression of her race," says Siebert, "the sufferings of the enslaved Israelites, and was not slow to demand that the Pharaoh of the South should let her people go." She, therefore, received the name of Moses—from the great Hebrew liberator, who led to freedom a nation of slaves.

Herself born a slave, she first tasted the sweets of liberty in 1849. She subsequently made nineteen excursions south and brought off three hundred fugitives from bondage. All her own earnings were devoted to this mission, together with generous sums given her. Her method was, having secured her convoy of slaves, to start north on Saturday night, so as to allow a good start before they could be advertised, and to pay negroes to tear down the advertisements of their escape,* she would soothe the crying babies with paregoric and carry them in baskets. When hard pressed, she would make a detour southward to throw off pursuit. At one time an award of as much as $12,000 was offered for her arrest; yet, unafraid, she pursued her self-imposed task. She boldly waded through icy waters in mid-March, lay hidden in forest or swamp, and incurred incredible hardships.

She brought off in a rude home-made chaise her aged parents, unable themselves to walk, and several

* These advertisements of runaway slaves are evidence of the cruelties with which they were sometimes treated. They describe the scars upon their bodies; the lacerations of whips; the branding with hot iron on the back, or hand, or cheek; the wounds of rifle-shots; the scars by the teeth of bloodhounds with which they had been pursued, and of the fetters with which they were manacled; and sometimes they escaped with iron bands on neck or ankle. Sometimes one or two teeth were knocked out or a slit made in the ear as marks by which slaves could be readily identified. See Reports of Trial of John Anderson, a fugitive slave, at Toronto, 1860, for alleged crime of murder in Missouri.

and sisters. She was some-
a mystic, and felt conscious
nion with the unseen. She
fear of arrest, for she ven-
ily where God sent her. She
d her heroic faith and confi-
the words: "Jes so long
wanted to use me He would
r of me, an' when He didn't
e no longer, I was ready to
always tole Him, I'm gwine
stiddy on to You, an' You've
e me trou." Of her Thomas
said: "I never met with
son, of any colour, who had
nfidence in the voice of God,
n to her soul."
g the Civil War she was
d as a hospital nurse and
"She made many a raid,"
vernor Andrew, of Massa-
, "inside the enemy's lines,
ng remarkable courage, zeal,
lity." Old, infirm, and poor,
lives in a humble home in
, N.Y., which she trans-
into a hospital, where she
or the helpless of her own

ould be to every Canadian
for patriotic pride that dur-
the years of struggle for the
n of slavery, the only refuge
continent for the fugitives
ndage was beneath our red-
g of freedom. The land of
in the north exercised such
ation for the slave that their
endeavoured to discount its
n by absurd stories concern-
vast distance, the wintry
of its climate, the sterility of
its perils from savage beasts
e savage men. One fugitive
he was assured that the De-
ver was over three thousand
ide, and a ship starting out
night would find herself in
orning "right whar she
from." Another was told the
e story "that in Canada the
would put out their eyes and
send them to lifelong labour in
mines underground."

But the slaves were too shrewd to be deceived by these calumnies. Professor Siebert writes:

"The rumour gradually spread among the slaves of the Southern States, that there was, far away under the North Star, a land where the flag of the Union did not float; where the law declared all men free and equal; where the people respected the law, and the government, if need be, enforced it. The rumour widened; the fugitives so increased, that a secret pathway, afterward called the Underground Railroad, was soon formed, which ran by the huts of the blacks in the slave States, and the houses of the good Samaritans in the free States. Before the year 1817 it is said that a single group of abolitionists in southern Ohio had forwarded to Canada by this secret path more than a thousand fugitive slaves."

Henry Clay, Secretary of State in 1828, described the escape of slaves as a growing evil, which menaced the peaceful relations between the United States and Canada, and urged an extradition treaty for their return. But the British Government staunchly and steadily refused to depart from the principle that every man is free who reaches British soil.

The Underground Railway came in time to cover with a network of routes, not found in the railway maps, the territory embraced by the middle and northern States from the Mississippi to the Atlantic. The greater number, however, were in Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, and other States contiguous to the frontier of Central Canada. Windsor, Sandwich, Amherstburg, Owen Sound, Collingwood, Sarnia, and the Niagara frontier were the principal points of entry for this contraband commerce.

"The untrodden wilds of Canada, as well as her populous places, seemed hospitable to a people for whom the hardships of the new life were fully compensated by the consciousness of their

possession of the rights of freedom, rights vouchsafed them by a government that exemplified the proud boast of the poet Cowper:

'Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free!
They touch our country and their shackles fall.'"

The chief agents of the Underground Railway were found, as we have said, among the quiet and peace-loving Quakers. The members of the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches, which were strongly anti-slavery in their sympathies, were very good seconds in this law-breaking practical Christianity.

The abolitionists and the helpers of the slaves were not sustained by public sympathy or applause. They were under ban and social disabilities, the subjects of insult and injury. "Niggerites," and "amalgamationists" were among the epithets hurled at them, and "nigger-thief" was the inappropriate designation given men who restored the negro to his ownership of himself. They were subject to suspicion, espionage, and persecution; their cattle were injured; their persons were menaced; their houses in some cases were burned. The slave hunter took the law in his own hands. One such assaulted and injured for life a free citizen, and was amerced in a fine of $10,000 for his crime. A Kentucky slave-holder assumed Quaker garb to worm out the secrets of the Friends, but he could not adopt their phraseology, and was detected as a wolf in sheep's clothing.

From the need of secrecy most of the travel was done by night, and also because many of the slaves had no other guide but the North Star.*

Professor Siebert thus dramatically described the process at a station of the Underground Railway:

"The faltering step, and the light uncertain rapping of the fugitive at the door, was quickly recognized by the family within, and the stranger was admitted with a welcome at once sincere and subdued. There was a suppressed stir in the house while the fire was building and food preparing; and after the hunger and chill of the wayfarer had been dispelled, he was provided with a bed in some out-of-the-way part of the house, or under the hay in the barn loft, according to the degree of danger. Often a household was awakened to find a company of five or more negroes at the door. The arrival of such a company was sometimes announced beforehand by special messenger."

Special passwords, signals, and cryptic signs were employed; the imitated hoot of an owl or cry of a bird was used. A vein of humour ran through some of the secret messages, as in the following:

"By to-morrow evening's mail you will receive two volumes of the 'Irrepressible Conflict,' bound in black. After perusal, please forward and oblige."

"Uncle Tom says if the roads are not too bad you can look for those fleeces of wool by to-morrow. Send them on to test the market and price, no back charges."

Others, with more courage than prudence, boldly wrote without concealment, as the following, quoted by Siebert:

"I understand that you are a friend to the poor and are willing to obey the heavenly mandate, 'Hide the outcasts, betray not him that wandereth.'

"Yours in behalf of the millions of poor, opprest, and downtrodden in our land."

One good Quaker in Ohio had a

* Readers of Lowell's "Biglow Papers" will remember how Birdofredum Sawin undertook to capture a slave "runnin'." But Pomp captured him and made him work all spring. This is Birdofredum's account of it:

"He made me larn him readin', tu, (although the critter saw
How much it hut my morril sense to act agin the law),
So'st he could read a Bible he'd gut; an' axed if I could pint
The North Star out; but there I put his nose some out o' jint,
For I wheeled roun' about sou'west, an', lookin' up a bit,
Picked out a middlin' shiny one an' tole him thet wuz it."

vered waggon for conveying
ɜ, which he named "The
ɾ." Others used peddlers'
ı with concealed recesses.
ugitives were shipped as
in boxes. One man, appro-
named Box Jones, was sent
king case from Baltimore to
phia, and was seventeen
ı the way. A ruse of Levi
was to forward twenty-eight
in broad day in a funeral-
ɔcession. The routes often
ziz-zag detours, in order to
ff pursuit and secure safe

fugitives were concealed in
n hayricks, in cellars, and
ırs, in the heart of a wood-
the abutment of a bridge,
ɔke-house, in a rail pen cov-
th straw, in thick, dark
n a coal bank, in a cave, be-
trap-door. One good pastor
fugitives three days in the
f his church, another built
with a secret panel.
isguises the men sometimes
scythes or rakes, as if seek-
k. Light mulattoes some-
ɾere passed as white men;
es they were disguised
cking the hands and
Sometimes theatrical out-
wig and beard and
were employed. A mu-
irl was dressed in silks
bons and furnished with a
aby borrowed for the oc-
To her chagrin her master
the train by which she trav-
ıd watched the ferry for her
ɔit. When the steamer was
ay the fugitive removed her
gave a farewell greeting to
ter, whose turn it now was
agrined. The Quaker veiled
and shawl were admirable
ɜ, and Brother Aminadab or
n tenderly convoyed on his
eeble and decrepit compan-
ɔ soon proved to be a very
ɾress. A young slave mother with her two children were placed under the convoy of an ardent pro-slavery man, who little thought, so fair was their complexion, that he was acting as an agent of the Underground Railway.

A black nurse, brought with her mistress to Connecticut, refused to take advantage of being in a free State. "Don't you wish to be free?" she was asked. With impressive earnestness, she replied, "Was there ever a slave that did not wish to be free? I long for liberty. I will get out of slavery if I can, the day after I have returned; but go back I must, because I promised that I would."

As may well be supposed, considerable amounts of money were needed to meet the wants and travelling expenses of these fugitives, who, after years of toil, owned not a penny, nor even themselves. Yet these needs were always met, humble donors giving lavishly to help the escaped slaves.

The "conductors" on this railway ran no small risk. Vigilance committees were organized to guard the route, aid the slaves, and prevent pursuit. Theodore Parker writes: "Money, time, weariness, devotedness for months and years, that cannot be computed, and will never be recorded, were nobly rendered by the true anti-slavery men."

They were known even to storm the court-house where a fugitive was confined and rescue the prisoner, not to lynch, but to save him. John Brown, the hero of Harper's Ferry, organized in Springfield, Mass., a league of "Gileadites" to resist the enforcement of the fugitive slave law,—"Whosoever is fearful or afraid," was his mandate, "let him return and depart early from Mount Gilead." Brown urged bold measures, the carrying of weapons, the rescue of the prisoners, the creating a tumult in court by burning gunpowder in paper pack-

ages and similar practices. "Stand by one another while a drop of blood remains," he said, "and be hanged if you must, but tell no tales."

The fugitives were often penniless, naked, and hungry. Sometimes they came "in droves." Levi Coffin had seventeen fugitives at his table at one time. Companies of twenty-eight or thirty were not unknown. They needed food, clothing, and money to help them on their way. Although it was forbidden by law under heavy penalties to give the slightest assistance, yet the friends of the slaves did not hesitate to violate such unrighteous commands. Emergency funds were established, whose contributors were described as "stockholders" in the Underground Railway. Women conducted sewing circles to supply the fugitives with clothes. Even the humble negroes, both men and women, gave freely to help them. After the introduction of steam locomotion, railways and steamboats could often be used. The cost of tickets was considerable, yet it was always cheerfully met by sympathetic friends. Generous captains on the Mississippi, Ohio, and Illinois Rivers often conveyed fugitives as stowaways. Captain William Brown, in 1842, conveyed in seven months sixty-nine of them across Lake Erie to Canada. Scows and sailing craft were also employed.

It is remarkable that so seldom were runaways returned to slavery, and that not infrequently those seized for that purpose were rescued from the slave-hunters. Even when on trial and under the very eyes of the judge, they were sometimes smuggled out of the court-room, and the marshal and his deputies hustled and prevented from rearresting them.

Many of the friends of the fugitives suffered in their person and in their purse for their humanity. In Michigan three persons were mulcted in fines and costs $6,000. D. Kauffman, in Pennsylvania, for sheltering a family of slaves in his barn, was fined over $4,000. For a similar offence, R. Sloan, a lawyer of Sandusky, was fined $3,000. Space would fail to do justice to this noble army of heroes, some of them martyrs. Professor Siebert gives a list of 3,211. Their obscurity and unknown death have prevented the record of many more.

Five families in Ohio whom he mentions forwarded over a thousand fugitives to Canada before the year 1817. Daniel Gibbons, of Pennsylvania, in fifty-six years, aided about one thousand; Dr. Nathan N. Thomas, of Michigan, fifteen hundred; and John Fairfield not only hundreds, but thousands. General McIntyre, resident in Ohio, aided over a hundred fugitive slaves. "Of the multitudes," says ex-President Fairfield, "that came to Oberlin, not one was ever taken back to bondage." So intense was popular sympathy with the anti-slavery movement, that a sign-post was erected in the form of a fugitive running towards the town. In consequence of this defiance of the law against harbouring slaves, repeated attempts were made to repeal the charter of Oberlin College.

Though the heroes of this great crusade concealed their acts, they did not conceal their principles; indeed, they sought to make converts to their convictions. They opposed to the slave law the moral dictates of the Golden Rule of God's ancient oracles and the sacred teachings of the Declaration of Independence. "They refused," says Siebert, "to observe a law that made it a felony to give a cup of water to famishing men and women fleeing from servitude."

Like every great moral movement, their sacred passion found expression in sacred song, of which the following breathes the spirit:

he law of God in the human soul,
the law in the Word Divine;
all live while the earth in its course shall roll,
hall live in this soul of mine.
ne law of the land forge its bonds of wrong,
all help when the self-freed crave;
ne law in my soul, bright, beaming, and strong,
s me succour the fleeing slave."

odore Parker, in a sermon in , thus defied the Fugitive Bill of 1850: "To law l of such iniquity I owe no nce. Humanity, Christianity, od revolt against it. For my- say it solemnly, I will shelter, help, and I will defend the e with all my humble means wer."

Discipline of the Methodist as early as 1789 prohibited ave trade: "the buying or the bodies or souls of men, , or children, with an inten- enslave them;" and the division of the Methodist in America arose from the ion of slaves by Bishop Jehu rs. of its southern section.

Fugitive Slave Bill of 1850, ed to prevent the escape of increased it. Slaves dis- d their desire for freedom for f being sold south. "No, I want to go to none o' your untry," said one. "But I *did,*" he added, in telling the n Canada; "a coloured man he truth *here,* there he is to."

ne employment of the writer's as stableman, was an es- slave. He used diligently to s spelling-book during off and so learned to read. "Did e you well, Sam, in your old ky home?" we said one day. boss," he replied, "dey use ghty well; allus had 'nuff to over hard work; but den I'se re," and his black face lit up s form straightened with the us dignity of manhood.

The demonstrations of delight of the fugitive slaves on their reaching the frontier of Canada were often pathetic, even when they were grotesque. Says Captain Cleveland of two negroes whom he landed on our shores:

"'Is this Canada?' they asked. 'Yes,' I said, 'there are no slaves here;' then I witnessed a scene I shall never forget. They seemed to be transformed; a new light shone in their eyes, their tongues were loosed, they laughed and cried, prayed and sang praises, fell upon the ground and kissed it, hugged and kissed each other, crying, 'Bress de Lord! Oh! I'se free before I die.'"

As Harriet Tubman was convoying a party of fugitives over the Suspension Bridge, she wished them to see the great cataract of which it commands so magnificent a view.

"'Joe, come, look at de Falls! it's your last chance." But Joe sat still and never raised his head. At length Harriet knew by the rise in the centre of the bridge and the descent on the other side that they had crossed the line. She sprang across to Joe's seat, shook him with all her might, and shouted, 'Joe, you've shook de lion's paw!' Joe did not know what she meant. 'Joe, you're free!' Then the strong man, who could stand under his master's whip without a groan, burst into an hysterical passion of weeping and singing, so that his fellow-passengers might think he had gone crazy; but did not withhold their sympathy when they knew the cause of such emotion."

Not a few slaves purchased their own liberty by working overtime, and others were purchased by white sympathizers for the purpose of emancipation when they could not be otherwise rescued.

Sometimes an attempt was made to kidnap fugitive slaves even on Canadian soil. A negro named Stanford and his wife had escaped from slavery to St. Catharines, in Canada. A professional slave-hunter, Bacon Tate by name, in 1836, kidnapped and carried off these fugitives to the city of Buffalo. He broke into Stan-

ford's house, dragged him, his wife, and a six-weeks-old baby out of bed, and forced them into a carriage, and before daylight had crossed the Niagara River. The slave-hunters were followed by some black neighbours of Stanford's. At Buffalo a coloured rescue party dragged the fugitives from the carriage in which they were being abducted, defended them for a time in a private house, hurried them to the ferry, despite the Riot Act read by the sheriff, and after a running fight of two hours the Stanfords were placed in the ferry boat. "Those left behind," says "Ascot Hope," "gave three cheers, eagerly watching the boat as it bore the poor slaves out of reach of their enemies. When it was seen to reach the Canadian side, Stanford leaped on shore, rolled himself in the sand, and even rubbed it into his hair, in the wildness of his delight at finding himself once more on free soil." Twenty-five of the rescue party were tried and fined, but no punishment was meted out to Tate for his dastardly crime.

SUMMER'S OVER-SOUL.

BY RICHARD REALF.

O earth! thou hast not any wind which blows
That is not music. Every weed of thine,
Pressed rightly, flows in aromatic wine,
And every humble hedgerow flower that grows
And every little brown bird that doth sing.
Hath something greater than itself, and bears
A loving word to every living thing—
Albeit it holds the message unawares,
All shapes and sounds have something which is not
Of them. A spirit broods amid the grass;
Vague outlines, of the everlasting thought
Lie in the melting shadows as they pass;
The touch of an Eternal Presence thrills
The breezes of the sunset and the hills,
Sometimes—we know not how, nor why, nor whence—
The twitter of the swallows 'neath the eaves,
The shimmer of the light amid the leaves,
Will strike up thro' the thick roofs of our sense,
And show us things which seers and sages saw.
In the grey earth's green dawn something doth stir,
Like organ hymns within us, and doth awe.

—*The Boston Congregationalist.*

THE APOSTLES OF THE SOUTH-EAST.

BY FRANK T. BULLEN.

Author of "With Christ at Sea," etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A BRIGHTER DAY DAWNS.

AMONG the many interesting details which Saul had acquainted Jemmy with was the determination of a portion of the "Asteroid's" crew—those who had no homes—to come over to Rotherhithe and lodge with Saul for a time. To think that the little meeting on the "Waste" would be reinforced by such a sturdy band of recruits ıe good cause, won by his child in the faith too, was for ıy most delightful and uplifting much so that he was hardly able ıtain himself for joyful anticipa- ɔf Sunday, or refrain from fear- ɜst the weather should be, as it ɔeen of late, utterly inclement. ɔt the friend who had painted the ı on the centre beam of the Hall ıw up a big flaring bill, which was up outside the Hall, and notified ıd sundry that a band of con- ı sailors would be present at the ngs on Thursday and Sunday, of which would be held on the ɜte," weather permitting. And ɜver he went he spread the news ɘgged his hearers to do the same. consequence of his efforts in this ːion, the Hall on Thursday was well filled—much better, indeed, he had hoped for. But many of udience came from local chapels, ı by curiosity to see and hear a of converted sailors. Saul, of e, was quite in his element, and with his usual fervour and force, ıs friends from the ship were ner- and shy, as might naturally be ted. However, the meeting went a grand swing, and a few of the ıntents who broke away with ɔn on the previous Sunday, re- ŋg of their hasty decision, came again, quietly hoping that they ı not be spoken to about their ɔrary disloyalty.

t of all, Paterson was there, sit- ight at the back, and looking wist- at Jemmy. The latter soon spied him, and at the first opportunity made his way towards him and entreated him to come to the front. He firmly resisted all Jemmy's importunities, saying in effect that when he had proved by his life that he really was a changed man, he would confess Christ openly before all the world if need be, but at present he felt that his place was that of one who was only just allowed inside the doors of such a place. He handed five shillings over to Jemmy as partial repayment of what had been given him to start him again, and gratefully admitted that he had been doing very well.

Two incidents also occurred at this meeting well worth recalling, not merely for their bearing upon the history of the mission, but for their intrinsic importance. One was the coming out of a young commercial clerk, brought up in the strictest forms of religion, but until then utterly case-hardened to Christian influences, and the other the falling in love of a beautiful young seamstress of unimpeachable character with Saul. It may sound almost brutally premature to state this fact in such an abrupt manner, but I do not know that any good end would be served by making a mystery of it or dragging it out by slow degrees through half a dozen pages.

Of the two incidents mentioned I have intentionally given it the second place, because I am sure as it is possible to be of such a thing, that the conversion of that clerk had a far more widely reaching importance than Saul's first (and last) love story. Therefore I must go on to say that this young man, in the full vigour of manhood (he had just come of age), came deliberately forward and confessed his faith in Christ, and announced his determination to cast in his lot with God's people. And as an earnest of his sincerity he then and there handed in a goodly portion of his savings (£5), and offered to serve in any capacity that might be required of him. I do not wish to anticipate, but I feel compelled to say that William Maylie was, and is, the most perfect example of what the grace of God can make of a man that ever I saw. He now holds a fairly high position in his business. Worldly matters have

prospered with him, but he is just the same humble Christian, eager to be doing good, and caring not one jot for authority or fame, as he was the first night of his conversion.

At the Saturday evening prayer-meeting there was a full muster. All day Friday and a good deal of Saturday, Saul and his four shipmates had been doing the historic sights of London, soaking up with all the novice's avidity the glories of South Kensington, Westminster, St. Paul, and the Zoo.

These five came down to Wren Lane Hall ready not only to pray but to praise. Their eyes had seen many wonders of nature and art, and their souls had prompted them to thank God, which is as it should be, but, alas! seldom is. When they arrived they found that their fame had preceded them (owing to the indefatigable way in which Jemmy had made known their history), and there was a record attendance for a Saturday evening prayer-meeting. There was also a swing, a go, in the proceedings that no one present could remember as having been attained before.

Now, during the singing of one of the hymns Saul, who sat with Jemmy, facing the audience, suddenly caught the eyes of a young lady in the congregation fixed upon him with so earnest, so all-embracing a gaze, if I may use the word, that he was dumbfounded. His voice faltered, and he ceased to sing. That wistful, beseeching look awoke in him something that until then had been in the chrysalis stage.

He could hardly help feeling, such was the magnetic power of Elizabeth Carter's eyes, that there might be a possibility of his being loved by some sweet girl, who would by and by consent to become his wife. So at the moment the meeting closed he whispered to Jemmy a question as to whether he knew that young lady, pointing a quivering finger at her back as she passed down the hall towards the exit. No, Jemmy did not know her, but he would try and find out. And with that scant comfort, Saul was compelled to be content, and hope that some fortunate accident would bring him and the young woman together. He was so wrapped in thought as he and his four companions strolled homeward to their comfortable lodgings through the crowded streets that the latter could not help remarking upon his preoccupied air. So he shook it off and was soon his own cheerful self again. He was very glad, though, to be alone in agen, an' I'll tell you wot it is, my meditation with his Friend, bring this new and startling upheaval in the placid flow of his Christian life to the testing touch.

Do what he would he could find no condemnation for the trend of his thoughts, and at last he sank on his knees and fervently asked God to guide him. And if, he said, it was not contrary to God's will concerning him, he would well love to be married, to look forward at his home-coming for a dear human face whose eyes would beam for him alone. Who would wait for him, pray for him, and—yes, there was an exquisite thrill in the thought—would perhaps give him a living pledge of love that should bind him closer than ever to the Lord and Giver of Life, and enable him better to understand the heart of the Father.

Sunday dawned bright and clear. At the breaking of bread the sailors' presence gave an added interest to the weekly ceremony that brought quite a new flutter of joy to the hearts of the faithful ones. What it meant to the visitors no one could say. They would have characterized it, had they been able to put their thoughts into words, as Jacob did the holy place of Luz: "This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." As if unable to keep away from the place, they came again to the Sunday-school, endearing themselves so much to the children that school did not break up till an unusually late hour, and then when the scholars had gone they, the sailors, sat on with Jemmy and Brother Salmon discussing the finances and building of the hall. When they heard of the ebb-tide in its prosperity which set in with Paterson's robbery, they were touched to the heart, and at once made up the amount needed to put the mission on a solvent footing. Then they went joyously home to their tea, firmly refusing to burden Jemmy's humble abode with their presence, with a forethought for his comfort and a delicacy that would have done credit to the best-reared gentleman in the land.

The lovely day drew peacefully to its close, the evening being calm, bright, and mild, with a glorious full moon. And with thankful hearts the mission folks gather together and marched to their old station on the "Waste," to enjoy a meeting in the open air snatched out of the closed season of winter. The wonderful weather had, as it always does, drawn many people

r a little fresh air and exercise, .t by the time the meeting was under way a goodly audience ıthered. Jemmy was in splendid all his late despondency having .ed, and his heart beating high ıope. When he told the people home-coming of Saul and his ɜn in the faith, and in his ɜring yet graphic way had de- i the joys of their voyage with ɔrd in command of their ship, were many bystanders who won- whether he was not inventing d story for their benefit. But Saul, whose face was familiar ny in the neighbourhood from ɜmer ministrations in that place, d forward, the interest was in- Every word he spoke was lis- to as if it was an oracle. He said little about himself, and that ieprecatingly.

t omission, however, was more ɜmedied when his brother sea- esponded to the call made upon One by one they gave their testimony; but none of them to tell their hearers that had it ɜen for the brave and noble made by Saul among them they never have known how good racious a thing it was to serve ɔrd. By some magnetic power were continually being drawn unseen sources, until a larger than had ever before been seen the "Waste" was gathered the speakers. At the culmin- point of the meeting there was e bustle, a whispered consulta- .nd forth stepped Jemmy Pater- ɪidently under strong tension of nent, a condition which at once ınicated itself to his audience. ıt any preliminary he burst out

ɔky 'ere, people, most on yer me, but there ain't many on ɔws any good of me. I ben a t 'un, I 'ave, but I never done k quite so bad as I did w'en I into these 'ere blokes' drum Wren Lane an' pinched all the ey collected t' pay the landlord I robbed a good many people ıight, I know, but these poor 'ad t' put up wiv the conse- ɜs. An' wot did they do when I agen an' broke meself all up t' do annuvver grab. W'y, ooked arter me w'ile I was in firmary, they made it as light y could for me 'fore the madgs- an' w'en I come aht they met the gate o' th' jug an' welcomed if I'd a-ben their long-lorst bruvver. They set me up in bisness agen, an' I'll tell you wot it is, my bisness pays me nah. I fine 'at 'cause I've learnt t' speak the trufe, to give good weight, an' be perlite an' puncshal I'm gittin' more an' more work every day. These people put me on to that as a sorter reward for 'aving robbed 'em an' made 'em dreaaful dahn in the mouth fur a time.

"Then w'en they see I was sorry fur wot I done (I was, too) they arsked me ter come in wiv 'em an' serve Gord same as they did. I ses no, I ses: 'I don't feel 'sif I c'd stick it, an' I ain't a-goin' ter make a mock of you ner Gord neiver, 'f I k'n 'elp it.' But on the q. t. I fort I would 'ave a try wivout syin' anyfink t' anybody, so I screws up me eyes tight an' I ses: 'Ho Gord, I don't know where y'are, I carn't see yer, an' 'et feel ye, but I can see wot them people 's like wot ses 'at you makes 'em wot they is. Nah, I'm on'y a pore ignant coster, a bit of a gun, an' in general no good. Try yer 'an' on me. I'm willing', s' 'elp me Gord, I'm willin'. I'll put up wiv anyfink, go anywheres, do anyfink, if on'y you'll make me as good as that lot wot's treated me as they 'ave.'

"Then I went on wiv me job. When I was firsty I 'ad a drink er water; w'en I was a-buyin' I didn't tell the lies I useter, er give a bloke a pint t' rob his guv'nor for my benefit; 'n' when I wos a-selling' I didn't tell everybody I was a-sellin' my goods fur less 'n wot I giv fur 'em. At least, I say I did or didn't do all these 'ere fings. I don't want t' tell no lies, an' yit I carn't rightly 'splain to yer wot I mean. I don't feel 's if I did em 't all. I feel 'sif somefink inside of me was a-doin' 'em, w'ile I only 'ad t' be quite still.

"Well, I fought I'd go on like that quite quiet like an' not a-syin' anyfink fur fear I should break aht agen, until t'-night I come dahn 'ere wiv a bit er brass t' pay back somer wot I stole, w'en I 'eard that there bloke torkin' abaht wot 'e calls bearin' witness fur Gord. An' ses I t' meself, ses I, you ain't a-doin' that. Yore 'edgin', that's wot yore a-doin'. Yore a-leavin' a back door t' slip out on case you shou'd feel like 'avin' a fling bimeby. W'y, you ain't arf a man, I ses, just like that, 'sif I was a-torkin' t' somebody else. Nah be a man, ses I, wotever you do; toe the mark an' tell the people, so's if ever you do go wrong arter this they'll be able to spot yer fer the dirty dorg y' are. Thet's w'y I'm a-stannin' up 'ere. I carn't

tork t' yer like this fine bloke" (patting Saul on the shoulder), "but I can say this, that all rahnd abaht every one 'at wants to do right, be right, live right, there's 'elpin' 'ands; aht o' sight, but real. An' I b'lieve they're the 'ands of Almighty Gord."

There was an awe-stricken silence as Paterson retired. Such a frank outpouring of a man's inmost soul-strugglings must have an immediate effect upon such a promiscuous crowd as were gathered on the "Waste" that night. So when Bill Harrop took Paterson's place there were many weary ones panting with desire to obtain a share of the blessings which the latter indicated as having become his. Bill began to speak, and as he did so one of his hearers whispered to his neighbour: "It's a fair knock-aht, ain't it? W'y, I remember w'en 'ee was a scorcher an' no mistake. You'd on'y gotter look at 'im ter give 'im a wide berf. An' nah 'e looks quite the gentlemin."

All unconscious of these remarks, Bill was fervently inviting all and sundry to come and make the acquaintance of his newly found Friend. "If yer don't believe wot I say," he cried, "I'll tell yer wot to do. You go an' arsk my wife 'n kids. They know the difference 'tween wot I was an' wot I am An' I believe they knows, too, the trufe o' wot Bruvver Paterson's just been a-tellin' yer—that I didn't do it, ner yet these dear people 'ere; it was th' 'and of Gord wot did it, wot made me clean, 'onest, an' sober. Let him 'ave a try at yerselves, those of yer 'oo knows at yer needs it. Gord bless yer."

Again there was a great scene. Unfortunately it was impossible to avoid the awkward effects of physical excitement altogether, and no doubt there were some who professed to find eternal life who were only temporarily carried away by the prevailing impression. That, however, was not for the preachers to desire. Theirs only to do as they were bidden and afterward to look for the fruits of their labours. "Bless Gord," cried Jemmy, "we got a 'All t' arsk yer inter. Come along all on yer inter th' 'All. Le's 'ave a praise meeting. Le's give Gord fanks for all 'e's done fur us. Praise 'is 'Oly Name!"

So they went in a body, and foremost among them went Miss Carter. Seeing that Saul was somewhat overloaded with books, chairs, etc., she said, "Let me take some of those books for you," and that broke the ice. All the way to the hall they chatted about the work that was being done, and before they parted they had made arrangements to see more of each other.

It would have been hard to find anywhere upon earth so happy a lot of people as had emerged from the Wren Lane Mission Hall that night. Obscure, unknown, unclassified among religious agencies, it had yet done more to justify its existence in that one day's work among the class that the Lord of Light came down to minister unto than many a stately cathedral had done in all the centuries of its existence. Its value was to them as life is to stone.

Saul had arranged to meet Miss Carter on the next evening and take her for a walk. In his own mind he had planned a course of action the outcome of which you shall learn in due time. To say that he was happy would be ineffectual. He was always happy. But this night his happiness had a special quality. His life seemed suddenly to acquire a greater significance, a higher value than ever before. In short, upon his placid pursuit of doing good to all from love to God had been superposed the blessedness of doing good to one for love of herself. Not a totally different thing, but rather an essence of the same.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SAUL'S WOOING AND WEDDING.

Very punctually on the Monday Saul was at the appointed trysting place. He had satisfactorily disposed of his shipmates for the evening, not without some qualms at thus leaving them to themselves. Had Saul but realized it, those poor fellows were rather relieved to be their own masters for a little while. They loved Saul intensely, but all the same, the sensation of being continually in leading-strings is not a pleasant one for grown men; they love to feel that they are trusted.

When he saw Miss Carter tripping along towards where he stood expectant, he noted with an accelerated heart-beat her fair, fresh face, her dainty dress, and graceful movements, and he felt an intense delight that he was thus favoured. Shyly he offered her his arm, and felt her little hand fall upon his coat-sleeve with a sense of proprietorship utterly unjustifiable, of course, after so short an acquaintance, but still most natural under the circumstances.

:e he and Miss Carter had gone
he was telling her of his early,
struggle for life; of that un-
ather who, he was sure, had
d over him through all those
days; of his godless youth, and
rbreadth escapes from death in
grim forms; of his conviction
aversion, and his new-born long-
live for the Lord who had
him, and was always training
) to do what he needed to be
a the particular sphere of influ-
ontrolled by the speaker.

Carter was, in some sort, over-
y this outburst on the part of
She did not understand it. She
een impressed more or less
cially and emotionally by what
d heard on the "Waste" and
Hall, and all she needed was
ding influence, a divine control
er thoughts, feelings, emotions
you will—to make her a great
for good into whatever society
ight be cast. At this present
he felt that such a power was
by her, but made the perfectly
l mistake of supposing that
ould supply it. Manlike, Saul
w a dainty, pretty young woman
g upon his words; he only felt
ere was an extension of his
'or God into a pleasant region,
:ess to which had hardly been
:d of before, and the discovery
him into a very sea of delight.
ie talked on and on, looking
fondly into those humid eyes
azed up into his with so much
nt appreciation of what he was
, although, to say truth, it was
f, not his words, that was bring-
at gaze of all-embracing affec-
ito them. By and by he said:

Miss Carter—but may I call
izzie?" She did not answer
ly, but her look and the slight
re of her hand on his arm was
nt. "Now, Lizzie, I'm going
to you, for you've encouraged
what I never said to any wo-
efore. I love you, and if you
ve me well enough to share my
h me, be my wife. You'll make
ry happy, for at present I have
ne, and all my energies, all my
gs, go to the Wren Lane Mis-

And I can't help feeling that
ould like me to have a dear
wife (like you) and a home of
n. But you know I'm a sailor,
g my living away from home,
)metimes not seeing England
er a year. It's a poor lot I'm
you to share, but I promise you
'll do my best to find work
ashore as soon as possible if you'll
only be my wife. Will you?"

He was overjoyed, almost dizzy with
delight when she shyly murmured,
"Yes, dear." They were in a quiet
street at the time, with no passers-
by, and with a sudden movement their
lips met in the betrothal kiss, an act,
to Saul's mind, at any rate, as solemn
and binding as his baptism had been.
They walked on for a while in silence
till Saul suddenly broke in by saying:
"Tell me, Lizzie, dear, have you no
friends or parents whom I ought to
see? Surely you are not, like me,
quite alone in the world except for
my Lord's precious company."

"Not quite, but very nearly," she
sighed. "I have a father and a
mother, separated from each other as
so many are in this cruel London,
and I do not know where either of
them is just now. I haven't seen
mother for over six months. I live
with an old cousin, a dear old soul,
who's got a little private dressmaking
business, and we've been fairly happy
together since the awful day I came to
what was home then, from a ma-
chinist's place I'd got, and found the
furniture all cleared out, and father
and mother gone, nobody knew where.
She—my cousin Carrie—as soon as I
went an' told her what had happened,
invited me to come to her and share
what she'd got, and as far as she could
she'd be a mother to me now my own
had deserted me. She has been all
that. I've been fairly fortunate in
getting work when she hadn't enough
to keep us both goin', and I've had
no illnesses, thank God, or I don't
know what we should have done."

Saul's face grew very grave as he
drew a mental picture of what friend-
less girls have always before them in
a great city when they can find no
work, and no one feels that it is any
part of their duty to look after them;
and he drew the little hand, resting so
confidingly upon his strong arm, closer
and more firmly to his side as he made
a vow to do what in him lay to be
both father and mother to its owner.

How very sudden, says some one, for
such high affection to develop! It
may be, but then sailors must be sud-
den in these matters, the time at their
disposal being so short. Moreover,
there are many hearts wherein love
has been long accumulating like waters
behind a dam, until it only needs a
touch to release them and spread them
in vast volume over all obstacles.

Saul, suddenly conscience-stricken at
the way in which he had walked her
on and on, forgetting how different her

strength must be to his, invited her to have a meal with him in a quiet restaurant near by, for they were now at Greenwich. The food was very welcome, and the meal to Saul was almost a sacred one, the first of all his experience. His eyes, looking through love's glamour, invested her with a holy light. She was transfigured, becoming a being far uplifted from the common herd of mortals. And he, why should he be privileged to (delicious thought) kiss her. Oh, meed past all deserving, how humble it made him feel!

When that happy evening drew to a close, and the lovers parted, Saul felt as if life, always holding a sense of want before, had now completed its full circle. Upon entering their snug lodgings, his shipmates greeted him noisily, being unfeignedly glad to see him. They told him that they had visited the "Asteroid," and had been informed that she was going round to Cardiff in a month's time to load coals for Hong-Kong; that the mate had given them to understand that it was probable no one of her old crew, except the carpenter and the sail-maker (who seemed to be as much a part of her as her stern-post), would be likely to go in her again, for Captain Vaughan had received an appointment already to a fine large steamer, the mate and second mate had both been transferred to other ships, and consequently none of the daydreams they had all indulged in about being again a united and happy ship's company were likely to be realized. For a moment, but only for a moment, Saul was saddened by this news that he was, in place of the pleasant voyage he had looked forward to, booked for another uphill fight; but faith soon resumed her reign, and remembering his latest joys, he was cheered again.

While the five sat smoking and yarning, happily as sailors will when they are well fed and housed, and have nothing on their minds, Jemmy Maskery was announced. He was also received uproariously, and made specially welcome. He said he had only run over for a little while to speak to Saul and could not stay. If Saul would come out with him for a few minutes he'd be glad. Truth to tell, he was anxious to escape from that tobacco-laden atmosphere, for in days past he had been a passionate lover of the weed, and, having given it up because he thought it hindered him in his Christian work, he dreaded the temptation which the smell brought to bear upon him.

In the joy of his home-coming, he had forgotten that while he had been happily employed, and his wages steadily accumulating, his dear chum Jemmy had been fighting the ever-lurking wolf that sometimes puts his head right in at the door. With words to this effect Saul pressed a sovereign into Jemmy's unresisting hand, and besought Jemmy to count on him for any need that might arise, assuring him that he could never come in vain while there was a shot in the locker, which Jemmy knew to be absolutely true.

During the next week matters prospered mightily with the mission. Day after day saw fresh converts pouring in, for, on the initiative of Saul, a week's mission had been entered upon with services every night, and the fame of the Wren Lane Mission began to spread abroad among the local churches and chapels, so that their members were fain to visit the converted cow-shed and see if these things were really so. Consequently Saul found little time for courting; but such opportunities as came in his way he utilized so well that when he had been three weeks ashore he and Miss Carter had decided to marry at once at the registrar's office and have a little religious service at the Hall in the evening. They had no one to consult but themselves. Saul had engaged to go in another ship, the "Ferozepore," to Calcutta as bo'sun, and would leave in a fortnight's time, so that their decision not to delay their union any longer was an utterly blameless one.

Saul's four shipmates were unhappily not able to wait and go with him again, but they saw him married, and in the evening at Wren Lane Hall there was a meeting that no one who was present can ever forget. Jemmy was, as the patriarch bestowing his blessing on the newly wedded pair, beyond all criticism.

The evening ceremony over, Saul and his bride retired to her cousin's humble home, where such provision as was possible had been made for the couple; very plain and poor, it is true, but not at all uncomfortable, and, indeed, when compared with what both of them had been compelled to endure in their childhood, it was not very far removed from luxury. Here we may leave them to enjoy this springtide of life, all the more precious because each knew that it was bound to be so exceedingly brief, and that it would so soon be succeeded by a long, long period of lonely waiting, of hope de-

not worse—in fact, of all that are summed up in the paration" when applied to m we love.

CHAPTER XXV.

SCENDS INTO DARK PLACES.

over the pathetic parting ween Saul and his wife. He ier in good hands, and with ay of £2 5s. per month to it her own fairly good earn- as not without hope that she comfortable until his return. arriage having deprived the his half-pay, and coming as on the top of their catas- uld only be called a severe : such was the love they bore they all rejoiced in his hap- lowing no selfish thought of impending troubles to creep there was certainly one ot in the gloom ahead. It the latest convert, the young taken hold of things in so a fashion that already the had begun to lean upon him tical situations, to depend calm, clear common-sense, e all to feel that whatever pen to the mission, he would resources to the utmost be- ould come to grief.

Jackson and his band had Hall for themselves in a dis- ing-case makers' shop only is away, and were carrying orous a campaign that the Wren Lane were seriously

ile the novelty was at- Curiosity led many strange the new conventicle, to hear women who could do little read plain print, and could rite their own names, dis- mong themselves—yes, and g from the platform—ob- nts of exegesis such as have e most learned, not to say t, men of all ages. They eek and Hebrew, questioned lation of passages that did n to fit their theories of the nd carried themselves, these ones, as if upon them and had fallen the divine gift ng all tongues, knowing all , and (this was the most phase of all) of being ex- such mortal frailties as sin se.

After a fortnight of such happiness as he had hitherto only dimly imagined to be possible on earth came the day of Saul's departure for a voyage estimated to last at least nine months. His bride was inconsolable. She could not see him off, for his vessel left at 4 a.m., so he bade her farewell at their bedside on his knees, tenderly commending her to the care of his Father, and humbly asking that he might be spared to find her happy and hearty on his return.

When he arrived on board all was perfectly quiet. A decrepit seaman, given the job as a pension, was watchman. He informed Saul that he was the only man on board, and that from what he had seen he didn't expect that she would leave at tide-time. But he admitted that he did not know the "old man," upon whom so much depends on board ship. Saul, however, knowing from experience what sort of a day awaited him on the morrow, took one preliminary survey of his new home as he smoked his good-night pipe, with the firm intention of getting all the rest practicable while he had the opportunity.

She was what the modern sailor knows as a "four-poster"—that is, a four-masted sailing ship. She had been badly neglected; Saul could see that even at night; and badly found into the bargain. One or two blocks and gipsies that he tried would hardly move, without any suggestion of leverage being obtained by them. And he sighed as he thought of the wild work there would be in Channel if they should encounter a sudden gale unless they were fortunate in having a most extraordinary crew.

"Now, then, bo'sun; —— —— the man, is he drunk too, I wonder? Here, bo'sun, turn out an' see about gettin' th' ship outer dock. Y' ought ter been on deck long ago, y' know."

An angry voice in the darkness, its owner invisible behind a bull's-eye lantern, a sense of utter bewilderment as to why he was thus assailed, a feeling of compunction that it should have been found necessary—all these sensations flashed through Saul's mind in less than two seconds. Then, apologetically murmuring, he sprang out of his bunk, and the mate, for it was he, departed, the absence of his body from the doorway permitting the entry of a whirl of snow. One thing was plain to Saul as he hurried on his clothes: the old watchman had omitted to call him, for never before had he lain down again after having been once aroused.

Climbing to the upper deck, he found the mate bawling frantically to some invisible person on the quay, whose answering yells came weirdly up through the darkness. As soon as the mate turned, Saul confronted him, saying: "Beg yer pardon, Mr. Jones, but I hope you won't think me slack. I was never called. I'll take yer orders now, sir."

"Never called, en?" sneered the mate. "Seems to me I've heard that yarn before. An' as t' orders, d'ye know yer work er don't ye? I sh'd think any —— fool 'd know 'at the first thing was t' git yer men together, an' the sooner y' see to it the better. Just move lively now, or else you and me won't be friends very long."

"Ay, ay, sir," rose automatically to Saul's lips, but his heart was hot within him. He controlled himself, though and descending swiftly to the main deck, began to look for his crew. With great difficulty he found them stowed away in all sorts of corners in the two sides of the forecastle. But his heart sank as one by one they revealed their uselessness. There were negroes, Italians, Spaniards, Greeks, Scandinavians, and three Britons. Of them all, only the three Britons were of any use, and they were fairly fresh with drink. But they were three splendid fellows, with the old bull-dog contempt for "dagoes" and "squareheads," and in spite of their potations they rose to the occasion. Not one of the others could Saul get on deck. Some were swinishly drunk, others were apparently nearly dead with cold, but all were absolutely helpless. And at last Saul, having done all that man could do, called upon his three stalwarts to follow him, and made his way on to the forecastle, where he acquainted the mate with the state of affairs.

That officer was a young man of great assurance and scant ability, possessed of a fluent command of bad language and little else. This was his first voyage as mate. He was in a strange ship, and he had a notion that a loud voice and a bullying manner were all that were necessary to get along as mate of a big British sailing-ship. So he turned threateningly to Saul, and with many an oath inquired whether he (the mate) was expected to do bo'sun's work as well. Then, his voice rising ever higher, he ordered Saul to go and turn the hands out and act like a man, not like an adjective baby in long clothes. Saul waited respectfully until he had finished, his mind busy with the retrospect of the "Asteroid." Then he calmly said:

"I did my best with them, sir, before I troubled you. Perhaps you had better just come and look at 'em. They may be all right by the time we get to Gravesen', though I doubt it. Any'ow, all there is to do between here and there I dare say these three, the carpenter and sail-maker, apprentices, and myself can manage."

"Oh, git out o' *my* way!" stormed the mate as he rushed down the fo'csle ladder and aft to where the skipper stood talking with the river pilot.

Captain Fortescue was the very antipodes of Captain Vaughan of the "Asteroid." His idea of maintaining discipline was to play one officer off against the other, the crew against the officers, enjoying as much the endless cabals that took place and the general feeling of dissatisfaction as some men enjoy a game of chess. At the present moment he was in a very happy frame of mind. He was certainly not drunk, but he had been drinking freely, and in some circles he would have been called pot-valiant. Having heard the mate's report, he said gaily:

"Excuse me, pilot, I'll have t' go an' see what I kin do to git my crew out. You know, same old thing; takes me to see a job like this through." So he strode jauntily off, followed by the mate, who told him as he went that the bo'sun was a poor thing, hadn't got a word to throw at a dog.

"That so?" answered the skipper. "Well, Mr. Jones, I guess I've trained a few bo'suns in my time. I'll have a look at him directly."

They reached the fo'csle and found, as Saul had said, that the case was hopeless. They could do nothing with the men; more like logs of wood than human beings, who seemed alike insensible to blows and abuse and who if dragged to their feet collapsed immediately they were let go.

So the attempt was relinquished, a tacit admission that Saul was right. Yet such is the perversity of human nature, that both the mate and skipper hated Saul more because he was right than they would have done had they found him to be wrong. But the ship had to go, crew or no crew. So all through the bitterness of that morning, Saul, his three men, the apprentices and the carpenter (the sail-maker was speechlessly drunk in his berth) laboured to get things shipshape and Bristol fashion, and longed for Gravesend.

In due time they arrived there and

ored, the tug sheering off and oring near to wait the pilot's de- ı as to when the "Ferozepore" d be ready for sea. At intervals ıghout the day Saul, the mate, the second mate visited the e, always treating the three ers with respect (which they had earned), but it was not until day- ɪ the next morning that the poly- crowd were available for work. t sort of a fist they would make he vast sails overhead no one '; they must trust to Providence. nay not draw the picture of that ng under weigh. Of how the mate Saul were just policemen keeping arp eye upon the miserable men were continually slipping away r. Of how those two sorely wor- officers had to bear the burden ıe whole ship's company and do own work as well. The tug- having slipped her hold, the huge ozepore" went blundering down ınel, zigzag fashion, the wind ; almost dead ahead.

ul, the most blameless, the hard- orking of all her crew, was now, he irony of fate, in almost the t position. He saw his useless slinking away into hiding; saw cruelly the want of men to do the bore upon the tenderly nurtured entices paying to learn their pro- on and being used as a substitute nen who must be paid, and he was sad.

ree days, three weary, month- days this lasted, and by dint of stent hammering the "Feroze- " was well outside the Channel. he fourth night, the wind having l and freshened at the same time, ands were detained at eight bells ıght to trim sail. It was pitchy and the air was filled with ırift. All hands, with the excep- of the petty officers, slouched t their work, muttering curses in various tongues upon the hard- ı accompanying the life of them go down to the sea in ships, ı the thickness to windward sud- r materialized. It assumed a ıtic, an awful shape. Forth blazed two terrible eyes of red and green, and high overhead pointed threateningly a long white finger. Then came a hideous, grinding crash, a piercing wail in many tones, and the "Ferozepore" turned on her side and sank, another item in the tribute demanded by the sea from its votaries.

At the moment of impact Saul was fast asleep. Rudely awakened, he leaped on deck, and seeing no one, imagined that all had sought refuge on board the mighty hull that was boring its way steadily through the ribs of his ship. Just pausing a moment to awaken thoroughly his berthmates, the carpenter, sail-maker, and cook, Saul ran up the main rigging and leaped hazardously upon the deck of the steamship. There was no one there. He ran aft and mounted the bridge; still no one. Then, as he was about to descend, he was confronted by the captain, who, flung out of his berth by the concussion, had just scrambled on deck to find his chief officers missing and the Chinese crew hidden away no one knew where.

Naturally the captain of the "Shan-hai-kwan" was anxious about his future, but, as he said, he could not be on deck all the time. And his chief officer was a first-class man. They were both Germans and the steamer belonged to Japan. Poor Saul had nothing to say. His mind was full of the terrible happenings of the last hour, and the knowledge that in all probability every soul on board the "Ferozepore" had been drowned but himself. But his meditations were rapidly cut short. The "Shan-hai-kwan" had not only stove in her bows; she had done much other serious damage to her hull, and she was sinking fast. There was a wild upward rush of coolies from below, a hissing of escaping steam, guttural German oaths, as pidgin-English was forgotten by the officers, a few dropping shots from revolvers, one last wild scramble, and Saul found himself alone on the Atlantic clutching a hen-coop, the waves rising and falling monotonously around.

(To be continued.)

To-morrow, what delight is in to-morrow!
What laughter and what music, breathing joy,
Float from the woods and pastures, wavering down,
Dropping like echoes through the long to-day,
Where childhood waits with weary expectation.

—*T. B. Read.*

THE HUMBERT SWINDLE.

BY EUGENE P. LYLE, JR.

AS there ever such a triumph of faith? To declare yourself worth twenty-four millions of dollars and to keep on declaring it until hard-headed bankers and merchants are willing to lend you ten millions in cash and enable you to live in luxury for eighteen years, without the slightest occasion to draw on your imaginary capital. A novelist would laugh at such a plot, yet this is exactly what Therese Daurignac, wife of Frederic Humbert, has actually accomplished. "Only the rich can borrow," was the heroine's motto, but she improved on it. "If you seem to be rich, you can borrow." This she believed, and this she proved to be true.

The originator and chief executor of the scheme was Therese Humbert. She came of an obscure provincial family, with a bar sinister in her genealogy no further back than her father, and as for money, she had not a franc to spare. This last was a great misfortune, for to rise in the world Therese knew she must marry above her, and without a *dot* a French girl may not marry at all. And besides all this, Therese had a very plain face. However, she was not disconcerted and, looking round her, she picked out one Frederic Humbert, the son of a distinguished neighbour, who had once been Minister of Justice. The husband found, Therese calmly invented the *dot*. A rich Portuguese, so she said, had fallen from his horse while travelling through the neighbourhood. She and her sister had nursed him back to health, and the Portuguese, after continuing his journey home, considerately died, leaving his fortune to the demoiselles Daurignac. "Demoiselles" Therese put it, and as an apostrophe can make a family, she spelled her name d'Aurignac.

Therese had early adopted a role. She acquired a timid lisp and a naive candour in all she said, as though leaning confidently on the severe strength of her listener. The listener habitually got the idea of a helpless child, frightened before the dreadful world, and could not hold back his sympathy. Little would he suspect in the clinging, honest-eyed country lass the unimpassioned calculations of a wicked woman. Either the Humberts did not know the falseness of this story of the Portuguese or they were accomplices. At any rate, Therese married her Frederic. He turned out a good husband and refrained from handing her over to the police. In return he accepted money from his wife—money to publish his poems and money to paint, or have painted, canvases signed by himself, which were hung at the Salon.

In Paris, of all places, a man is suspicious of his neighbour. Yet the Humberts came to Paris. Having procured the first requisite, a convenient husband, Therese set about the real business in hand. She must gratify her inordinate pride. That meant money. Therefore she must borrow. But people lend only to the rich. Well, then, she must be rich.

The Humberts took a mansion in the Bois and kept open house luxuriously. Magistrates and barristers called upon the son of their old Minister of Justice and the son's bride, and they were made very welcome. After them came the aristocracy of wealth. The presence of the first inspired the confidence of the second, and the game began in earnest. Long before this the Portuguese had been discarded, forgotten; but now an American was substituted, an American named Crawford, as wealthy as Frenchmen suppose all Americans to be. Crawford, it appears, had died in a small hotel at Nice, September 6th, 1877. He passed away quite suddenly, so much so indeed that he had no time to make a will in the presence of a notary. He managed, however, to write two lines in pencil upon the wall beside his bed. Those two lines gave his entire fortune, amounting to one hundred and twenty million francs, to his benefactress, Mlle. Therese d'Aurignac.

This is how the story was utilized: One morning, Humbert, senior, the senator and ex-Minister, comes all radiant to a friend's house and announces that his children have just inherited an immense fortune. Congratulations, of course. Humbert,

thereupon invites the friend
ttle celebrating breakfast. At
ast only intimate friends are
, among them four big-wigs in
d politics. After coffee, Hum-
enior, draws his friend aside
gns to his daughter-in-law to
The ex-Minister grows confi-
. There are many difficulties
settling up of an inheritance of
ndred and twenty millions, and
penses incident thereto are of
heavy. Neither he nor his
er-in-law have the funds re-
They need two millions, but
e naturally disinclined to deal
surers. Their friend though
fluential banking connections,
ey would allow a commission
per cent.
very night the friend left for
and quickly negotiated a loan
millions (francs). But the
bankers have never recovered,
friend either, who loaned both
mission and a heavy sum from
pocket. He is now among the
egretful creditors.
was the beginning of it. Then
t thickened. The heirs cannot
wed to come into their fortune,
y then should they want to
? Obviously, complications are
Therese supplied them, and
d rugged they were. She had
d a dead man, but now she in-
two living ones, and these two
pt actively and viciously alive
hteen years in the bright glare
courts and the financial marts
nce. People believed that they
, too, else she could not have
ed a cent. But she did borrow
and indeed millions of francs.
not appreciate how she did it,
have to accept the fact in spite
selves. Her creditors, alas!
accept it, too.
hapter which started the neces-
omplications reads briefly as
: The Humberts, counting on
ly enjoyment of their inherit-
ad begun to live in an ex-
fashion on money borrowed.
en one bright day their ex-
ns had a setback. Two
rs called. They were Henry
bert Crawford, nephews of the
d, and they brought a second
their uncle's of the same place
me date. But according to this
he two nephews and Marie
nac, sister of Therese, were to
equally the entire fortune, ex-
a monthly allowance of thirty
d francs for Therese. Thus,
, Therese was virtually disin-
heriting herself of her imaginary fortune. But she took good care to make the two Crawfords extravagantly gallant. The elder hastened to assure her that they would not think of exacting the terms of the second will, as they certainly were entitled to do. They were each worth four or five hundred million francs, they did not know precisely how much, but anyhow the hundred million of Uncle Crawford could make no difference. So thus far it looks as though there were to be no complications.

"But," added one of the nephews, "our dear uncle had one supreme wish, and that was to see the families of Crawford and d'Aurignac united. Now, if one of us could marry you?"

"But I am already married."

"Then your sister?"

"Marie is not of age."

However, that did not matter. The brothers could wait for her. But they would not release their claims for any other consideration. Wherewith they and Mme. Humbert drew up an agreement. All the bonds, etc., composing the fortune of the late Crawford were to remain in the custody of Mme. Humbert, but they were to be kept most sacredly sequestered until the majority of Marie. Meantime the heirs were to wait, except Mme. Humbert, who was to be allowed her monthly pension out of the accruing interest. But she was not, under any pretext whatsoever, to dispose of any of the fortune, or use it as security for a loan, under penalty of forfeiting her claims entirely. Out of delicacy, the hand of Marie was not mentioned as the consideration, but it was plainly indicated by the phrasing, "an equitable transaction which both parties had amicably agreed upon."

Inspection reveals the wondrous beauties of Mme. Humbert's complications. At first sight they seem too stringent, hence no one would believe that she had invented them against herself. She could not, for instance, use the sequestered fortunes as security, but that was because she did not want to. She did not want that purely imaginary fortune seized for debt, and she could create the debts without using it as security. She had the millions in her possession, with the expectation also of eventual ownership, as soon as Marie should marry a Crawford. People do not always lend on inheritance in expectation, but Therese had hers already, actually in her house and in a strong chest. This was tempting, and they would lend. Possession, and yet inability to use,

these were the two conditions in her game most perfectly fulfilled. She needed to borrow to keep up her mode of life, and thinking of the strong chest with one hundred and twenty millions, people loaned readily enough. Besides the rates offered were seductive, and the very extravagance of the tale of the millionaires so insensately resolved to wed a peasant d'Aurignac, was its hall-mark of authenticity.

When Marie turned of age the creditors looked for her to marry a Crawford. But Marie did not want to marry a Crawford. Therese gave her the role of an obstinate maid, and Marie, a pliable child, had to play the part. Her celibacy endures to this day, so that she has well earned the title of the "eternelle fiancee." She of course could not wed her imaginary bridegroom. Nor could she marry any one else, for if she did then gone would be all claim on the pretended heritage. The poor "eternelle fiancee," now an old maid, may be placed first among the victims.

The delay of the nuptials made the creditors bothersome. But still our adventuress was ready. The Crawfords were gentlemen, she said, and they were incapable of hurrying a young girl's affections. Accordingly they had proposed in writing a second "transaction," by the terms of which they would recognize their uncle's mural will as valid, provided Mme. Humbert gave them each three million francs. So there now seemed to be no further obstacle to the opening of the chest, and the creditors were both apologetic and happy. Some of them increased their loans. But still the chest held tight, and their clamourings recommenced. Mme. Humbert could only tell them bad news. That is, the Crawfords would consider the "transaction" as nothing less than a contract of marriage, consequently they would not release the sequestered fortune until one of them had married Marie d'Aurignac. But Marie held out stubbornly against the match, and Therese was too kind a sister to insist, even for the sake of one hundred and twenty millions of francs. Instead she brought suit against the Crawfords to force them to keep to the literal terms of their proposition.

Now here is the most audacious stroke of the whole masterpiece. The ordinary crook shrinks from the law as from poison. But Therese went into the courts to play her game. For years and years the two fictitious Crawfords struggled against her bitterly, from the simple courts of first instance to the last and highest tribunals of France, and then back all over again. Mme. Humbert had so planned the litigation that it could be prolonged indefinitely. Each time her case was strong enough to win, but each time the Crawfords were left with pretext for an appeal. And so long as the fight went on, so long would the strong chest stay closed. A suit such as this is unique in legal history. For years Mme. Humbert, the abused one, stood the mock siege which she had organized against herself. The brightest talent of the French bar was arrayed on one side or the other. The costs meant a fortune, the arguments a library. And the creditors loaned more, for their only hope was the ultimate winning of the suit.

The two vital spots in Mme. Humbert's fabrication look so palpably weak that we wonder how any one could possibly have been deceived. There were the imaginary Crawfords and there was the imaginary heritage. And yet both passed muster as real. The adventuress made the best magistrates her accomplices without their knowing it, for did they not play their parts in the legal contest? And on the strength of the heritage she mulcted the sharpest of financiers, even the Jews of the Rue de la Paix, not only once, but constantly for some twenty years. Her manipulation of details, her consummate acting, we must understand in order to appreciate how her stupendous fraud became possible. The Crawfords, tireless litigants, who could doubt them? Maitre Du Buit, one of the first lawyers of Paris, states that the Crawfords had solicited his services by letter, and that they afterwards threatened him when he engaged with Mme. Humbert. Naturally he never once identified his clients and their opponents as the same people.

Maitre Parmentier, of Havre, the Crawfords' attorney, and ostensibly at least the implacable enemy of the Humberts, received his instructions sealed with a coat-of-arms—generous Therese, and for Americans, too! Parmentier could quite understand why they remained so intangible as to the flesh. Mme. Humbert had petitioned for disagreeable papers which might be served on them. Their addresses were indifferently New York, London, or Nice, but usually 1202 Broadway, New York. Here there was a hotel, but no Crawfords, nor any Crawfords ever heard of—curious ob-

scurity for a brace of millionaires. A strange man called for their letters at a Paris delivery. Since then the postal employees have recognized this man in the photograph of Romain d'Aurignac, Mme. Humbert's brother, now a fugitive from justice.

Once the Crawfords did really appear incarnate, for what was to be the betrothal supper of one of them to Mlle. Marie. This was when creditors hoped for a "yes" from the "eternelle fiancee." Twenty-five guests partook of the spread. The future groom glowed with happiness. The future bride at his side betrayed embarrassment. And when the ardent young man leaned near to slip a ring upon her finger, she impetuously shoved him back, burst into tears, and ran from the room. Mme. Humbert seemed greatly put out. She was forced to announce to her guests that the marriage would have to be postponed. The identity of the Crawfords in this instance has not been fixed. They were real enough then, and even tangible. And since then, in the courts, though not tangible, they have been most terrifically real.

The heritage, too, seemed entirely bona-fide. On every hand were evidences of millions. The display of wealth carries its own moral effect, and the swindlers lived as *grands seigneurs*. The gentlest of creditors, though, will sometimes wax importunate. But Therese always had a resource, and often one so effective that the creditor would forget to collect, and lend more. A big banker of the provinces once demanded payment, when almost at once he received a letter from an unknown capitalist seeking investment. The capitalist had heard that the banker wished to dispose of his Humbert paper, and offered to buy it all. The banker was to wire his answer to Maitre Parmentier, the Crawford lawyer. The banker refused, and hastened to lend Mme. Humbert another million. But growing again uneasy, he received another offer, this time signed Robert Crawford. If the Crawfords thought the paper good, then it must be gilt-edged. The banker has the paper to this day. But the most daring trick of all was Mme. Humbert's appearance with a small satchel before the judge then presiding over her suit. People had doubted the Crawford millions, so she had brought those millions for the judge to verify. The judge declined, that was not his function. Mme. Humbert insisted. The judge was obdurate. So Mme. Humbert took back unopened her little valise, containing one hundred and twenty million francs in bonds. That was a superb bluff.

During twenty years Mme. Humbert borrowed on her word alone. Since 1885 fully $15,000,000 of her paper, all unsecured, has floated in France. Her operations knew no limit. She exploited Tunis. She erected factories in Madagascar. She ran a newspaper. She founded an assurance scheme for aged priests, with the blessing of the Pope. She promised all things, luscious commissions, usurious interest, the administration of her future riches to each married financier, the hand of Marie to each unmarried one. The big lenders believed in the magistrates. The small lenders believed in the sagacity of the big ones. No wonder there were dupes.

One woman who had loaned her little fortune became violent in her demands. Mme. Humbert, daughter-in-law of an ex-Minister of Justice, caused her to be locked up as insane. A banker who expected to manage the heritage loaned everything, and was sorry that he could not loan more. But later he wrote a note of regret to his partners and shot himself. And there were other suicides.

At last we approach the climax. Mme. Humbert had won the case. The courts gave her leave to pay the stipulated three million francs to each of the Crawfords, and then to use the inheritance as legally her own. But Mme. Humbert had no desire for a final triumph. She protested that the taking of six million francs from the chest to pay the Crawfords would be a violation of the sequestration agreement, and that then the Crawfords could declare her claims on the fortune nullified. In vain the courts reassured her. Waldeck-Rousseau, later Premier of France, while pleading for one of the creditors, showed that Mme. Humbert had only to make a gesture to get the millions, and then he indicated the entire fraud, the non-existence of the Crawfords and the millions. He was, perhaps, the first to doubt, and almost the only one concerned in the affair who was neither accomplice nor dupe.

Shortly after, under a new pretext, the invisible Crawfords started in all over again. They demanded the revocation of Mme. Humbert's rights to the inheritance. It looked like another eighteen years siege.

"I'll judge no more," burst out one long-suffering judge, "till I actually see a Crawford."

"Nor I," declared another, the first president, Forichon, "till I see the millions."

Then an ingenious legal move sprung the crisis. M. Morel, a frightened creditor, petitioned for the judiciary sequestration of the Crawford legacy in Mme. Humbert's possession. The Crawford lawyers protested violently against any such seizing of the millions by the court. But the objection was overruled. The court decreed that an inventory should be taken of the strong chest, after which it should be re-consigned to the care of Madame Humbert. For her part the adventuress could not complain. They were not taking the millions from her. And thus, at last, she had no resource left. That protest from the Crawfords was her last card.

That ninth of last May, when the court, by its decree, was to end the mystery, proved a day of one long, ecstatic "frisson" for Paris. Early in the morning, hours before the time set, people began to gather in the Avenue de la Grande Armee, in front of the elegant Humbert "hotel." Officers of the court entered the house, and lawyers and secret service agents and creditors. The housekeeper admitted them. Mme. Humbert had gone to her chateau at Vives-Eaux, said the servant, but she would return at any minute, for so she had left word. Men of law and creditors seated themselves to wait. In eighteen years they had got used to waiting. At last M. Herbaux, procureur, snapped the strain, and it was a relief, though a sentence to their hopes. He telephoned for Cochefert, chief of the secret service. All ascended to the third floor, to the little room next Mme. Humbert's. There, like an unromantic wardrobe, stood the famous strong chest. Cochefert and two workmen who could ply the art of burglars took charge. They sawed and filed around the lock. For several of those who leaned forward so anxiously the first glimpse meant either ruin and prison or the triumph of riches. When the door finally swung open they saw some old papers, an Italian penny and a metal button. Paris enjoys laughing at a dupe, and she enjoyed that night.

Mme. Humbert, of course, did not return. Parayre, all-round confidential man, described the flight. Two days previously Mme. Humbert had come in from some hurried errands. She seemed excited. She dispatched Parayre's wife to the Government pawnshop with a pearl necklace and other jewels, for which the woman brought back forty-three thousand francs in notes. The family supper passed off calmly. Then Mme. Humbert told Parayre that they meant to leave that evening for one of their farms near Paris, where they would pass the following day, Ascension Day. Then the entire family set out as for a twilight promenade, the men reflectively smoking their cigars, all of the party absolutely unencumbered. Mme. Humbert, senior, widow of the ex-Minister of Justice, saw them last. She was going to church for evening service when her son, daughter-in-law and granddaughter overtook her. Therese seemed agitated. They wanted to say good-bye, she explained, for they were going to Saint Germain to spend Ascension Day. Mme. Humbert, senior, says that her son Frederic, appeared depressed and fagged out. He embraced her tenderly.

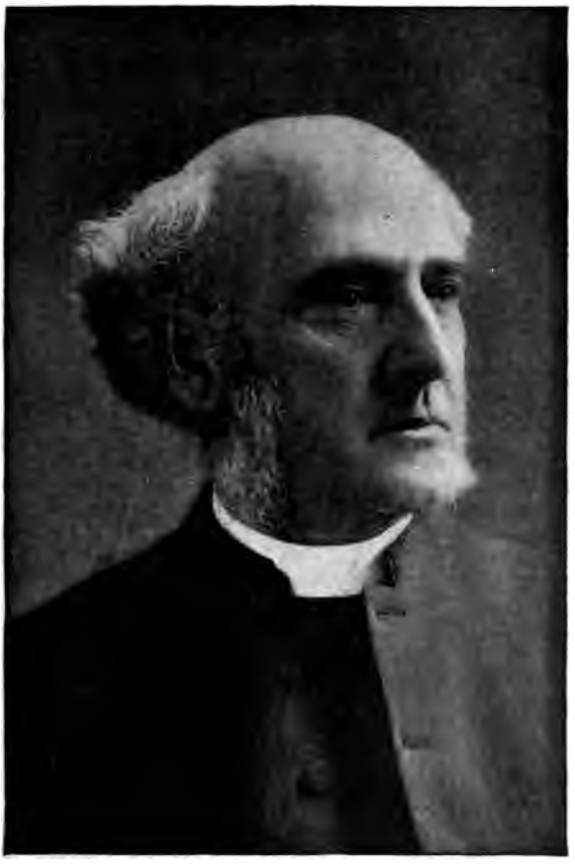
"My dear mother," he murmured, "I am so unhappy. Good-bye!"

"Pray God for me," were the farewell words of the adventuress.

With the disappearance of the Humberts there came the crash of an assurance company, capitalized at ten million francs. This was the Rente Viagere, which means income for life. It proved to be a branch fraud, managed by Romain d'Aurignac. The title suggests the scheme—a trap for the savings of the hard-working and simple. Those savings had poured in for ten years at the rate of twenty and thirty and forty thousand dollars a month. Priests had advised their flocks to so invest their economies. A clerical paper had recommended the company. Mme. Humbert had close relations at the Vatican, so it appears. Leo. XIII., it also appears, blessed the Rente Viagere. Mme. Humbert had given Peter's Pence to the tune of fifty thousand francs. So there are to-day twelve hundred poor and feeble people who had confidently looked forward to a well-earned ease in their old age, for they had trusted to the Rente Viagere. Many of them will have to trust now to public charity. We need not harass ourselves with the picture of these humble souls as they stood about the closed doors of the Rente Viagere. The mere suggestion is vivid enough. The fugitives were found in Spain and have been put on trial, but the final verdict has not yet been given.

THE REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.*

BY W. SCOTT KING.



THE REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.

SEND "Mark Guy Pearse" a post-card, and tell him you will forgive him inking his thumb, and he will present you there and then in your drawing-room with a scape of his beloved Cornwall so

* The many friends in Canada of the Rev. ark Guy Pearse will be delighted to learn at he and Mrs. Pearse are to spend the sing months of the year among us, ar- ring in September. All who heard "Guy arse" give his inimitable Cornish talks d stories will be eager to hear him again. e hope an opportunity will be granted in the principal places of the Dominion of enjoying this pleasure. The Rev. E. R. Young, Jr., B.A., of Port Carling, is authorized to make engagements for Mr. Pearse.

Before the death of his friend and colleague of many years, Hugh Price Hughes, Mr. Pearse had arranged for a prolonged visit to the New World, but in the emergency which then arose he cancelled his visit and continued in charge of the morning meeting at the West Central Mission where for many years he rendered such distinguished service. In view of Mr. Pearse's approaching visit we have pleasure in abridging from the British Monthly the accompanying character-sketch of the great preacher.—ED.

vivid that you can almost hear the dash of the waves at the foot of the cliff. He is always known as Mark Guy Pearse, or, better still, as Mark Guy. Is there a philosophy of abbreviated names and affectionate diminutives? There must be. They imply intimacy, familiarity, and loving, half-playful ownership.

This proud and loving proprietorship which so many Methodists exercise over him all the world over is by no means the least tribute to the popularity of Mark Guy Pearse, nor the least amusing feature of his hold upon his wide constituency. To all he is a favourite author (did he not write long ago "Dan'l Quorm" and "The Terrible Red Dwarf"?), tenderest consoler (has not "The Gentleness of Jesus" and "A Service for the Sick in Home and Hospital" stood by their bedside this many a year?), most understandable of preachers, most charming of guests. And can he not keep sleepy eyes open with thrilling ghost tales, and lash self-indulgent Christians with scorpion whips of Christian Socialism more successfully than any other Methodist preacher of their acquaintance?

It is a glorious but perilous office to hold, this of being friend-in-general to a Church which boasts that its members on both sides of the water number thirty millions of adherents; but the joyous burden sits lightly on the broad shoulders of Mark Guy, as indeed all burdens seem to do.

When Mr. Pearse was born I candidly do not know; and if I did, no one would believe me, were I to name the far-gone year. In spirit he cannot long have passed his teens; and as there are many who believe him to be still quite a young man, I will be the last to disillusion them. Of course he was born in Cornwall. "I am very thankful," he says, "that I was discreet enough to choose dear old Cornwall for my birthplace, with its warm-hearted Celtic folk. Life is richer, I think, among them in imagination, humour, and pathos than it is with the Anglo-Saxon; and it is a great gain for any man to have as the pictures of his youth scenes like those of our stately cliffs and sky."

When Mr. Pearse was a lad of eighteen or nineteen, he lived in Liskeard, and was articled to "Beloved Dr. Hingston," a physician. And had it not been for "Old Rosie," and the working in his young mind of her mystic prophecy that young Mark Guy would one day be a preacher, the world-known preacher, lecturer, and story-writer might to-day have been driving round a Cornish practice with a stethoscope in his hat.

The story of how he came to preach his first sermon has often been told. He did not desire to be a preacher at first, he tells us. "To be a preacher was to be poor. Preachers were dull, prosaic, awfully good. But a doctor! —that was a life indeed! To gallop about a wondering world on a horse! to cut off arms and legs!—that was excitement, glow, glory. But the prayers of Old Rosie prevailed; and though he had stoutly said to himself outside her cottage door "I won't," a Methodist preacher he became.

To Mr. Pearse life has proved anything but prosaic. His first romance occurred at Dunstable, where he married Miss Cooper. Many a pretty love story has he given us in his books, but I have a notion that if he would give us his own it would prove to be more charming than them all. Of course it must not be concluded that it was a runaway match. Nothing so romantic or—dare I say it?—so characteristic of Mr. Pearse as that.

From the very first Mark Guy Pearse was recognized as possessing a candle of pulpit genius that was not going to be put under a bushel. While at Ipswich he wrote the first of his famous stories, "John Tregenoweth—His Mark."

At Bristol he received the call to what has abundantly proved to be his rightful work. England was ringing with the Bitter Cry of Outcast London, and Methodism was being urged to adopt a Forward Movement and start a Mission in the great and profligate West End of London. But who was sufficient for these things? The unanimous answer was, Hugh Price Hughes. Mr. Hughes was accordingly asked to undertake the new and responsible task and make the experiment. His reply was that he would do so if Mark Guy Pearse would join him. Then began that famous coalition ministry of which everybody has heard.

The question is often asked how two men of such entirely different temperaments have managed to run so smoothly and successfully in double harness for so many years. Where are the points of agreement? Mr. Hughes was a High Free Churchman; Mr. Pearse cares little or nothing what people call themselves or where they worship, provided they do justly and love mercy and walk humbly before God. Mr. Hughes was a born organizer and loved administrative details;

: Guy Pearse loathes committees
i does a picnic party on the banks
he wants to fish, while ecclesi-
traces were made, he appears to
:, to be kicked over.
e answer which Mr. Hughes was
stomed to give in explanation of
phenomenon of an anticipated
nnium—the lion and the lamb
: down together—is that it has
made possible by each leaving
other absolutely alone to go his
way. Very wise policy! For
not old Euclid remind us that
lel lines never meet?
pularity, whether of writers,
smen, or preachers, is notoriously
nplex problem to explain. But in
ases, as with Mark Guy Pearse,
i are features which contribute
ie result which are easy to lay
of. Foremost among these must
ckoned the remarkably vivid and
ful personality of the preacher.
ould not be dull or uninteresting
tried.
ne time ago a student in a New
ment class translated the words
hrist to the impotent man as
er up, paralytic!" Mark Guy
e goes up and down the land
g in that clear voice of his,
er up, paralytics!"
en it must be remembered that
ospel of Sunday morning in St.
s' Hall is pre-eminently one of
ort. Not the sunniest of May
ings ever succeeds in banishing
Mark Guy Pearse's remembrance
great number of bereaved and
cast hearts that are always to be
l in congregations. That life is
that life is solitary and desolate
nany thousands, particularly in
at city like London, and that
ay is peculiarly a day of tender
ories and wistful backward
es, he knows, and he preaches
dingly. Then are seen to perfec-
Mr. Pearse's outstanding gifts of
imagination and work-a-day
eology. In the depicting of lit-
omestic scenes—the mother with
aby at her breast, the fisherman's
or sweetheart standing on the
with anxious heart, the return-
rodigal stealing up to the fire-lit
ow irresolute whether to knock
away again—in the drawing of
pathetic life cameos his tongue
re adept than his inky thumb is
etching Cornish cliffs. He dares
o be more particular and detailed
most preachers; and when they
l say, "Sorrow has visited some
ur homes this week," Mr. Pearse
l tenderly paint the vacant chair,
rrival of the fateful telegram,
the rush to the pit's mouth, or the
wreck-strewn shore. Of this intimacy
and sympathy with life's homely side
he writes:

"My study has been not so much
books as men and women and boys and
girls—those volumes always fresh,
whether bound in cloth or fustian. I
am always thankful that I was
brought up in a little town where
everybody had a chance of knowing
everybody else, and all the comedies
and tragedies and sweet common-
places of life."

In reference to his undoubted gift
of verbal painting many will be inter-
ested to hear Mr. Pearse's own ac-
count of how that gift has been culti-
vated by him. In a letter to me he
says:

"I like to quote the following fact
as an illustration of the training of
the imagination, which has not yet
been reduced to any practical method.
When I was quite a lad, my father
gave me a photographic apparatus. It
was in the very early days of photo-
graphy, when we had to do many
things that the snap-shotter of to-day
never dreams about. I had to make
my own solutions, and very risky work
I found it more than once. I had
photographed, on glass, of course, all
the people and things about me, when
it occurred to me that the better no-
tion was to adopt a system of mental
photography. I sat and looked care-
fully at the scene I wanted to take—
the clouds, the sky, the distance, the
middle distance, the foreground; got
it thoroughly impressed upon me;
then closed my eyes and reproduced
it mentally; then opened them again
and noted details that I had not at
first observed, and again compared the
mental picture with the scene before
me. Then I marked the gradations of
colour, lingering over every part of the
picture. If I have any power of pic-
torial preaching, that part, at any rate,
of the discourse is always unprompted
and extemporaneous. I have the pic-
ture in my mind ready and waiting.
I owe much to that habit, which I
still find myself constantly practising."

Again referring to his popularity, it
is by no means to his discredit that
Mr. Pearse's preaching is in so many
ways peculiarly adapted to women. To
be called a "lady's preacher" is con-
sidered a disgrace: but why? Ladies
have to be preached to, and the census
tells us there are two or three million
more of them than men: so why
should we turn up our nose at a man
who can appeal so powerfully to the
larger half of the population? One
of the gravest defects of the Protestant

pulpit has been its neglect of women. The Church of Rome knows better. Women are said to be illogical and intuitive, and whoever heard Mark Guy Pearse give a logical proof for anything he said? Then he is sentimental. Is that disgraceful? The rights of sentiment are as capable of defence as the rights of the understanding. Mark Guy never argues men into a better life; he charms their wives and sisters and daughters into a more loving, patient, gentle, charitable, and Christ-like spirit. He possesses, too, that touch of courtesy, that chivalrous Christian gallantry, which women love, whether they live in Mayfair or serve in Marshall & Snelgrove's. Therefore, he addresses himself to the more introspective aspects of the Christian life—those problems of love and duty, of self-realization and self-renunciation, with which women are eternally and constitutionally concerned.

Mark Guy Pearse, to sum up this estimate, is admitted by all who know him to be *sui generis*. In his case the personal equation is very large. Possessing as he does a poetical nature, he has all the impulsive moodiness and wayward inspiration of such a temperament. This explains at once both his fascination for many people and the irritation he provokes in many others. It must freely be conceded that Mark Guy Pearse is in many ways a free-lance. "You never know what he will say"—such is his condemnation with some, as it is his recommendation with others. But Methodism has long ago made up its mind to accept Mark Guy on his own terms—the only way he will agree to be accepted.

Mark Guy Pearse will never be President of the Wesleyan Conference, and that not because he is ineligible or could not gain the suffrages of his brethren, but because of his intense dislike of the endless routine of business and committee work involved. No, his work lies elsewhere. Every one will wish him God's speed upon his journey to Canada, and a safe return to his old work at St. James' Hall as soon as possible.—British Monthly.

A PRAYER FOR THE CITY.

Where cross the crowded ways of life,
Where sound the cries of race and clan,
Above the noise of selfish strife,
We hear Thy voice, O Son of Man!

In haunts of wretchedness and need,
On shadowed thresholds dark with fears,
From paths where hide the lures of greed,
We catch the vision of Thy tears.

From tender childhood's helplessness,
From woman's grief, man's burdened toil,
From famished souls, from sorrow's stress,
Thy heart has never known recoil.

The cup of water given for Thee
Still holds the freshness of Thy grace;
Yet long these multitudes to see
The sweet compassion of Thy face.

O Master, from the mountain side,
Make haste to heal these hearts of pain;
Among these restless throngs abide,
O! tread the city's streets again;

Till sons of men shall learn Thy love,
And follow where Thy feet have trod;
Till glorious from Thy heaven above,
Shall come the City of our God.

—*F. M. N.*

A MILE WITH ME.

O who will walk a mile with me
Along life's merry way?
A comrade blithe and full of glee,
Who dares to laugh out loud and free
And let his frolic fancy play,
Like a happy child, through the flowers gay
That fill the field and fringe the way
Where he walks a mile with me.

And who will walk a mile with me
Along life's weary way?
A friend whose heart has eyes to see
The stars shine out o'er the darkening lea,
And the quiet rest at the end o' the day,—
A friend who knows, and dares to say,
The brave, sweet words that cheer the way
Where he walks a mile with me.

With such a comrade, such a friend,
I fain would walk till journeys end,
Through summer sunshine, winter rain,
And then?—Farewell, we shall meet again!

—*Henry Van Dyke, in Outlook.*

THE HON. CLIFFORD SIFTON.

THE HON. CLIFFORD SIFTON,
Minister of the Interior.

The Hon. Clifford Sifton, K.C., has been described as a man "prepared to make the development of the West his life-work." So great a life-purpose could not fail to make a great man. Mr. Sifton was born in the township of London, Middlesex, Ont., in the year 1861. He is of Irish descent, and is the son of John W. Sifton, formerly Speaker of the Manitoba Assembly. It is by a series of gradual ascents and successes that he has risen to his present place as Minister of the Interior and Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs. He is now acknowledged one of the ablest men in Canadian public life.

As a boy, his abilities promised the success of his maturer years. He was educated at the High School, London, Ont., at the Boys' College, Dundas, and at Victoria University, Cobourg. Here he received the degree of B.A., in the year 1880, carrying the Prince of Wales' gold medal. In the year 1882 he was called to the Manitoba bar, becoming City Solicitor in Brandon. In 1895 he became a Q.C.

While still in his twenties, he entered the field of politics, for which he was so eminently fitted, and in which he so pre-eminently distinguished himself. He entered the Manitoba Assembly as representative of North Brandon in the year 1888. A loyal supporter of the Liberal cause, he was elected vice-chairman of the Ottawa Reform Convention in 1893. During the illness of Mr. Greenway, he was acting Premier of Manitoba. In this capacity he introduced in the Legislature the resolutions refusing to carry out the Dominion Government's Order-in-Council for the restoration of separate school privileges to the Roman Catholics of Manitoba. He also introduced a resolution protesting against the passage by Parliament of the Manitoba Remedial Bill.

In November of 1896 he retired from the Manitoba Government to enter the administration at Ottawa as Minister of the Interior and Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs. He was elected by acclamation to the seat left vacant by Dalton M'Carthy's resignation in the House of Commons. He has made that great Canadian problem, the development of our West, especially his own. He has left no stone unturned that he might be correctly informed on Western matters. He has visited the Yukon District, investigated thoroughly the routes to the inland waterways, and looked carefully into the various problems that perplex our young and growing country.

Amid all his honours and duties he has ever remained true to the Methodist Church, in which he was reared, and a loyal supporter of the temperance cause. He has found time to serve the cause of Methodism as well as that of his country. In a time when political corruption is the talk of the day, it is pleasing to see him described by the press as "a man of the highest principle and honour." Mr. Sifton is at present in London, England, preparing the details of evidence on the Alaska Boundary dispute.

All habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.
—*Dryden.*

Current Topics and Events.

JUST SHOWING HOW STRONG THEY ARE—AN UNNATURAL STRIFE.
—Harper's Weekly.

As we look at the attempt of Labour to grasp the throat of Capital, and the pressure of the heel of Capital upon the breast of Labour—as we look at these things we feel more and more that there is but one cure for this unnatural strife—that is, the message of the Nazarene on the hills of Palestine—God's love-message to men. The interests of Capital and Labour are not opposed, but identical. It is foolish, this attempt of both to cut down the bridge on which both depend. They must stand or fall together in the end. And attempt to cure the evil as we may, it is only the law of love that can settle the strife at last.

Liberty and the British Flag.

It is an old truth that where goes the British flag goes freedom. A testimony to this fact is seen in the condition of the Jews in Egypt. In that land where once their fathers were slaves they now enjoy, under British rule, a greater degree of liberty than anywhere else in the Old World, save in Britain itself. Their communities are in a flourishing financial condition. The Cairo congregation possesses 1,500,000 francs, as well as five synagogues, three hospitals, two institutions for the blind, and many other charities.

Another instance of the oneness of freedom and the flag of Britain, is in the recent conquest in the Soudan. Here a handful of officers and a medical staff have for some six months headed an expedition for the suppression of the notorious slave-raider, Gibrella. Their final victory resulted in the deliverance of thousands of peo-

from his rule, and the establish-
ıt of a chain of posts between
Niger and Lake Chad. The con-
ered people were rejoiced in the
quest. In some instances whole
ages turned out to cheer the cap-
s of Gibrella. What does this
an, the cheers of a semi-Moslem,
li-heathen, and wholly non-Chris-
ı people for the flag of a Christian
ion ? What else can it mean, but
t even in their darkness they re-
nize it as the symbol of freedom ?

"DE GEMMAN WHAT STOLE DE CHICKENS."

"Are you the defendant ?" said the judge of the police court to the coloured brother who was up for trial. "No, sah," he replied ; "I'se de gemman what stole de chickens." This well-known story, says The Literary Digest, is suggested by the vigorous denial of Russia that she has made the demands on China, in regard to Manchuria. The published reports of

A DIFFICULT SUBJECT FOR CONVERSION.

The Flag Bearer—"Now I wonder if he will follow!"—Montreal Star.

he above cartoon strikingly sets
h in a humorous vein the atti-
e of the British Premier and Col-
ıl Secretary on the Imperial Zoll-
ein. We are afraid it will take
siderable whooping up of the new
le policy to induce sturdy John
l to depart from the regime
ıugh which he has become so stout
strong and sturdy.

these demands, we are assured, "are absolutely incorrect"; but in the same breath the Russian diplomats go on to talk of Manchuria as if it were already a Russian province. The volume of foreign trade at the port where Russia is now asserting supremacy, says Public Opinion, has doubled in five years, reaching a total of $40,000,000 last year. The

value of Russian imports is less than two per cent. of the total, while the value of American imports is more than thirty-five per cent.; seven-eighths of the trade of Niuchwang is in the hands of England, the United States, and Japan—a sufficient explanation of their concern in the efforts now being made to give Russia exclusive control of the only point of ingress into the Manchurian market.

A Noble Pleasance.

The city of Philadelphia is favoured in having, we believe, the largest civic park in America, the famous Fairmount Park. It is many miles in extent on both sides of the Schuylkill River, and of its affluent, the Wissahickon. Though so near a great city, yet many parts of it are a sylvan solitude, as seemingly sequestered as when William Penn built his cottage by the banks of the Schuylkill, with trees of magnificent foliage, fine driveways, along which prance the high-steppers (equine we mean) of the City of Brotherly Love. The winding streams and picturesque bridges of the Wissahickon are an artist's delight.

IN FAIRMOUNT PARK.

But not always is the scene so peaceful. On the occasion of a recent visit, in consequence of prolonged and heavy rains the river was in flood. Some drifting flotsam fouled the screw of the little steamer on which we were struggling against the current up the stream. We began drifting rapidly down, and were in imminent danger. A deck-hand sprang overboard and swam ashore, seizing a hawser, which was thrown him, he flung it round a tree-stem, when it snapped like a whipcord. Another was thrown which caught on a huge boulder and brought our helpless craft to rest just in time to save it from collision with the pier of a bridge, on which we were helplessly drifting. Under safer conditions this sail, in the soft light of a light summer afternoon, is one of the loveliest in the world.

The Home Comers' Festival.

The number of Home-Comers may have been hardly as great as some people expected, still it is gratifying to know that on the whole our city was satisfied with the results. That the Festival was a pronounced success is evidenced by the suggestions as to the advisability of holding some such celebration every Dominion Day. Few things could have made us so realize the growth of Toronto as this

incoming of the Torontonians of ten, twenty, thirty years back, with their reminiscences of olden days, and their surprises at the changes of time. There has been a revived interest in the history of the Queen City. The story of her growth and development has gone abroad to other lands. Many of our own citizens did not realize the extent of our progress; many have learned much concerning the origin, and even the present-day resources and industries of our city. As to the many thousands who during past years have come to make their home in Toronto, their pride in the city of their adoption cannot but have been increased by these loyal demonstrations.

A New Plan for Rural Schools.

A plan for the consolidation of rural schools seems to be growing in favour. To those who have had to do with such schools, the disadvantages of isolated schools are quite manifest, the large number of classes depending on one teacher, and the consequent inability to devote sufficient time to each class, and the lack of stimulating competition, the irregularity caused by long distances and bad weather, the fact, too, that at fifteen the ambitious pupil has learned all the country schools can teach him, and is forced to go to town to high school. All these, says The Outlook, have kept the rural schools from making the same progress in their methods as have the graded schools of our towns and cities. Accordingly the plan of consolidating rural schools is being carried on in about eighteen of the American States, apparently with much success.

By this means they have a good-sized modern school-building of four rooms or more, properly heated, ventilated, and equipped with a library and all necessary apparatus. The children are brought to school in covered spring waggons by men hired at moderate rates for this purpose. Each teacher has thirty or forty pupils. The school is better graded, and the stimulus of larger classes is felt. A high school course, embracing the work of two or three years, is established. This last is of importance to rural districts, since the boy who desires a high-school education can secure it without the expense of boarding in town, where, too, he often meets temptations for which he is unprepared in the formative period of life. It is sending the high school to the boy instead of sending the boy to high school. It should do much to allay the rush from the farm to the city, and prevent young men of education from acquiring a distaste for farm life. Moreover, the teachers are better paid than when they were engaged in teaching ten to twenty pupils, consequently better qualified instructors can be secured.

It might seem that, in view of the expense of transportation, this would be a more expensive system; but experience proves the contrary. While the aggregate expenditure is increased, the average daily attendance is also so increased as to lessen the cost per pupil.

The Mormon Cloud.

Few people realize the power and darkness of the strongholds Mormonism has reared on this continent. The work recently inaugurated by the Utah Gospel Mission, had it done nothing else, has served to reveal the tremendous need of such a work. Incredible as it seems, statistics disclose the shameful facts that in Utah all the Christian Churches together only boast a membership of 5,300, while the Mormons in that State number 220,000; that in Utah and Southern Idaho there are 145,000 of these benighted people, who have no sort of Christian services. In the twelve years from 1890 to 1902 Mormonism has doubled in numbers, and more than doubled its power. These facts alone ought to be sufficient to awaken the Churches of the United States to the need of these people within their borders. Moreover, the Mormons are ceaselessly putting forth proselyting efforts in various parts of the country and in Europe, and are striving to promulgate their doctrines of a polygamous God and of a fuller revelation in the word of Joseph Smith than in that of Jesus Christ.

The United States arsenal has completed a sixteen-inch gun, which it claims will fire a bolt over a ton weight twenty-one miles, one of thirty of similar size for coast defence. There are several larger guns in existence, but none of such tremendous power. The monster gun is 49 feet 2.9 inches long; the projectile is 5 feet 4 inches long (weighing 2,370 pounds), with steel penetration of 42.3 inches. The cost of firing one shot is about $1,000, and the weight of the rifle without the carriage is 126 tons. Not forts and fleets and armaments, but intelligence, sobriety, and religion, are the sure defence of nations.

Religious Intelligence.

"Lest We Forget."

The increase of members in the Wesleyan churches of Great Britain for last year is 4,847, or 1.04 per cent., making a round half-million members. In addition, there are 34,200 on trial, and 91,043 junior members. An immense depletion caused by deaths, emigration, removals, and dismissals has to be made good; but these figures seem an inadequate result of all the efforts for the labours of the year. The Rev. S. Chadwick, in The Methodist Times, utters a voice of prophetic warning in the following earnest words, which are a salutary reminder in this Bicentenary year of the need of utter consecration, "Lest we forget, lest we forget":

"What is the Methodism that halts and crawls at this poor dying rate? Is it the Methodism of our fathers that wrought such miracles in the power of the Highest, or is it some feeble substitute for the religion of fire?

"Are we true Methodists? We boast that we have John Wesley for our father, but would he own us for his children? We want no dead hand upon us, but are we true to the vital essentials of our Methodist heritage? Methodism can only prosper so long as it is Methodist. It mixes badly. Its power lies in being true to itself. The surest way to maim it is to try and compel it into another mould. Its peculiarity is its demand for the free expression of its life. Wherever Methodism is Methodist it prospers; wherever it tries to be anything else it is an abject failure. Methodism has always stood for Certainty, Spirituality, Intensity. It began in an assured salvation divinely communicated and propagated with enthusiasm. These features were dominant in Methodist testimony, Methodist preaching, Methodist worship, Methodist praying, and Methodist life. Are they the dominant features of the Methodism that toils a whole year for an increase of 1.04 per cent.?

"We care nothing for forms and terminology, but what about the life, the soul? Is there the same Methodist ring in Methodist preaching? Is there the same note of certainty in the Gospel we preach? Has it the same earnest insistence and tender entreaties that turned thousands unto God? Is there the same soul in Methodist worship, the same power in Methodist praying, and the same godly simplicity in Methodist living? Times change, but eternal verities know no variation. The changed conditions of our time give no excuse for betrayal, but they do call urgently for fidelity. Live Methodism was never so much needed and had never so great an opportunity. Faith is assailed with scientific precision and daring unknown to our fathers. Hesitation has become fashionable. Doubt has invaded the sanctuary and turned messengers into critics, who, instead of preaching the Gospel, discuss it. Materialism is destroying the nation. In the absence of the prophet the priest has taken the field, and in the greed for gain moral enthusiasm has perished. Now is the supreme hour for the certainty, spirituality, and simplicity of the Methodist. Where is he? The Lord hath need of him. The nation is perishing for want of him.

"Rumour says that Methodism is languishing in its tents, and 1.04 per cent. looks like it. We hear it whispered that it has lost much of the glow and passion that was its glory, and seeks distinction in other fields. It is said that suburban Methodists have given up the class-meeting and taken to whist and bridge, and that they are more at home at a dance than at a red-hot prayer-meeting. Chapels that were once famous converting-centres have become places of entertainment, and under the plea of expediency the house of prayer is turned into a house of merchandise. The phraseology of passion remains, but the fire has gone. The old hymns so expressive of the old experience may be sung, but there is neither swing in the tune nor soul in the words. The tradition is treasured, but the inheritance is lost. Are these things so? We hope not. When they are, Methodism will die, and it ought to die. A worldly Methodism has no right to live. A dancing, card-playing, theatre-going, pleasure-loving Methodism cannot live. It may well be that in some cases decreases represent the process of shedding un-Methodist Methodists, not wholly to be regretted. Every man that left Gideon's army contributed to its strength. Still

we watch their departure with sorrow, and pray for the baptism that sanctifies and kindles the souls of men."

The number of monks in France, says The Methodist Times, is enormous—there were nearly 200,000 in 1900. They have in late years taken largely to commerce—the Grande Chartreuse is one which lives on the liquor trade—and they pay £40,000 taxes to the Vatican; it is said that the Pope derives from France in this and other ways an income of £1,200,000 a year. Others make large revenues out of the most grovelling superstitions; getting sous and francs out of poor girls in exchange for little charms and pictures supposed to have a magical virtue, and even little postage-stamp pictures of the Virgin, to be rolled up into pills, and swallowed for the medication of the soul.

THE BICENTENARY OF WESLEY.

One of the pleasing features of the Wesleyan Bicentenary has been the interest taken in the founder of Methodism by other denominations, and by the world in general. In a less enlightened age, when narrowness and bigotry were more prevalent, and the confines of denominationalism more deeply marked, one would hardly have expected to find a portrait and appreciations of John Wesley in many of the denominational papers of other Churches. The fact that it is so to-day illustrates the growing bond of brotherhood between the Churches.

Even the world of the worldly has had its attention arrested by this effort on both sides of the sea to do homage to the memory of a good man. The mercenary and commercial spirit must feel its limitations in the contemplation of one who, living and dying poor in the things of this world, yet commands the reverence of millions. The bicentenary of Wesley is proof sufficient that the accumulation of wealth is not the only kind of success, even in the eyes of men.

The Church could devise no truer way of doing honour to the memory of such a man than that of a great ingathering of souls during the coming months. No statue of bronze or marble, no dedication of magnificent churches, none of these things could have been so pleasing to him as the reaching of human hearts with the message of his Master. It is a celebration, too, in which all may share—in which all should share. Let us remember the great purpose of our Church, and be worthy the banner under which we are marching Zionward.

THE CLASS-MEETING.

Lord Macaulay said of John Wesley, the bicentenary of whose birth the world celebrates this year, that he possessed a genius for statesmanship not less than that of Richelieu, the great French Prime Minister. One striking evidence of this genius is the thorough organization of Methodism. Although the youngest of the great Churches of Christendom, it possesses an organization as unique and thorough as that of the Roman Catholic Church, the oldest of the Churches in Christendom. The unit of this organization is the class-meeting. John Wesley's idea was that it should consist of twelve persons with their leader. But with the flexibility characteristic of Methodism, the number may be increased or lessened as varying circumstances may show to be best. Some of the most successful classes are very much larger, and some equally successful are smaller.

In a large church it is difficult for the pastor to become intimately acquainted with all the members of his flock and to exercise that careful oversight that their best interests demand. The leader of the class is therefore a sub-pastor. He meets the members of his class every week, he makes their intimate acquaintance, he knows their religious and social condition, he can report to the pastor cases of special need, and thus that officer may be kept in touch with the whole membership of the church. In other ways, too, the class may be of great service.

Again, in a large church it is impossible for all the members to know all the other members, even though they avail themselves regularly of the public and the social means of grace. A personal reference will illustrate: On one occasion the pastor remarked at the week-night services, "Now, this meeting is not dismissed; everybody must shake hands with everybody else and get acquainted." As in duty bound, the present writer turned to an old lady and shook hands very cordially and inquired, "Have you attended this church long?" "I have attended this church for forty years," was the crushing reply. The writer was not altogether to blame, because he had recently come to the church himself.

But if we cannot know everybody

in the church we can know our fellow classmates and know them well. There is in the class-meeting a sort of Methodist freemasonry—a bond of brotherhood of a very strong and tender character that knits our souls together such as is possible, we think, in no other Church in Christendom. We hear week after week the deepest experiences of each other's souls—what conflicts we have seen, what trials we have passed; we sympathize with one another's sorrows and rejoice in one another's joys.

"He bids us build each other up;
And, gathered into one,
To our high calling's glorious hope,
We hand in hand go on.

If the entire membership of our Church would avail themselves of the privilege of this class-meeting they would find it wonderfully helpful to growth in grace and edification of their most holy faith.

Presbyterians Aroused in New York.

At a recent meeting under the Church Extension Committee, New York Presbyterians were aroused to the need of effort in their own city. Funds are required for the erection of several new churches. Dr. Wilton Merle Smith in appealing for these referred to the success of Methodism in raising $20,000,000 in the United States and freeing from debt their churches in New York City. Dr. Smith said: "When I think of it I wish I was a Methodist. And I wish everybody here would turn Methodist just while the collection is being taken up. I hope you will put your hands deep in your pockets and give until it hurts, hurts real bad and for a long time after. Then we might have not only $100,000, but the whole $750,000 we are asking for. If anybody feels like giving $100,000 or $50,000, I am here to take it and sing the doxology and act the jumping Methodist for the rest of the evening."

Two Radical Changes.

The Methodist Episcopal Church has now two very important measures for its consideration. One is the unifying of its publishing interests. At present they have the Methodist Book Concern, New York, and the Western Methodist Book Concern, Cincinnati. It is proposed to consolidate these two manufacturing plants and locate the new plant contiguous to some large distributing point, probably near Chicago. In this way it is estimated over $100,000 would be saved annually.

The other proposed change is the consolidation of the benevolent societies of the Church. At present there are six such organizations—the Missionary Society, the Board of Education, the Board of Church Extension, the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society, the Sunday-school Union, and the Tract Society. The headquarters of these are variously distributed in New York, Philadelphia, and Cincinnati. The plan proposed divides and combines these societies into three new organizations: a Board of Foreign Missions, with headquarters at New York; a Board of Home Missions and Church Extension, with headquarters at Philadelphia; and a Board of Education, with headquarters at Cincinnati. It is believed the General Conference will adopt these measures, though with some modifications.

Philanthropies during the Past Year.

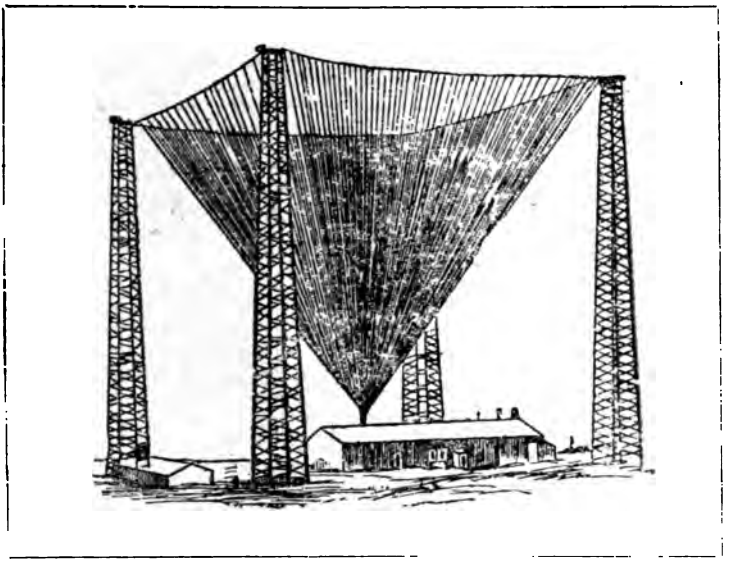
According to "Appleton's Annual Cyclopedia," the amount of money given to religious, educational, and philanthropic institutions, in the United States during the past year, in gifts of $5,000 or more, amounted to $85,000,000. This does not include the ordinary gifts to churches, or the Methodist Jubilee Fund of $20,000,000. The funds were divided as follows:

To charities	$36,519,894
To educational institutions	28,150,803
To libraries	4,970,800
To churches	4,869,700
To art galleries, museums, etc.	2,886,000

Pessimists may possibly find something in these facts to change the ordinary trend of their opinions.

The Methodist Episcopal Church, says The Congregationalist, from Jan. 1st, 1899, to Jan. 1st, 1903, met its current expenses, increased its contributions to the benevolent collections, made a thank-offering of $20,900,000, and in addition paid $16,931,034 for new churches and parsonages and improvements on churches and parsonages that needed renewing. In other words, it supported its local work, its general church organizations, and raised besides $37,831,031.

Science Notes.



MARCONI'S WIRELESS TELEGRAPH STATION AT TABLE HEAD, C.B.

The transmission of messages by wireless telegraph across the Atlantic Ocean, the greatest feat as yet of the twentieth century, has been successfully accomplished, and the first words flashed by Signor Marconi from Table Head station, C.B., to Poldhu station, Cornwall, were loyal and congratulatory greetings from His Excellency the Governor-General to His Majesty King Edward.

Table Head is one of the bleakest promontories along the whole Atlantic coast. It was chosen by Marconi on account of its isolated position. The topography offers no interference with the transmission of the wireless current, which passes over the sea with the greatest certainty. On this lonely headland Marconi has erected four strong, but light towers, each rising to the height of two hundred and fifteen feet.

Each separate tower is made up of strong wooden timbers, bolted firmly together and set in a concrete foundation with a series of sustaining guys on every side. In the centre are situated the buildings containing the dynamos, electric appliances and steam engines, which serve to generate the electric current. The Canadian Government contributed $80,000 to the enterprise.

The steam power plant stationed in the engine and boiler-room respectively, consists of a 100 horse-power engine directly connected to a direct current dynamo.

Around the towers a deep, circular trench has been dug, in which is deposited a large zinc coil, which forms part of the transmitting apparatus. From this pass the wires conveying the magic currents to the top caps of the four towers.

The instrument which records the messages is in the operating chamber, and is the latest development of Marconi's years of work up to the present moment. Over two hundred operators work in this room.

Marconi's system of telegraphy consists in setting in motion certain electric vibrations, which, after passing through the ether, record themselves on a distant receiver. The whole system depends on the mysterious, intangible substance known as ether. It is a substance invisible, colourless, odourless, inconceivably rarefied, which is supposed to fill all spaces. It fills the space between the earth and the sun and the stars, and it

also fills the minute space between the atoms of the densest substances, such as steel. It is the source of electricity, light, and heat.

Vibrations of the ether at a certain speed give electricity, at another speed they give light, at another speed they give heat. If the ether vibrates at the rate of 400 billions of waves a second the colour red appears; if they vibrate twice as fast, the colour is violet.

At the comparatively low rate of 230 millions to the second they produce the Hertz waves, which convey the electrical current. Sound, it may be noted, has nothing to do with the ether, but is the result of the vibration of the air. Air is very slow moving compared to ether, and that is why a flash of light is seen long before the sound that accompanies it and why an electric message travels faster than sound. Even when electricity passes through a wire it is merely a vibration of the ether which circulates between the atoms composing the wire.

The coherer is a little tube of glass as big around as a lead pencil, and about two inches long. It is plugged at each end with silver and the plugs nearly meet in the tube. The narrow space between them is filled with finely powdered fragments of nickel and silver, which possess the curious property of being alternately very good and very bad conductors of electrical waves. The waves from the transmitter, perhaps two thousand miles away, are received on a telegraph wire similar to that used in the transmitter, but they are so weak that they could not of themselves operate an ordinary telegraph instrument. They merely have strength enough to draw the little particles of nickel and silver in the coherer together, or, in other words, they make them cohere. The moment the particles cohere they become a good conductor of electricity and a current from a battery near at hand rushes through and operates the Morse instrument causing it to print a dot or dash. Then a little hammer, called the decoherer, moved by the same current, strikes against the coherer, and the particles of metal are shaken apart, and when decohered, they become a bad conductor of electricity again. Then another wave comes through space and a dot or dash is printed.

The Gulf Stream Myth.

Modern meteorology knows that the Gulf Stream as an ocean current has no more effect on the climate of western Europe than the weather-vane has on the winds that turn it. The Gulf Stream, in fact, might be engulfed at Colon or dammed at Key West, without any one from the Scillys to the Hebrides being any the wiser.

That the belief that the Gulf Stream is the sole cause of the mild oceanic climate of western Europe is still held by millions to-day, that it is still taught in the public schools in England and in the United States, and that, although it is absolutely without any foundation whatsoever, it should have come to have all the sacredness of a gospel truth—is a tribute to the exuberant rhetoric of one man, and to the hypnotic influence of one book. Only be earnest in conviction and picturesque in diction, and your opinion is assured of a safe-conduct for several generations. In consequence, the "Gulf Stream myth," fathered by Maury, persists, while the broader, grander, and more reassuring facts as to climate and weather causation are viewed with suspicion, and make slight headway against the universal acceptance of a theory that gained its whole value from the way it was stated by a strong man in a transition period in the development of an inexact science. The essential facts are that the Gulf Stream as an ocean current ceases to exist, that is, to differ in set and temperature from the rest of the ocean east of the longitude of Cape Race, Newfoundland. It cannot, therefore, convey, does not convey, warm water to the shores of western Europe, there to modify the climate and give the British Isles the breezes of the "unvexed Bermudas," and Sweden and Norway the warmth of the Carolinas. But, above all, climatic causation is not a function of ocean currents, but of aerial currents, and the mild oceanic climate of western Europe is due to the distribution by the permanent aerial circulation in the whole Atlantic basin of the moderating, mitigating effects of the ocean as a whole.—From "The Gulf Stream Myth and the Anti-Cyclone," by Harvey M. Watts, in the June Scribner's.

Book Notices.

"Apostolic Order and Unity." By Robert Bruce, M.A., D.D., Vicar of St. Nicholas, and Hon. Canon of Durham. Edinburgh: J. and T. Clark. 1903.

At a time when the clergy of the Church of England are making a frantic attempt to throttle Nonconformity by controlling the education of the people, and when Romanism seems almost triumphant inside one of the great Churches of the Reformation, it is refreshing to read so sane, sensible, and brotherly a book as this by Canon Bruce. The writer is one of those numerous Christian ministers who have been broadened and made more Christian by years of work on the foreign mission field and have come back to the home-land with a new respect for fellow-workers of other communions whom they have found to be just as godly and just as successful as themselves, and, therefore, just as apostolic.

Dr. Bruce writes in the interests of unity rather than of mere uniformity, though he evidently longs for the outward union as soon as practicable. He sets himself the task of carefully investigating the teaching of the New Testament, and of the Apostolic Fathers, in order to ascertain what is really apostolic and essential in church organization, and, like so many of the best scholars of his own Church, he comes to most liberal conclusions.

"The keynote of the writings of the Apostolic Fathers," he says, "is the same as that of the Apostles, 'the letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life.' According to them, the *esse* of the body of Christ depended not upon one outward organization, but upon 'the power of an endless life' bestowed on every member by the indwelling Spirit. The object of all their writings was not the exaltation of the minister, but the unity of the members; not the priesthood of a class, but the priesthood of all the members, as members of the One Ever-living High Priest." (P. 120.)

The book is much to be commended to those who would have, in a cheap form, all the passages of the Apostolic Fathers bearing on church organization, and a brief, clear, scholarly discussion of the theory of the divine right of episcopacy in the light of the facts of the apostolic and the sub-apostolic age. F. H. W.

"The Future of War." By Jean de Bloch. Boston: Ginn & Company; Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 50 cents; by mail, 65 cents.

Years ago a poor Polish Jew went hawking his wares about the streets of Warsaw. But before his death last year the Jewish peddler had become the leading banker and financier of Poland, the adviser of the Russian Government and one of the prominent sociologists and economists of his day.

It is this same Jean de Bloch who has produced an epoch-making book. It is said no book ever written, unless it be that of Hugo Grotius, has rendered so great a service in the cause of peace as this book of Bloch's. He is indisputably the most thorough and important student of the question of War who has ever lived. His work, entitled, "The Future of War," was first published in Russian in six volumes. It has since been translated into French and German, but no English edition has yet appeared, save this translation of the last volume. This, however, contains the gist of the whole work. It is a summary of previous conclusions.

The author appeals not to the moral but to the business side of men's minds. It is not a book of dreams and theories, but of facts and figures. He shows how science in perfecting the weapons of warfare must in the end make warfare an impossibility, since in a war between two great powers armed with all the latest discoveries of science, either the attacking side will be annihilated, or the exterminating of both sides will result. Clearly and logically he brings before the reader the effects such a war would have on each of the great nations of Europe. Without any effort at eloquence the author displays, in his forceful logic, the most convincing eloquence. It is this book that gave birth to the Hague Conference. It is fitting that it should lead in the series of the International Library.

"Advent and Ascension, or How Jesus Came and How He Left Us." By D. W. Faunce, D.D. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 215. Price, 75 cents.

Dr. Faunce is the author of several books of practical religion, as "A

Young Man's Difficulties With His Bible," "Prayer as a Theory and as a Fact," "Shall We Believe in a Divine Providence?" The present volume is of no less importance and timely interest. The cardinal thought of the author is the miraculous character of Christianity viewed as "a series of events belonging to the earthly career of Jesus Christ." It has remarkable vigour and acuteness. The author vindicates the miraculous character of the beginning and end of that career. In a time when the very foundations are assailed this vindication of the sweet reasonableness of the Christian religion is exceedingly timely.

"Of Religion," one of the series of the Arts of Life. By Richard Rogers Bowker. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 50 cents.

This is a thoughtful little volume taking up such topics as The Sanction of Science, Fatalism Irreligious, The Miracles of Nature, The Tragedy of Evil Prayer, Priestcraft, Practical Religion, etc. The writer has many noble thoughts nobly expressed, as "No people that believes not ever does greatly." "It is faith that moves mountains." We like his stand on such topics as fatalism, the strife of sects, science and religion. We like, too, his healthy optimism. But in his desire to cut away the non-essentials of religion he sometimes cuts away the living branches as well as the dead. Nor do we like the uncertain voice in which the writer speaks of immortality as something not assured though very probable. Nevertheless the book contains much of noble and broad-minded thought.

"The Better Way." By Charles Wagner, Author of "The Simple Life." Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.

This refreshing book is translated from the French by Mary Louise Hendee. But so easy and natural is the translation, one cannot conceive of its having lost anything in its change from the original. The book comforts without being "preachy." It is a sort of conversational reverie throughout. It is a dialogue between the author and an invisible Spirit, whom he calls "The Friend," and who has followed him all his days. The author tells his joys in his first-born, but sorrow in his death, his discontents, his fear of growing old, his musing on death, wickedness, the vanities of life, etc. "The Friend" always gives a comforting and encouraging answer.

"Where Town and Country Meet." By James Buckham. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 241. Price, $1.00 net.

We greatly rejoice at the increased attention which is given to the study of nature in our schools and in general literature. It opens a new door of enjoyment for the mind; it cultivates the powers of observation, classification, and comparison; it unfolds a new book for our study. Many of us have read for years with intense interest the charming nature studies which come from the thoughtful pen of the sympathetic observer who writes this book. In the beauty of the spring and summer, in the sombreness of autumn, and amid the rigours of winter he finds themes for fascinating description and revelation of delights which to many are hidden.

"The Divine Artist." Sermons of Consolation. Manchester: James Robinson. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. vi-254. Price, 3s. 6d., net.

This volume of sermons represents some of the best voices of the different Churches: Dr. Macmillan, J. H. Jowett, Principal Stewart, Thomas G. Selby, of the Methodist Church, Principal Rowlands, and T. Rhondda Williams, representing the fire and fervour for which the Welsh preachers are so famous.

Literary Note.

In the last issue for June of The Living Age is an interesting article describing the origin of the order of the Little Sisters of the Poor. Jeanne Jugan, a poor, homely, ignorant peasant woman, who went out to work by the day, took pity on the aged poor of St. Sewan, and opened her doors to them. It is a story surpassing fiction, that of how helpers came and the work grew under her hands, of how she finally set out and with nothing but faith for her capital, opened and maintained homes in other towns. Other articles of interest are those on Egypt, Max Muller's struggles, the evils of gambling, and the harm done Wordsworth by his admiring interpreters.

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W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor

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ELLEN CRAFT, DISGUISED AS A PLANTER.
See p. 230.

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A SPANISH PUBLIC LETTER-WRITER AND HIS CLIENT.

(See article "Under Castilian Skies," page 230).

NORWEGIANS MAKING HAY.

lethodist Magazine and Review.

SEPTEMBER, 1903.

A CANADIAN IN NORWAY.

SHIPWRECKED OFF NORTH CAPE.

BY ARTHUR COLEMAN, PH.D.

THE TOWN OF BERGEN, NORWAY.

KNIVSKJAERODDEN is an awkward-looking word. Not every one knows that the "skjaer" in the middle of it means our word "blade," or "share," and is pronounced like the latter; that the "en" with which it terminates is "the," and that the whole word means the a knife where the blade joins ndle. This strange name be- o a strange place—to the very t bulwark of Europe against ctic storms. Its smooth-worn, nduring shoulders push a ile farther toward the Pole he North Cape itself. But then the latter rises a thousand feet sheer into the mists and wears a most dignified and imposing frown, so all the world goes to see the North Cape and, after the manner of the world, leaves the meritorious but humble Knivskjaerodden quite unnoticed. It is visited only by fishermen, sea-birds, and tempests; and they make their visits as brief as possible, for it is the dullest, dreariest, most desolate spot on the earth. Though not classing myself with either tempests or sea-birds or fishermen, I once spent a long day on its rocks with some fifty others, and so know all about it. We landed there, not to rescue an interesting and hardly-used promontory from undeserved neglect, but for the more

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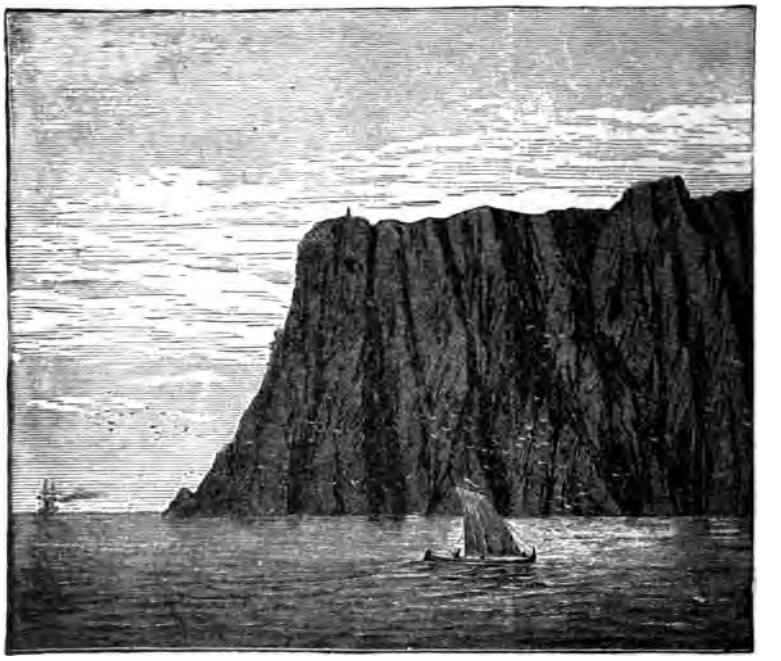
cogent reason that we could not help it. We were shipwrecked.

At a certain stage of a boy's life it is the height of his ambition to go to sea and get shipwrecked, to live on a raft, to cast lots as to who shall be served for dinner each day, and finally to reach some island paradise. My own longings and ambitions took this shape at one time, but a touch of the reality on the mist-covered Arctic Ocean quenched them for ever. The joys of possession rarely equal one's fond anticipation. To get your feet soaked with ice-water, to be drenched with driving rain, to fast all day on a ship's biscuit, and to shiver away the hours under a leaky sail for a tent, look very delightful and romantic no doubt from a sufficient distance, but in practice they don't prove satisfactory.

But it will be in order, perhaps, to describe how we all fell into this predicament.

I had come up from Drontheim to Hammerfest on the "Haakon Jarl" to see what was to be seen at that remote end of the earth. Our good ship was not to pass the North Cape, so a number of us waited in Hammerfest for another steamer which was to touch there. We stopped at the North Pole Hotel, and spent two or three days very pleasantly. As



THE NORTH CAPE.

is well known, it is one's chief duty on a summer's trip to Hammerfest to see the midnight sun. We did our duty. We were rowed out on the fjord one night to see his cheerful face over the waves, and we climbed a mountain the next night to see him again.

One some way expects that the midnight sun shall have something peculiar, awe-inspiring, weird, and poetic about him; but he has not.

NORWEGIAN CHURCH OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY AT BURGUND.

. careful and scientific observation onvinces me that the midnight sun oks like any other sun. His late ours and dissipation leave no traces a his serene countenance. A half-our before the sun sets on Lake ntario he has just the same aspect, ad the tints of the horizon are just s delicate and beautiful as at mid-ight near Hammerfest. I was dis-ppointed; and what added bitter-ess to the disappointment was, that vo or three ladies in the party went ato ecstasies and raptures over it, a several languages, and reproached me for not joining in the general delight. It is galling to be shown that one has failed in one's duty.

The hours of the day, and even the days of the week, get badly mixed at Hammerfest. A man takes his little promenade at midnight, goes to bed about three o'clock, after vain efforts to shut out the sunshine, is wakened at ten o'clock by having it full in his face, breakfasts at noon and dines at seven, and is doubtful all the time whether it is yesterday or to-day. Until it becomes wearisome, there is a charm about

THE HORNELEN—THE HIGHEST SEA-CLIFF IN EUROPE.

this perpetual mild sunshine. It is the land of the Lotus-Eaters, where it is always afternoon and "the charmed sunset lingers low adown in the red west." The warm, yellow light softens the hardness of the black rocks, and the stunted shrubs and flowers grow on through every hour of the twenty-four, making the most of the short summer. They have only too much enforced rest in the long winter, and are pinched and hungry for sunshine when it does come and the absence of snow lets them enjoy it.

The severe gray of the barren hills around Hammerfest harbour, and the dead white of midsummer snow-banks on their flanks, give the visitor a most vivid impression of rigour and desolation. A stroll or scramble on the hillsides surprises and delights one, however, for every sheltered nook among the rocks hides a dainty flower-garden rich with bloom. The mosses and flowers make a velvety turf, on which crouches the Arctic birch with its slender stems and round-notched leaves. Nipping frosts and icy winds have taught them all humility, and none of them raise their heads more than a few inches above the common turf. They nestle together cosily and keep one another warm. The only really luxuriant vegetation near the town is on the house-tops. The roofs are of birch-bark, covered with sods, and look for all the world like bits of rich Canadian meadow studded with oxeye daises. No doubt the warmth of the house below favours them. I have seen an enterprising goat scramble up and make a hearty breakfast on such a roof.

But all this is beside the point, and we must get on to our shipwreck.

In two or three days the steamer "Nordstjern" (North Star) came in, and about six in the evening we were on board and off for the Cape.

THE FAMOUS NAERODAL VALLEY AND ITS TWO WATERFALLS.

It is about a six hours' journey, and the affair was so timed that we should reach the Cape at midnight.

There was a glorious soft afternoon light as we steamed through the grim rock portals of the harbour and turned north-east, with the swelling waves of the Arctic on our left, and a range of iron mountains and islands on the other side. In two or three hours we passed Bird Rock, a tall, gray-coated sentinel at the base of a promontory. Along every rift and ledge white-vested auks and puffins elbowed one another, bolt upright and stiff, like rows of jars on an apothecary's shelves. A shot from a small cannon on board sent the inhabitants of this bird metropolis into the air in clouds and columns, as white as snowflakes, at first, and quite as thick. The sun was soon darkened with their numbers, and the very air curdled with their shrieks. With many a whirl and sweep they dropped into the sea, diving as the vessel approached, or gradually slipped back to their easy-chairs to gossip with their neighbours over the alarming occurrence.

We were opposite the North Cape as the sun swept to its lowest point. A fine evening yellow suffused the sky and glinted on the long rolling waves, and warmed up the gloomy face of the promontory. The engine stopped to let us admire the scene, and to give some enthusiastic sportsmen a chance to catch a half-dozen cod and haddock. They were daintily coloured, well-grown fish, but were destined not to appear on our breakfast table next morning. Instead we came near being food for fishes ourselves.

Pushing round the Cape we came to anchor at the foot of a deep, gloomy fjord, and were rowed ashore. I was astonished to find a rich vegetation in the narrow valley, ferns and buttercups and yellow violets and forget-me-nots, all fresh and wide-awake as if it were not

midnight. But there was a thousand feet of climbing to do, so there was only time to put a forget-me-not in my notebook and begin the ascent. Once the steep wall is scaled one finds himself on the usual undulating floor of the Norwegian fjelds, covered with loose stones, between which mosses and flowers made a hard struggle for life. Blocks of white quartz gave a ghastly touch here and there amid the sombre greys. The granite column commemorating King Oscar's visit a few years ago was only a half-mile's walk from where we ascended, and a young Norwegian and I, who were the first up, were soon there.

The rising ground behind shut the others out of view, and the sunlit billows, sweeping in till lost to sight before breaking at the foot of the cliff far below, were simply glorious. There was a strange sense of vastness and solitude about the scene. It was the spot and time for dream and sentiment. Would the icy and unconquerable polar sea soften in the gentle sunshine, and in the muffled roar of her waves disclose to the awe-struck listener some of her long-kept secrets? Alas! if people would only let one alone! Here comes a motley crowd, joking and exclaiming in half the languages of Europe—and sentiment vanishes at the pop of champagne bottles.

A French lady came up with great display and took a suitable pose encircled by her admirers. A sailor had pulled from before, and another had propelled from behind; still how she got up at all in those shoes was a mystery, and commanded all admiration. But meantime a dark line of fog crept up from the north and sprang suddenly upon us, whirling in vapour wreaths up the gorges, hiding the sun with its dun clouds, and turning hues of gold to brass. The sailors hurried us back to the ship, for losing one's self in a fog on these dreary fjelds has its unpleasant features.

When we reached the edge of the steep descent to the fjord the ship seemed close beneath us, and was still bathed in warm light; but the fog closed in when we got on board, and in a few minutes the gloomy North Cape and the rosy mountain across the fjord faded from view.

It was half-past two, and most of us turned in to sleep as well as the annoying daylight would permit. Blessed is darkness when you want to sleep. Nothing delighted me more on our way south than to see the lamps lighted again about ten o'clock one evening. Their dingy light, and the semi-darkness outside, were charming. We are half creatures of darkness anyway, and some of us even love darkness rather than light in a very proper sense.

In the midst of my dreams, sadly diluted as they were by the daylight, came a strange grating noise. The ship shuddered in every timber, and tipped till we were rolled out of our berths amid the crashing of lamps and smashing of everything loose and breakable. There was a rush and scramble to reach the deck, which was no easy matter from the pounding of the ship and the great slope of the companion staircase to one side. Once on deck, our alarm fled. There beside us was a solid rock, stretching off into the mist, so there was no danger. The ship's bows were well up on the rocks. If she had struck the North Cape instead of Knivskjaerodden very few could have escaped, for there is deep water up to the beetling cliffs themselves and she would have sunk immediately. There would have been but little foothold for swimmers in the icy water to climb the perpendicular face of the North Cape, and even if one reached the top, the prospect would have been pretty hopeless, for it is part of a desolate and deserted island.

As it was, by clinging to the upper bulwark, one could work his way along to the bow, although the deck was as steeply inclined as the roof of a house. From the bow it was possible, by watching one's chance, to drop to the rocks and come off almost dryshod; quite an advantage for unfortunates, like myself, in stocking feet. The ladies were soon helped along and handed over the side, while a stout sailor caught them below. Most of them were pale, but still took it bravely. One New York girl was as cool as if walking along Broadway. Some nearly fainted, however, and an old German countess was quite frantic as she clung to the gunwale with one hand and hugged the ancient lapdog with the other. I won her everlasting gratitude by helping her over the side and handing her ugly little pet after her.

In a few minutes all were on shore but two ponderous American ladies who were unlucky enough to be fastened into their stateroom by the slipping of a trunk against the door. As they did not know what would happen next, and neither floor nor wall was level to stand on, it must have been an uncomfortable quarter of an hour before they were rescued by breaking open the door.

A TYPICAL NORWEGIAN ROAD.

The scenes among the forty or

fifty passengers, after landing on the rocks, were amusing enough. One does not always find one's self in full dress at three o'clock in the morning, and more than one lady had to make a cloak or ulster serve as dressing-room; and the resulting costume was often more striking than elegant. For my own part, the stern of the vessel was under water before I got back to look for my boots, which had slipped away out of sight by the tipping of the ship, so I pulled on a pair of Lapp moccasins of a queer shape and bright colours. They were no protection at all, and were soon as wet as rags from the sea-water.

During the bustle of landing and securing one's things when tossed off by the sailors, who immediately began to strip the vessel, there was excitement enough to keep us warm, and most of the company took everything good-humouredly; but afterward, when the driving rain from the north cut one to the bone, things did not look so cheerful. One of the American ladies with whom I came up on the "Haakon Jarl" was fairly sick with the shock and exposure, so their courier and myself got up a rough tent. We chose a spot where a ledge of rock kept off the driving rain, and by spreading a small sail on an oar made a very good shelter. Some cushions and blankets completed a snug little place, just large enough for four. A little experience in camping in our Canadian backwoods was of no small value just then. We put heavy stones on the edges of the sail to stretch it properly and thus keep out the wind and water.

Others followed our example, and soon all were under shelter, but most of them did not stretch their tents as they should have done, and there was sure to be a spot where it dripped, of course just over some man's nose or the back of his neck. A shivering Englishman, for whom the drops proved too much, crawled out and came over to see us, with a most rueful and envious countenance. He evidently wanted to be invited in, but our hospitality was hampered by the fact that you can't crowd five bodies into a space which will only hold four, so he had to go back and endure the drops like a man.

The difference in nationalities came out strongly. The English and Germans made the best of things, but the French and two or three Jews were very helpless and did not display a very generous spirit in caring for others. When the rain became too fierce they wrapped themselves in blankets up to the very eyes, spread their umbrellas, each for himself, and sat on the rocks dripping images of mute misery until some sailor hustled them off into a tent. Teutons and Saxons and Scandinavians bustled around cheerfully to get the ladies under shelter or bring them biscuit and beer, and showed no end of resources in raising the general comfort and good spirits.

About noon the energetic cook, who had managed to keep alive a smoky little fire, announced coffee. It was a creditable exhibition of enterprise, but the resulting beverage was not successful. It looked like dishwater, and very few ventured to drink it.

Then ensued several hours of solid misery and discomfort till about four o'clock, when a keen-eyed sailor shouted that a steamboat was in the offing. Every one was on the alert in a moment. The fishing-boat which loomed in out of the fog soon after we had struck had carried the news to the nearest fishing telegraph station, and a steamer, which was fortunately in Hammerfest harbour at the time, set off immediately to rescue us. The dirty little whaling steamer came along bobbing like a cork on the high waves. The

sea was too stormy to get off in boats where we were camped, so a pilgrimage was made over the slippery rocks to a small, narrow inlet between two high, smooth walls of rock. The promontory gets its peculiar name from this inlet, I believe, in which the fishermen find a resemblance to the crevice between the two halves of a knife-handle when the blade is shut.

One boat after another was loaded in this calm strip of water, and, running the gauntlet of breakers at the mouth, slipped down with the wind to the waiting steamer, the "John Shoening." Once out of the inlet the boats could be seen only when riding on the crest of the waves. The whaling steamer towed them back. I went in the same boat with the French party; and it was amusing to see how they would remark uneasily as each threatening wave approached, "*Pas de danger!*" and then, triumphantly, when it was past, "*Quelle montagne!*"

VOSS RAILWAY AND TUNNEL.

The passengers and crew of the

"John Shoening" received our shabby party with great curiosity and sympathy, and we soon started for Hammerfest, leaving the poor "Nordstjern," now almost under water, to be torn up piecemeal by the breakers. Going below we had the luxury of a good square meal, though from the rolling of the vessel we had to cling to our plates more anxiously than was pleasant.

Before two o'clock we were in Hammerfest, and were rushing through its deserted little streets to get some sort of lodgings, for the none too capacious town was overflowing with visitors from the steamer last arrived. My much-badgered, but persistently good-humoured hostess, found me a bed somewhere, and pulling off my wet moccasins I was soon forgetful of fogs and shipwrecks and even of the daylight that streamed in. Whether I woke the same day or not till the next has always been a doubtful point in my own mind.

In two or three days the "Haakon Jarl" returned from Vadsoe, near the Russian frontier, and took us all—through fogs and fjords and thickest islands — back to Drontheim and civilization.

Norway—Its Geology and People.

Norway is a most tempting country to the geologist, to the lover of grand but gloomy scenery, and to every one interested in a quaint and simple but picturesque people.

An artist would be in raptures over it, if it only did not rain so often. All these attractions wiled me over to its barren mountains one summer, and the few months spent there proved so full of pleasure and profit that it may be pardoned if some memories of it are offered to the readers of this Magazine. The land is all the more interesting to Canadians from the resemblance of many of its features to those of our own country.

We dwellers of the North have fjords on our coasts, and an immense range of gneiss and other archæan rocks as our geological backbone, and just so it is in Norway. It lies as far north as any man could wish for; it has the grandest fjords in the world; and it has wide stretches of gneiss, in the opinion of some of its geologists, like our Laurentian—the very oldest land in the globe, whose hoary hills raised their heads calmly to heaven when the rest of Europe and America lay hid beneath the waters or pushed only an island or two above their surface.

And Norway is a land, like our own, of forests, of fisheries, of cold winters, and of sturdy, democratic people; but it lacks our fertile square miles, and the latter cause draws many of her hard-worked sons across the waters to our broad North-West.

As might be expected when a stronger nation shares with a weaker, the division of the Scandinavian peninsula is not quite fair. Sweden takes all the plains and leaves Norway the mountains. It is a mere strip of mountains beginning away up in Lapland, not twenty degrees from the Pole, and stretching with varying widths eleven hundred miles to the south-west. Its most southerly point is more than ten degrees north of Quebec. The rocks in this sea of mountains are twisted and tossed into a most perplexing confusion, and not even yet are the mysteries of their origin and relation unravelled. They are all of the very oldest formations, nothing later than Devonian having been found in the better-known south of the country, and even that without fossils. The Silurian is, however, widely found and well-developed. Some of the old geologists of the country think them the very first-born of rocks,

THE ODDE VALLEY AND A TYPICAL NORWEGIAN DWELLING-HOUSE.

remnants of the first solid crust formed in the dim and misty beginning of things on the surface of the cooling but still molten earth.

A later and younger school, of which my friend Dr. Broegger is a prominent member, look on very many at least of these seemingly primeval rocks, as being of far later origin, mere youths compared with our Canadian Laurentian. They have certainly proved their point in many cases. By patient, painstaking study of their native rocks they have here and there found beneath thousands of feet of crystalline schists and quartzites a stratum containing an obscure fossil or two, half obliterated, but still plainly recognizable as Silurian—coins struck in the die of nature—long-lost, but when found, bearing in plain characters their date and inscription.

Most borderlands of continents show marks of fierce pressure from either side, as if the earth's coat of mail had a weak point at the juncture of sea and land. Nowhere has this sideward compression been more tremendous than in Norway. The transverse cleavage of slates, and even gneiss and quartzite, give no doubtful evidence of the immense power that brought them about. Much of this force must have expended itself in heat. Cracks and fissures were made in every direction, through which rose, in all likelihood, boiling waters charged with mineral matters in solution. To these and the heat we must ascribe the widespread crystallization of the rocks in question. In palæontological character the Silurian rocks of Norway do not materially differ from those of Sweden, Russia, Wales, or even Canada. On the other hand, quite a marked difference is found between them and the Silurian rocks of Bohemia and Southern Europe, making evident the fact that some barrier must have

NORWEGIAN BRIDE.

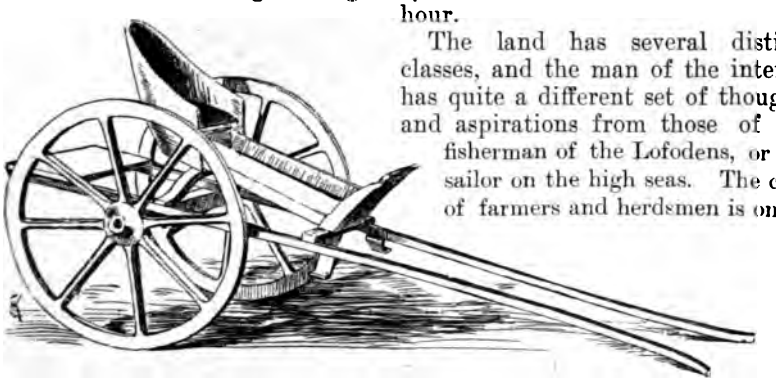
separated the northern Silurian sea from the southern. The world must have been very unaccentuated in that age. The same steamy, tropical climate reigned at the Poles as at the Equator summer and winter. The small, unformed lands showed but slight differences of level, and seemed to have been monotonous voids, without birds or beasts or flowers. All seas so far as known were shallow, and the sluggish inhabitants showed little of the vigour and variety of the present.

The city of Christiania, the capital of Norway, is a petrographer's paradise, for splendid granites, syenites, porphyries, diorites, and diabases are all found within three or four miles. Where the city now sits peacefully on her hills, overlooking distant mountains, rugged shores, and charming islands, there was once most terrific volcanic action. There were muttered thunders that came not from storm-clouds, but from the uneasy earth—mysterious warnings and premonitory shudderings. Vast cracks and chasms opened in the trembling rocks, into which welled molten fluids. Lava flowed from broad openings, and showers of ashes darkened the sun and desolated the country, while through the stifling downpour came baleful gleams of red light reflected from lakes of fire below. The whole region was blasted again and again through successive geological ages, just as half Iceland has been turned into a desert in modern times by Hecla and Skaptar Jokul.

In no land in Europe have ice and snow played so important an part as in Norway, and one may truthfully say that the ice age still lingers in no small part of the territory, so that the action of glaciers forms no small portion of her geology. The largest mass of eternal ice in Europe is found in Jostedalsbrae, near latitude 62 degrees. It is a waste of ice and snow, sixty miles in length and covering more than four hundred square miles of surface. It rises six thousand five hundred feet above the ocean, and is a sea of ice of unknown depth, hiding everything below like a mask and sending a score of frozen rivers into the valleys around.

The chief points in regard to glacial action are as follows: The upper part of the glacier is loaded with an ever-increasing depth of snow, which is compressed to ice by the burden above. The constant pressure drives the mass like a viscous fluid downwards and forwards every day. Rocks split from surrounding cliffs fall upon it and are carried along. Other rocks frozen in along the sides or base serve as chisels in gouging out and wearing away all unevenness or obstacles in

its bed. When the glacier melts, the heavier rocks are deposited, and lighter fragments borne away by the torrents, to be spread out in the valleys and plains as beds of gravel, sand, and clay. The glacier is the ploughshare of the Almighty. It left behind it in Norway fjords and river valleys and beds of lakes. It left a country bold and strong in its outlines, but terrible in its hardness, barrenness, and desolation. As soon as the ice withdrew from any part of its territory, running water took up the work of smoothing, sifting,



NORWEGIAN CARIOLE.

softening down, and spreading out what its forerunner had left unassorted and in heaps. Soils were formed, and every foothold wrested from the ice was occupied by vegetation.

But the working of another force must be considered before the history is complete. The work of water is one of degradation, and some counteracting, elevating force must be looked for. We find it in volcanism and the slow powers of upheaval, that, silent and unnoticed, elevate whole countries, with their mountains, valleys, lakes, and rivers, to a higher level.

The people whose lives and habits are influenced by the strange physical conditions described, are near relatives of our ancestors, the English. The Norwegians of to-day are of medium size, strongly built, with blue eyes, fair hair, and white and red complexion. They are a cheerful, or rather, placid, race, though a tinge of melancholy shows itself in the minor key of the music, perhaps born of the gloom of nature around. The people as a whole are thoroughly democratic, and the rough fellow to whom you have given a quarter for carrying your valise, grips your hand with an overflowing cordiality in saying goodbye that leaves it lame for the next hour.

The land has several distinct classes, and the man of the interior has quite a different set of thoughts and aspirations from those of the fisherman of the Lofodens, or the sailor on the high seas. The class of farmers and herdsmen is one of the most interesting in Norway. The small farmer—and the farms are all small—has his quaint house and barns standing in a clump together in the midst of the little fields. Every yard of ground is used for potatoes, barley, or hay; five hundred feet up the mountain side, clinging to a rock slope, there may be an acre of turf. It is utilized for hay, and a wire stretched from a tree on a cliff to another in the valley, gives a way of bringing the little crop to the barn.

The Lapps are the most striking part of the population to the foreigner; a diminutive people, once possessors of the country, but gradually elbowed out by their sturdier neighbours, and now only found in the far north. At first sight one can

hardly distinguish men from women, they are so small, so slightly built, and so scantily supplied with beard. They might all be children. Their general appearance is more picturesque than engaging. They are Mongolian in look, with sallow face, narrow eyes, high cheekbones, and unkempt hair, whose ends stick out like a fringe all round above their wide skin collars. Their brown locks weather out to a faded yellow from exposure to the sun and rain. The chief article of dress for the men is a sort of smock of reindeer skin, with the hair either inside or out. This garment is usually a world too wide, has a high collar above, and is fastened by a broad leather belt below, but so low down on the hips as to make the body look ludicrously long. A large knife in a wooden sheath hangs from this belt. The legs are clad in close-fitting leather hose, fastened to the upper part of the moccasins by numerous turns of leather string. The moccasins have pointed, upturned toes, and are of immense size, so as admit of padding with moss or straw to keep the feet warm. There is often a coil of rope slung over one shoulder, and used to lasso reindeer.

On his head, when in holiday trim, the Lapp sets a cap of brilliantly coloured cloth, flattened on top, and somewhat academic looking, with the corners projecting like horns to the four points of the compass. Within the large coat there is plenty of room to spare for storing tobacco, biscuits, and other articles which it is convenient to carry around. When tired or intoxicated, a Lapp may be seen to fling himself on the ground, or the bottom of his boat, turn up his hairy collar, nearly covering his head, draw in his arms, and contract himself like a turtle in his shell, leaving only the spindle legs and elephantine feet out of shelter. Lying thus, face downward, he dozes comfortably in the sunshine.

A BIT OF NORWEGIAN SCENERY.

The dress of the women is much the same as that of the men, except that the blouse is prolonged into a skirt reaching below the knees, and the head is covered with a close-

A SCENE IN BERGEN.

ght-cap of bright colours, lappets hanging down on of the cheeks and orna- ith a kind of embroidery. of both sexes is wobbling aceful.

ıpps live from their herds r or are fishermen. Dozens ızy boats of the latter may fastened to the piers of est, in the fine summer and their presence gives a ıge and picturesque life to ur.

astoral Lapps sometimes dreds of reindeer, which the straggling bushes and he fjelds over which they Once or twice in the week hunted up in their moun- ures, and driven in a ıs throng down to the ere the owner has his hut. ey are shut into an en- ıde of tree-trunks, and one after another the females are lassoed and held by the men while the women milk them into flat bowls. Meantime the deer pulls and struggles like a wild creature, and the others rush around in terror and make a peculiar crackling noise by the spreading of their hoofs as they run. Two tablespoonfuls make the full amount at one milking.

The reindeer provides everything for the Lapp—his food, drink, and clothing, and the material for his summer tents. Its horns are worked into spoons, its sinews into cord and thread. The reindeer drags him swiftly over the snowy hills in winter in his little boat-shaped sled. His only other domestic animal is a foxy, treacherous-looking dog, like those of our Canadian Indians. The only virtue of the brutes is their patriotism. They die of homesickness if taken south.

The Lapp dwells in a mound-

shaped hut, with only two openings, a low door and a hole on top to let out the smoke. The walls are of heavy planks or small logs, standing on end and sloping inwards, with earth and sod heaped up outside. The apartment within is like a wigwam, with a fire in the centre, around which lounge the family, including the dogs, on a carpet of reindeer skins. The other inhabitants, which are small but numerous and friendly, require no mention here.

On the whole, the Lapp's costume and hut are well adapted for the life and climate he is exposed to. Rough as his existence may be, he is not without some artistic feeling, as shown in adornments of dress and spirited sketches of men and reindeer on bone or horn spoons and knife-handles. The sketches remind one of those found in France with other relics of prehistoric man; and it is pretty certain that a race like the Lapps were the primitive inhabitants of Belgium and France, if not of the rest of Europe.

We venture to add to Dr. Coleman's graphic sketch some extracts from our own review of Paul du Chaillu's "Land of the Midnight Sun."—ED.

He was favoured with a very unconventional interview with the king. "Before I was king," said his majesty, "I was a farmer," and they talked of agriculture, schools, railways, and similar topics. On a second visit he found the king in his shirt-sleeves painting. He was simple in manners and style of living as any country gentleman. Similar simplicity of manners characterized his people, whom our author found very amiable, kind, and honest.

The isolation of the people is very great. From one hamlet it was two hundred miles to the nearest doctor. Everything was of the most primitive kind—plates, dishes, and spoons, etc., being made of wood; goats, sheep, and cows, were fed once a day on *fish*. Yet near the North Cape he found a farm-house with a piano, where the ladies spoke, besides Swedish, English, French, and German.

When Du Chaillu plunged into the Lapp country, he reduced his luggage to a minimum—chiefly, he says, writing paper and maps. But among the *etceteras* were a pound of coffee and some tea. "It is a great mistake," he says, "to think that the drinking of spirits refreshes the system when overcome with fatigue. The immediate effect is stimulating, but half an hour after one feels more exhausted than before." This wiry little man had travelled from malarious tropical Africa to the Arctic regions of Europe—sometimes wading through ice-cold rivers up to his neck—without liquor, and without ever smoking a pipe or cigar in his life.

Crossing the mountains westward he traversed the romantic Atlantic Coast, through scenery of the most sublime description—towering mountains glacier-crowned and feeding copious streams, which leap down the valley slopes, snow-white against a dark background of evergreen. There are hundreds, nay, thousands, of these waterfalls. The most striking feature is the magnificent fjords where the sea penetrates, sometimes a hundred miles between mountains towering thousands of feet. In cosy little bays, or lateral valleys, nestle the hamlets of the people. The low-hanging clouds during much of the year give a more gloomy aspect to the landscape than that of Switzerland. No country in Europe has such vast and numerous glaciers, and fields of perpetual snow. Indeed, the whole of the fjords are manifestly the result of ice action.

The lively little Frenchman made himself a great favourite with the simple farm-folk. When he re-

l a place it was "Welcome, ' and "Good-bye, Paul." "Paul, .ust eat more, you must not be il." "Look at Paul, he is not , he is like one of us." rikaner, come to our farm ; ve sons in Minnesota, in Iowa, isconsin, when you return be o see them ;" and they named children after him, and were ırying in their kindness and ality ! *

: peculiar features of farm-life ıe summers at the sæters, or tain pastures, on highlands so that they can be inhabited from June to September. ; maidens will remain in these les without fear and without r. If the farm is small all the y go to the sæter, with cows, goats, and with much trum- ; and blowing of horns. The tain life is hardy and healthy. ıg and milking the kine, and ıg butter and cheese. Some- the cattle belong to two or farmers. The houses are log or stone buildings like chalets.

: island of Gotland, in the Bal- one of unique historic interest. s a grand emporium of trade. India, from Persia, from ., by way of the Volga and the ın steppes, the wealth of the t was poured into the lap of ccident. Hither came traders England, Holland, France, he Mediterranean. Wisby was eat walled city of 12,000 ers and many more of lesser . Here have been discovered inds of Greek, Roman, Byzan-

tine, and Arabic coins—including rare specimens from Bagdad, Samarcand, Bokhara, and other Asiatic cities. More than a hundred churches were built on the island, many of them of stately architecture, whose very ruins are impressive.

One of the most remarkable recent discoveries in Norway was an oak-built Viking ship, 42 feet long, with many swords, spears, and shields inside. In 1880 a still more remarkable relic was found—a Viking ship, 76 feet long, and 14 feet wide amidships. It would answer well Longfellow's description of the "Long Serpent," in his "Saga of King Olaf."

A peculiar feature of Scandinavian trade is the great fairs—annual or semi-annual—which are held in many places. From the fjords and sæters and mountain hamlets swarm the people to the fair-towns in holiday garb, to exchange their hard-earned money for the latest fashions in picturesque apparel or rustic ornaments. It is a time for universal merry-making, giving of presents, and innocent enjoyment.

The architecture of the country has a picturesqueness of its own. One of the most curious examples is the old church at Borgund, dating, probably, from the time of St. Olaf, or his son, Magnus. Its dark colour and peculiar shape, its successive shingle roofs, ornamented with dragons and crosses, at once arrest the attention. The interior, with its curious carvings and arrangements, is almost as odd as the exterior. The only stone object is the very ancient font.

The domestic architecture, too, is very picturesque. The houses have often broad Swiss-like galleries and balconies, overhanging eaves, carved doorways and porches. The stabbur, or isolated building, is very odd-looking, with overhanging stories, and sometimes outside stairs. It is

was treated," he says of the peasants ıcarlia, "like one of their loved rela- After his return to America, he d as many as four hundred letters in with such greeting as: "My dear and brother Paul," "My unfor- my tenderly-beloved Paul," "May ard thee over the ocean," "A thou- lear and repeated greetings from a l friend."

employed for keeping wearing apparel, or stores, probably for protection in case of fire. It is often richly carved. Within the dwelling-house one sees quaint rooms, where are found great bedsteads, reached by a high step, and dressers built into a recess in the wall, carved shelves, on which is kept the Bible and a few sacred books, cupboards with old china, and often on the walls or mantels, or over the beds, a pious inscription or verse of Scripture. "No houses in mediæval Europe," says our author, "can rival in antiquity the farm buildings of Norway." Some date from the eighth century. The exemption of the country from war has permitted them to remain. The same reason has allowed the accumulation of art treasures and paintings.

The winter, and especially the Christmastide, is the great season for merry-making in Norway. The farmers rest from their labours, the dairy work is light. The ample leisure is turned into a high festival.

NORWEGIAN HOLIDAY COSTUME.

Every hamlet and farm is busy in preparing for Christmas; baking, brewing, buying or making Christmas presents, or putting up the Christmas sheaves for the birds. Great cart-loads of grain are brought to the towns for this purpose, and every one, even the poorest, buys a sheaf. Even the horses, cattle, sheep, and goats get a double

COMING TO CHURCH ACROSS FJORD.

of food on this Christian fes-
The day before Christmas,
hing is ready, the house thor-
cleaned, and leaves of juni-
fir strewn on the floor. Then
ıole family take a hot bath in
ıke-house, and put on clean
ınd new clothes. In the even-
e house-father reads from the
y, or the Bible. Often the
are illuminated and vigil is
ll night, and the people flock
churches by torchlight.
ly on Christmas morning the
of children are heard sing-

A child is born in Bethlehem,
That is the joy of Jerusalem,
Halle, Hallelujah!"

boys and girls have a jolly
n out-of-door sports, especially
ıhoeing. The snow-shoes are
ınlike ours in Canada, being
ix or seven, to ten or twelve,
n fourteen or sixteen feet long,
ointed at the ends. They are
of thin fir wood, four or five inches wide. They are fastened by a loop over the foot and are not raised from the snow, but slid along the surface. The difficulty is to keep them parallel. The natives, Du Chaillu says, can travel with them ten or fifteen miles in an hour. Often on Christmas Eve, a Christmas-tree, and dance, and song, and love-gifts, and mirth, celebrate the happy day. Even the stranger is not forgotten, and friend Paul received many tokens of remembrance.

The people are very fond of music, singing-clubs, choir-practice, and the like. In some remote towns almost every house has a piano—one for every twenty-five persons. But many of them are small and inexpensive. Even the Lapps are religiously instructed, and have, in their sub-arctic solitudes, their Bible and hymn-books, and can often speak Lapp, Finnish, Swedish, and Norwegian.

On the west coast are numerous fishing villages. Sometimes the catch of cod by a single fleet is half

a million in a day. Determined to see everything for himself, the indefatigable Paul went to sea with the fishermen—sharing their toils and dangers. "He never," he says, "heard one of them, under any provocation, swear." Their honesty and piety he highly commends. At Henningsvær he found the church crowded with 3,000 fishermen, each one with his church-service book. "I doubt," he says, "if such a scene could be witnessed in any other Christian country."

Of the many fishing towns in Norway that of Bergen on the west coast is one of the busiest. It is a remarkable blending of the quaint and old in the architecture of its buildings, and the up-to-date twentieth century in its electric lights and trolley cars. When the fishing fleet crowds the harbour and the sailors and fishermen crowd the streets it is indeed a busy scene.

An example of the striking sea cliffs of Norway is that at Hornelen, the most abrupt and precipitous of any in Europe.

The railway and road construction, as may well be supposed in this land of mountains and fjords, presents remarkable engineering difficulties. Two of our cuts will indicate the character of these. It is remarkable what splendid roads are constructed, winding in great ribbon-like curves up and down the mountain slopes. Over these rattle the coaches of the country, and the peculiar light carriage known as the cariole, a vehicle not unlike the caleche of Lower Canada, only the driver stands behind on a sort of footman's platform, and guides his steed with the skill of a Jehu.

Probably no country in Europe has better educational provision than Norway and Sweden. Every village has its school, and every school its library. In one Du Chaillu found 30,000 volumes. There are two universities, with 173 professors and over 2,000 students, and this in a poor country, with a population not as great as that of Canada. The University of Upsala is over 400 years old. It has a library of 200,000 volumes, and 8,000 MSS., many of them very valuable. English, French, and German literature is well represented in the school libraries—Dickens and Thackeray being favourites. The art and technological schools are far ahead of anything we can show. We may learn a good deal from our Norse friends. Even in remote farms, the house-mother will teach the younger children, and the father will often train the boys for the high school. In small towns, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, German, and English are taught, and the three last are frequently spoken by young ladies of the better class.

In the free public and in the private schools 97 per cent. of the children of school-age were in attendance. Half-an-hour every day is spent in Bible-reading, hymn-singing, and prayer; and religion is taught by precept and example. Du Chaillu contrasts this popular diffusion of education with the ignorance of some southern countries of Europe, where the governments subsidize the theatres and neglect the schools. And the country is not a rich one; but, on the contrary, very poor. In some of the remote parishes, for instance, a farm servingman will labour a whole year for a wage of ten dollars and a suit of clothes. The aged poor are not herded in great poor-houses, but are boarded round in farm-houses, and treated with much kindness and consideration. To the popular education he attributes the fact that very few strikes or labour troubles occur in Norway or Sweden, and Communism and Nihilism are unknown.

THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY.*

BY THE EDITOR.

III.—THE FUGITIVE SLAVES IN CANADA.

THE hardships which many of the refugees underwent in Canada were severe. One of them, writing from Hamilton, Canada West, to Fred. Douglass, said: "Twenty-one years ago I stood on this spot, penniless, ragged, lonely, homeless, helpless, hungry, and forlorn. Hamilton was a cold ıess for the fugitive when I here."

'e were at first no schools, no es. and very little preaching 'r consolations of religion to the negroes had been accus-

Their poverty, their ignorheir fears, made their condiry pitiable. "Yet," says Sie- it was brightened much by mpassionate interest of the an people, who were so toler- to admit them to a share in ıal rights that could at that e found in America only in ritory of a monarchical gov- ıt."

'rous efforts were soon made 't their religious needs. As ıs 1838 a mission was begun them. Schools were estaband other means adopted for terment of their social condi- A manual labour institute 'gun at Amherstburg. They isited by anti-slavery friends the United States, John , Levi Coffin, and others. Mr. describing the condition of some of these former slaves, writes:

"They owned good farms, and were perhaps worth more than their former masters. . . Many fugitives arrived weary and footsore, with their clothing in rags, having been torn by briers and bitten by dogs on their way, and when the precious boon of freedom was obtained, they found themselves possessed of little else, in a country unknown to them and a climate much colder than that to which they were accustomed." Yet they soon earned an honest living, and not a few amassed considerable property.

Mr. Clay remonstrated with the British Government for harbouring these refugees: "They are generally," he alleged, "the most worthless of their class, and far, therefore, from being an acquisition which the British Government can be anxious to make. The sooner, we should think, they are gotten rid of the better for Canada." "But," says Professor Siebert, "the Canadians did not at any time adopt this view." The Government gave the exiles welcome and protection and land on easy terms. Under the benign influence of Lord Elgin, then Governor-General, the Elgin Association was formed for the purpose of settling the refugees on Clergy Reserve and Crown lands in the township of Raleigh. In the so-called Queen's Bush, a vast region stretching towards Lake Huron, many fugitives hewed out for themselves homes in the wilderness. At Dawn, near Dresden, as early as 1842, a negro settlement was formed. The Revs. Hiram Wilson and Josiah Henson organized a training institute. Several hundred acres of land were secured, on which in ten years

the portraits illustrating this article indebted to the courtesy of the Company Publishers, 5 Park Boston.

LEVI COFFIN RECEIVING A BAND OF FUGITIVES.

there were five hundred settlers, with sixty pupils in the school. In other settlements adjacent, says Mr. Henson, there were between three and four thousand refugees, and the pupils reached the number of one hundred and sixteen. Thus was anticipated by nearly half a century the industrial training which Booker T. Washington has so successfully organized at Tuskegee, Alabama.

At Buxton, in Kent County, a settlement named after Thomas Fowell Buxton, the famous philanthropist, was organized, and in 1848 the Elgin Association was incorporated. Ten years later Dr. Howe reports two thousand acres deeded to negro owners, and two hundred neat cottages erected, with a population of about one thousand. He writes:

"There is no tavern, and no groggery; but there is a chapel and a schoolhouse. . . . Most interesting of all are the inhabitants. Twenty years ago most of them were slaves, who owned nothing, not even their children. Now they own themselves; they own their houses and farms; and they have their wives and children about them. They are enfranchised citizens of a government which protects their rights."

A saloon was opened in the Buxton settlement, but could not find customers enough to support it, and so was closed within a year.

Other similar but less noted colonies, one bearing the honoured name of the philanthropist Wilberforce, were established. Some of the negroes' best friends, however, considered that they would succeed better if thrown upon their own resources and encouraged to cultivate self-reliance. Their gregarious instinct, however, tended to keep them together. The refugees for the most part gravitated to the towns and cities — Amherstburgh, Windsor, Chatham, St. Catharines, Hamilton, and Toronto—where they cultivated small gardens and performed such lowly labours as wood sawing, whitewashing, hotel service, laundry work and the like. A less number found homes and occupations at Kingston and Montreal, and a few at St. John and Halifax.

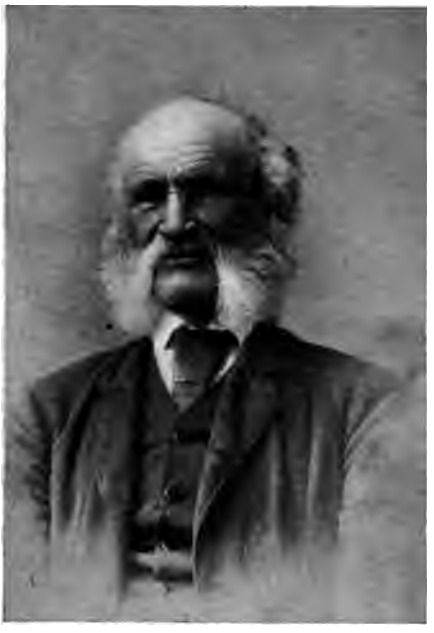
The negroes at Dawn were reported to be "generally very prosperous farmers—of good morals, and mostly Methodists and Baptists." Out of three or four thousand coloured people, not one, says Josiah Henson, was sent to gaol for any infraction of the law during the seven years from 1845 to 1852.

In 1852 the Anti-Slavery Society of Canada reported that there were about 30,000 coloured residents in Upper Canada, nearly all being refugees. About ten years later Principal Willis, of Knox College, who took deep interest in their condition, estimated the number at 60,000. This was doubtless an overestimate. After the War the number very greatly decreased, many returning to the northern tier of States and some further south.

The Canadian census of 1901 reports in the whole Dominion 17,437 negroes, more than half of whom, namely, 8,935, dwell in Ontario, 5,984 in Nova Scotia, 1,368 in New Brunswick, and only 532 in British Columbia, and 280 in Quebec.*

A few of the refugees followed the blacksmith and carpenter trades, fewer still kept small stores, and some accumulated real estate and a degree of wealth. Many of them

* The negro population seems to be continuously decreasing in the Dominion. The census of 1871 reports a total of 21,496, not including Prince Edward Island, Manitoba, British Columbia and the Territories, which were not then in the Dominion. Of these, 13,435 were in Ontario, 6,212 in Nova Scotia, 1,701 in New Brunswick, and 148 in Quebec. In 1881 the negro population in the whole Dominion was 21,394, of whom 12,097 were in Ontario, 7,062 in Nova Scotia, 1,638 in New Brunswick, 274 in British Columbia, 155 in Prince Edward Island, 141 in Quebec, 25 in Manitoba, and 2 in the Territories.



THE LATE LEWIS G. CLARK, OF BOSTON.
The original George Harris of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

owned small neat homes, though sometimes the unthrift inherited from slavery days was seen in the unkempt and dilapidated premises. Dr. Howe considered their state better than that of the foreign immigrants in the same regions. Sunday schools were early established in the negro settlements, the Bible was read in many humble homes, not a few negroes learning to read and write after reaching adult years.

The tendency of the fugitives to association was shown in the organization of what were known as "True Bands," a sort of mutual improvement clubs; one at Chatham had a membership of 375, and one at Malden a membership of about 600. Religious organizations were formed among them, chiefly of the Methodist and Baptist persuasion, perpetuating the modes of worship of these churches in the Southern States. Most of the meeting places were devoid of architectural pretensions and were sometimes rude and almost primitive. The worship was largely of an emotional character, marked by the vigour and often the eloquence of the address and the beauty of the singing, which were not infrequently accompanied by hand-clapping and other physical demonstrations.

Among their ministers were many devout and pious men, some of them possessing much ability and persuasive eloquence. Of these we may mention the Revs. Wm. Mitchell, Josiah Henson, Elder Hawkins, and Bishop Disney of the Methodist Episcopal Church. (The latter three were born slaves.) They accomplished much good among the coloured race in Canada. A few of the negroes joined white churches, but for the most part they worshipped together. The franchise was freely given them on the payment of the same amount of taxes as was paid by the white people.

As may well be imagined, many touching scenes took place as each band of fugitives reached the land of liberty. Many families long separated were reunited. "Each new band of pilgrims as it came ashore at some Canadian port was scanned by little groups of negroes eagerly looking for familiar faces. Strange and solemn reunions, after years of separation and hardship, took place along the friendly shores of Canada."

A large number of fugitives from slavery considered themselves safe, at least till after 1850, within the borders of the Free States. Josiah Henson estimated that in 1852 there were as many as 50,000 former slaves living in the States. But this was always at considerable risk of being kidnapped or, after the Fugitive Slave Act of 1850, of being restored by law to bondage. "The Southern people," says Professor

"apparently regarded their
recover their escaped slaves
uestionable as their right to
their stray cattle, and they
termined to have the former
y and fully recognized in the
as the latter."

e sprang up a class of men
ade it their business to track
y slaves. They watched the
ements of such runaways,
anted the abolition communi-
towns for their detection.
v. L. B. Grimes, a coloured
ad organized a church of
slaves in Boston. On the
ent of the Fugitive Slave Bill
f them fled to Canada. One
number, Sims, under guard
e hundred Boston policemen,
tored to slavery.

Rev. J. S. C. Abbott recites
ng story of a rescue in Bos-
fugitive slave girl married
ired man named Crafts in
ty. To them were born two
n. "A young, healthy, ener-
other with two fine boys was
prize." An attempt was,
re, made in 1852 to abduct
Seibert writes:

se Boston boys, born beneath the
of Faneuil Hall, the sons of a free
of Boston, and educated in the
free schools, were, by the com-
s of the Constitution, admitted
laves, the property of a South
an planter. The Boston father
ight to his own sons."

ied in time the mother fled
er children and escaped by a
steamer to Halifax.

tor Charles Sumner declared
as many as six thousand
an men and women, meritori-
rsons,— a *larger band than*
f the escaping Puritans,—
tately fled from homes which
id established."

coloured Baptist Church of
ter, out of a membership of
ndred and fourteen fugitive
lost a hundred and twelve, in-
cluding the pastor, who fled for safety to Canada. Similar numbers escaped from Buffalo, Detroit, and other border cities. The persons who aided the escape of such fugitives were subject to severe penalties even before the passage of the Fugitive Slave Act.

Mr. Newton, of Michigan, was fined the sum of $2,850 for aiding fugitive slaves, and against Mr. R. R. Sloan, of Sandusky, Ohio, was given a verdict of $3,330 for aiding the escape of fugitive slaves, besides $1,393 in law costs. In 1856 Margaret Garner, a slave woman, fled with her four children to Cincinnati, Ohio. Frenzied with fear of capture she killed her favourite child, but with the surviving children was restored to slavery.

The Canadian freedmen gave a warm welcome to the fugitives. A declaration which they issued ran in part as follows:

"Including our children, we number here in Canada 20,000 souls. The population in the free States are, with few exceptions, the fugitive slave's friends. We are poor. We can do little more for your deliverance than pray to God for it. We will furnish you with pocket compasses, and in the dark nights you can run away."

Upon the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law in 1850, Joshua R. Giddings, of Ohio, declared:

"The freemen of Ohio will never turn out to chase the panting fugitive. They will never be metamorphosed into bloodhounds, to track him to his hiding-place, and seize and drag him out, and deliver him to his tormentors. Rely upon it they will die first. Let no man tell me there is no higher law than this Fugitive Bill. We feel there is a law of right, of justice, of freedom, implanted in the breast of every intelligent human being, that bids him look with scorn upon the libel on all that is called law."

The appearance of Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," in 1850, and of its Key of corroborative evidence in 1853, aroused the conscience of

ELLEN CRAFT.

Disguised as a planter, she escaped to Boston in 1848, bringing her husband as valet. Portrait loaned by Simeon Dodge, of Marblehead, who harboured her and helped her to get away to England.

the North like the peal of a clarion. In 1854, Anthony Burns, a fugitive slave was arrested in Boston; but, through the zeal of the abolitionists, the city was set ablaze with excitement. At a meeting held in Faneuil Hall it was decided to rescue Burns by force from the court-house gaol which, defended by troops, had the air of a beleaguered fortress. A thousand soldiers furnished with loaded cannon, assisted by four platoons of marines and a battalion of artillery, conducted Burns to the United States revenue cutter by which he was carried back to Virginia. Fifty thousand people lined the streets, greeted the procession with hisses and groans and displayed emblems of mourning and shame.

It does not lie within the scope of this paper to describe the Free Soil struggles in Kansas, nor the career of John Brown, but Professor Siebert quotes the estimate that the "attack on Harper's Ferry caused the value of slave property in Virginia to decline to the extent of ten million dollars." Not a few thoughtful minds agreed that the existence of the Underground Railway was on the whole a fortunate thing for the slave States; that it was, as the negro historian, Williams, has said, "a safety-valve to the institution of slavery. As soon as leaders arose among the slaves, who refused to endure the yoke, they would go North. Had they remained, there must have been enacted at the South the direful scenes of San Domingo."

General Quitman, Governor of Louisiana, declared in 1850 that the South had lost 100,000 slaves in the previous forty years, whose value he estimated at $30,000,000. Both the number of fugitives and their value were, doubtless, very much exaggerated. In addition to these it is asserted that the American Colonization Society, whose object was to remove free blacks from the South to the coast of Africa, sent out in forty years previous to 1857, 9,502 emigrants. The solution of the slavery problem was evidently not repatriation in their original home.

In the year 1860 a very stirring international episode occurred in the city of Toronto. It was one of the most remarkable cases ever tried in Canada, both from the public sympathy that was called forth and from the points of law involved. A very dull account of this trial is given both in the Upper Canada Queen's Bench Reports and Common Pleas Reports.* The facts of the case were as follows: John Anderson, a slave belonging to one McDonald, in Missouri, had left his

* Queen's Bench Reports, Vol. XX., Second Ed., pp. 124-193, Michaelmas Term, 24 Victoria, 1860. Court of Common Pleas Reports, Vol. XI., Second Ed., pp. 9-72, Hilary Term, 24 Victoria.

owner's house with the intention of escaping from slavery. About thirty miles from his home he met with one Diggs, a planter, working in a field with his negroes. Diggs told Anderson that as he had not a pass he could not allow him to proceed. Anderson tried to run away from his captor, when Diggs ordered his slaves, four in number, to take him a prisoner. Diggs himself attempted his arrest, was stabbed by Anderson, and in a few days died of his wound. Anderson in the meantime made good his escape and got away to Canada. This was in September, 1853. After seven years' residence in Canada Anderson was tracked by a slave catcher, charged with murder, and his surrender demanded under a clause of the Ashburton Treaty providing for the extradition of slaves guilty of crimes committed in the United States. Lord Elgin, the Governor-General of Canada, in response to an appeal on behalf of Anderson, replied to the effect that "in case of a demand for John Anderson, he should require the case to be tried in their British court; and if twelve freeholders should testify that he had been a man of integrity since his arrival in their dominion, it should clear him."

The magistrate who examined the case at Brantford decided that the charge against Anderson was sustained. The case was brought before the Court of Queen's Bench, Toronto, which court decided that Anderson should be given up. Intense excitement was created throughout the country by this decision. Public meetings were held and strong protests were made against the surrender of the hunted fugitive. It was argued that in defending himself against recapture to bondage, and to condign punishment and probably a cruel death, he was exercising an inalienable right. The Court of Queen's Bench gave a decision, Justice McLean strongly dissenting, not for his surrender, but against his discharge, leaving him to be dealt with by the Government which might find sufficient reasons for not complying with the requisition from the United States. Justice McLean expressed his strong dissent in these words: "In administering the law of a British province, I can never feel bound to recognize as law any enactment which can convert into chattels a very large number of the human race. I think that on every ground the prisoner is entitled to be discharged."

So profound was the interest in this case that after the decision in Canada was known in England, the Habeas Corpus was applied for and granted by the Court of Queen's Bench in that country. Before that could be executed, however, the prisoner had obtained a similar writ from the Court of Common Pleas in Canada. The result was that the prisoner was discharged on the grounds of informality of his committal. There can be little doubt, however, that all the legal resources of Great Britain would have been employed for the defence of this lowly black prisoner.

The present writer has a very vivid recollection of a great public meeting of sympathy with this fugitive slave, held in St. Lawrence Hall, Toronto, in which the Hon. George Brown and Dr. Daniel Wilson, President of Toronto University, took a prominent part. He was also present at the reading of the decisions of three judges before the Court of Queen's Bench at Toronto. It was an occasion of thrilling interest. The fugitive slave was brought to the court in a cab surrounded by a body of police carrying muskets with fixed bayonets—so great was the fear of a popular rescue. Chief Justice Robinson gave a learned judgment to the effect that Anderson should be given

up. Judge Burns followed in an impressive address to the same effect. During the reading of these judgments, which were heard in death-like silence, the poor negro turned almost pale with trepidation. As Judge McLean pronounced his decision that the prisoner should *not* be surrendered, a cheer that could not be restrained, burst from the lips of the audience, was caught up by the thousands gathered outside of the hall, and rang from street to street till the news was known throughout the city.

Coincident with these events was the secession of South Carolina and the organization of the Southern Confederacy. Then followed the four years' war with, as one of its results, the abolition of the last vestige of slavery on the continent.

THE CZAR'S VISION.

BY FRANCES E. W. HARPER.

To the Czar of all the Russias
Came a vi ion bright and fair,
The joy of unburdened millions
Floating gladly on the air;
The laughter and songs of children,
Of maidens so fair and bright,
Of mothers who never would tremble
Where war and carnage blight.

The harvest had ceased to ripen
On fields all drenched with blood,
And the seas were no more ensanguined
With an awful crimson flood;
The peaceful streets no longer
Gave back the martial tread,
And over the ransomed nations
The banner of love was spread.

Instead of the tramp of armies
Was patter of little feet,
And the blare of bugles and trumpets
Had melted in music sweet.

The streams tripped lightly seaward,
Unfreighted with human gore,
The valleys and hills were brightened
And shuddered with war no more.

There were homes where peace and plenty
Around happy hearths did smile,
And the touch of baby fingers
Could sorrow and care beguile.
The cannon had ceased its bristling,
Its mission of death was o'er,
And the world so weary of carnage
Learned the art of war no more.

And earth, once so sorrow-laden,
Grew daily more fair and bright,
Till peace our globe had enfolded
And millions walked in its light.
'Twas a bright and beautiful vision
Of nations disarmed and free,
And the poor and needy blessed him
For the world's first jubilee.

AN AUTUMN FIELD.

How rich and full in June's all-perfectness
Was the lush grass which, in this ample field,
Grew riotously glad! How prodigal the yield
Of every flower whose absence had made less
The bounteous whole! Now, where that sweet excess
Abounded, to itself has bareness sealed
The thriftless sods: reft, like a glorious shield
Of all its wrought and painted loveliness.

Yet not quite all; for here and there behold
A flower like those which made the summer sweet
Puts forth some meagre tint of red or gold,
To make the barrenness seem more complete.
Such overflow of life, such wealth of bliss;
Now for remembrance and endurance - this!

—*John White Chadwick.*

FRICA IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.*

BY FREDERICK PERRY NOBLE, PH.D.

HYSICAL Asia is huge, but Africa is hardly less vast. Africa, unlike India, is not a country, but a group of countries. Unlike Australia and Europe—continents of about three million square miles each — Africa constitutes the virtual equivalent of four con-

ts area, in round numbers, elve million square miles. nerica and South America h be put into Africa.

nate and peoples afford serious problems. Seven- Africa lie between the It has a northern sub- zone where white men lanced at the opposite ex- a southern half-tropical se climate is ideal and a Mediterranean Europe. 'een extends Negroland, scorched home of the

Here the Eternal has home in perpetuity for the negro, yet whose healthful Europeans can colonize. enturies Africa will, as a main in possession of its ces. Nature made them sons of the soil. The African is falling more and more under the suzerainty of European masters. Britain, France, and Germany will be the lords paramount.

To lift China's myriads is no light business, but China is highly cultured, and has a moral code and four or five religious cults; Africa, by comparison, is naked, non-moral, savagely superstitious. To raise India's masses is not an easy task, though India is civilized and religious. Atrica, relatively, is barbarous and non-religious. Its missions experience such a combination of difficulties, so numerous and so singular, as are nowhere paralleled. To infuse pagan Africa, the gigantic Frankenstein of humanity, with true life, the Divine life, is the Holy War to which the twentieth century is summoned by Christianity.

In this virgin land, during the nineteenth century, history has forged an epic to the anvil chorus of thunder peals. Since then, it has produced more historical results than has any other area of British influence. The tragic clash of races; the white man's march; the fall of the black men's lordship; the finding of diamonds and gold, and the passing of the Boer republics in the lightnings and thunders of battle, caused the Cape of Good Hope to become morally what Diaz named it physically—the Cape of Storms.

With the end of South Africa's old order, the rising sun of this century brings God's New Year. His eternal day holds the promise and potency of a nobler South Africa. It will yet become the Christian

endom Anno Domini MDCCCCI."
A Presentation of Christian and Activities in every Country rld at the beginning of the Century by more than sixty ontributors. Two vols. Edited illiam D. Grant. Ph.D. With y Note by President Charles Hall, D.D. Toronto: William p. xx-582; xiii-471. Price, ostpaid.
pleasure in abridging from this mprehensive work, this brilliant the "Dark Continent and its Problems."—ED.

democracy in common of the heroic Boer and the magnanimous Briton; of the white man—bearing other men's burdens no less than his own —and the white man's brother in black, "God's image in ebony."

West Africa ranks next in relative weight as an African potentiality, though North Africa presses it hard on account of Egypt's immense importance, the most available Mediterranean inlet into Sahara being through Algeria. European commerce — afterward seconded by American trade—slaving and traffic in liquors, long wreaked its worst upon the negro population. West Africa had no history proper until 1884, when the Berlin Conference created the Kongo State. Its routes to the interior consist of streams emptying either into the Atlantic or Lake Chad. The Senegal, Niger and Kongo open water-ways into the healthier countries beyond the deadly coast.

Religiously, North Africa is the largest Moslem land-area on earth. It is the stubbornest spiritual soil in Africa, thanks to the sterilizing effect of Islam upon its eighteen or twenty million Mohammedans, and has so far yielded the least results of any mission field of the once lost and hopeless continent. The soil for Christian missions appears dust and ashes; yet, as the waters of the Nile give life to the adjoining desert sands, so the waters of life from America and Europe, flowing upon Moslem Africa, will yet reward the toil of the Christian husbandman with an abundant harvest.

East Africa, though facing an Orient sun, is, relatively, an unimportant sphere. It has no real history; is a medley of peoples; has been influenced by south-western Asia; and, including Madagascar, as ought to be done, stands second to South Africa in missionary enterprise, though ranking West and even North A political importance. It youngest of African spheres.

In the development of A Bantu is the weightiest factor. The beauty, plasti and richness of the Bar guages amaze scholars. flexibility, pliancy and soft almost limitless; their grar principles founded on th philosophical and systemat their vocabularies susceptib finite expansion, offering a tunity for the expression most delicate shadings of thought and Christian feeli

Second in importance, comes the Sudanese neg home is over thirty-five miles long, but it averag seven hundred miles in ext north to south. The situa tween the Atlantic and the made the Sudan the gre those horrible hunting whose game consists of beings.

Of the group of negro la the Hausa has become th popular, and has travelled It serves not only as the tongue of fifteen milli negroes, but as a *lingua fr* tween Sudanese tribes of tongues, and even as a speech between Sudane Mediterranean Africa. It markable for simplicity, and wealth of vocabulary. among man's imperial lang the Latin of Central Sudai nificent, rich and sonorous, ful and facile in grammatic ture; exhibiting a harmon word-forms, and a symphor metry that few tongues ca

The Hausa race is so rer as to require a word. It p energy, intelligence, indus judgment. The men are

artisans, almost artists, in working leather, metals and other materials. The people possess histories, songs and tales in Hausa, and are credited with being the sole negroes that ever, apart from "Caucasian" influence, prized a book. While nominally they are followers of Mohammed, they know little of Islam, and remained free from the once formidable fanaticism of the Mahdists in Egypt. The conversion of such a race would honour Christianity, and become a powerful missionary force in the evangelization of Nigeria.

The negro has been styled the Saint John of human races. His type is essentially feminine. The negro is inquisitive but timid; coquettish and jealous; a gossip, quick to love, quarrel and be reconciled. Delighting in submission to the worthy, he readily sacrifices himself, even for the unworthy. This docility and devotion, his fine physique and great strength, make him as ideal a servant as the Chinese. Less sensitive in temperament than the European and the American, the negro's nervous life is less intense.

This black brother of ours, this barbarian in the ethical sphere, is not so much immoral as non-moral. He, like all other men, is a sinner, himself recognizing this sad fact, however dimly; but unlike most men, he in ethics is an arrested development.

His code of ethics is as strict, on its own plane, as are the mandates of Moses, or of Jesus, for us. He is an overgrown child with a man's body and animal appetites, and his faults as a barbarian are those of human nature. He is a kindly man, relatively no worse than our own forbears, of whom mediæval Europe said: "As savage as an Englishman." He generally treats his slave as a member of his family.

As a farmer, the negro is more efficient than the Chinese and the Hindu. In practising a new handicraft he quickly acquires dexterity. In book-learning his aptness is equally great. His capacity for endurance has proved exhaustless. Pestilence, slavery, spirituous liquors, war and the devastation of barbarism have not exhausted his vitality. He works willingly, even as a slave; and as a free man is capable of any degree or kind of industrial activity. Mother Nature made him one of her born diplomats, orators and traders. His inner life finds expression in a folklore not without poetry and power.

Many negro tribes, untouched by any stimulus from outside, voluntarily rose above the level where Cæsar found the Celts of Britain, and, even from the European and the Christian point of view, had a measure of the factors and forces that initiate real civilization. They possessed the art, most useful, of smelting and working iron. The negro also is more of a bridge-builder than the Teutons that Tacitus knew. Yet he has not devoted his native power solely to material progress. He has revealed natural ability to build states and govern himself. Ashanti and Dahomey prove this; especially, too, as they were realms of woman's rights.

The little progress surviving in Abyssinia is due to a Christian remnant. Providence reserves Abyssinia for some high purpose. With proper government and friendly European influence, with due respect for Ethiopia's independence and rights, Abyssinia may again, as more than once before, come to the front as a civilizing power. May we not hope that British influence will yet be rewarded in bringing Abyssinia back to her place among the Christian nations? The people are an exceptionally able and intelligent stock, little inferior to the

Greek, Italian, Portuguese or Spanish peasantry. They retain enough of the characteristics of Christianity to be considered, with all their shortcomings, a branch of the Christian Church. Ethiopia will yet stretch out her hands unto God, and be blessed anew with power for service.

The Arab always and everywhere has been a disturbing element in the African equation. His language apparently makes itself felt in half, his religion in two-thirds, of the negro continent. The Arab Christianized not only is the providential and predestined apostle to Islam, but by virtue of his world-language, can be made a potent ally of the missionary to the Hamitic and the Nigritic African. Above all, to mention the weightiest influence, lost Islam contains Christian germs in its system that can be turned to good account in addressing the Moslem.

Madagascar is the pearl of the Indian Ocean, whose Hova masters once seemed likely to make it another Japan. The evils of human nature abound, but the vices of barbarous paganism are matched by rare virtues. Firmness in friendship, kindness to the aged and to children, loyalty to rulers and obedience to law, strenuous in exertion, and something of real reverence for womanhood, distinguish the Hova character.

But society rested on slavery, two million Malagasi being slaves not long before the French conquest, and though Hovan serfage was seldom cruel or oppressive, Madagascar's conscience was callous toward the bondman. Christians owned slaves, even church officers purchasing them, and pastors avoided allusions to man's right to freedom. As Christian America, in 1861-65, atoned for centuries of wrong to the coloured race, Christian Madagascar, too, in 1895, rendered atonement at the hand of France for wronging its black brethren. Though Ranavalona II. was the Lincoln of the Hova, her reforms came too late, and failed to go far enough.

The native elements of Hovan culture are noteworthy. The extensive folk-lore reveals intellectuality and imagination. Hovan oratory abounds in figures, metaphors and parables. The language is musical, poetic and rich in parts of speech. Its compound names, appalling us by their length, are felicitous in that they describe salient qualities with graphic terseness. When the Hovas accepted Christianity, their speech became a literary tongue. After 1875 a Hovan Magazine of Literature, Science and Scholarship, partly written by Hovan authors, and wholly printed by Hovan craftsmen, was issued regularly. The Hovas show remarkable readiness is assimilating European ideas. Before 1895 Christianity was the state religion; English and French were taught in fifteen hundred schools, and large numbers of scientific works were translated.

Having thus sketched the native races, let us now glance at those peoples which have come to Africa from almost every country under heaven.

First and foremost, Britain has gripped Africa along its axis. Germany wanted to cut the African pear crosswise, but Britain has carved it longitudinally, and also laid the beam of St. George's cross upon the Niger and the Nile. The best portions of Africa, for those who speak the speech of Shakespeare, and hold the faith of Cromwell, are in the hands of the British.

Southern Africa, from the Cape to Belgian Kongo and Lake Tanganyika, and between German and

guese West Africa, on one
and Portuguese East Africa
: other, always is, or is becom-
ubject to Britain. The Zam-
s as English a river as the
es. Lake Nyassa is a Scotch
Nilotic Africa, from the
erranean to Lake Victoria,
Equatorial Africa, from
da to Zanzibar, describe the
of British possessions in
a. Cape Colony and Natal
its feet, and Egypt its head.
t has virtually become a vice-
y of the British crown, and
ile is mastered and harnessed
: Mersey.
anda, Zanzibar, and the ad-
: areas are British holdings.
a trifle of a thousand miles
separates the Briton at the
ern end of Lake Tanganyika
his brother on Lake Albert
rd. The Cape to Cairo Rail-
will soon be complete. Along
or similar lines runs the trend
: tremendous events to occur
itish Africa, north and south,
pare the way of the Lord.
tain everywhere has her hands
the greatest native races—
the negro, upon the Hamite
Semite. Under God she, in
or larger degree, for good or
ıfluences between sixty and
ty-five millions of Africans.
: Frank comes next, having
. Africa's huge northwestern
er, much of its equatorial and
ıese heart, together with
ificent Madagascar. The
: is the largest landowner in
a, though many of his hold-
are Saharan sand-lots. Al-
and Tunis are his already;
filching Morocco foot by foot;
;al and Sudan, from the At-
and around Nigeria, and
Chad to Kordo, have gravi-
into or toward his African
e that, he dreams, is to re-
his lost ones in America and

Within ten years France will fling a railway or two across Sahara from Algeria to Lake Chad, and Timbuktu, and another from the Atlantic to the Nile. The great results that she has already wrought in Algeria, Senegal and Tunis—the first, indeed, having become an integral part of France—show what she is doing in Kongo, Madagascar and Sudan. But France, the fair, alas! is a morally decrepit nation. She has neither the men nor the stamina to master the tropics. Protestant missions in French Africa may have little to hope from this papal power, but they have less to fear; and Catholic Christianity, in leaning upon the secular arm of this "son of the church," trusts a broken reed.

Belgium, the pygmy, and Germany, the giant, are the next great powers in Africa. If the Teutonic colossus apparently dominates Europe, the Belgian dwarf, by virtue of his position at the centre, holds the balance of power in Africa. The Belgians have worked wonders; putting one railroad around Livingstone Cataracts, planning another across-country to the Tanganyika, and exploiting the natural resources enormously. But their treatment of the natives leaves much to be desired, although they have done nobly in measurably stopping slave-traffic. They foster missions as civilizing agents; Protestants have little to complain of.

Germany has the least advantageously situated and the least valuable portion of the African division. The Germans have been drastic and hasty in their handling of Africans; but experience is teaching much, and their commercial enterprise and scientific instincts and procedure render them highly effective coefficients in the redemption of Africa. Christianity and its African missions, Protestant

and Roman, have a zealous co-labourer in Germany.

Liberia is a kind of African Belgium, existing by sufferance, but hardly, as Belgium does, justifying its existence. If not effaced, it may yet render real service to its negro neighbours.

Portugal is impotent to improve her possessions, and will not improbably part with them to Britain and Germany.

Turkey receives tribute from Egypt, and rules Tripoli, Fezzan and Barka—after a fashion; but "no grass ever grows where a Turkish steed has stamped his hoof," and the Turk's exit from Africa is simply a question of time.

The slave-trade is more and more becoming a thing of the past, while the liquor-traffic is having imposed upon it fresh restrictions. The powers with whose commerce it interferes can be depended upon to prevent its ravages from ruining their African prosperity, even if they have little regard for the rights of native races, and less wish to save them.

As to the social and political effects of Islam, a well-informed writer states: "Islam is at the bottom of the ills under which Africa suffers;" and Schweinfurth declares that "Islam's banner is the banner of blood." Its temper, however, is becoming more malleable and less intolerant. With all its faults Islam, therefore, may become a schoolmaster to lead its multitudes of followers to Christ, and so result in the fulfilment of Abraham's prayer: "O that Ishmael might live before Thee!" Oh, the pity of it, that Christianity should not present in Africa a solid front in the presence of the giants, Islam and Paganism!

Among the Kopts in Egypt a spiritual revolution of wide scope and great force is well under way. Credit for this is due mainly to the unceasing labours of the (U. S.) United Presbyterian Church. This church sustains at Asyut the only Protestant Christian college in Egypt. This college began in a donkey stable thirty-six years ago. It has now an enrollment of seven hundred students, from all but one of the fourteen provinces of Egypt. Forty-seven years have passed since the first missionary landed; now there are 6,500 church-members, fifty native preachers, and 14,000 pupils in the schools.

The Roman Catholic Church has extensive missions and has done heroic work in Africa, but unless she adopts the methods of her Protestant sister, and gives the Bible to her children, her labours must lack permanency.

Protestantism in Africa represents mainly three great world-powers—Britain, Germany and America. The first of these bears the palm for missionary enterprise in Africa; doing more than both the other two combined. Yet the Protestants of France, Holland, Switzerland, and Norway and Sweden are also represented in mission work in the Dark Continent. As many as two hundred and seventy-four societies, of all communions and countries, are engaged in African evangelization; even then, there is but one missionary to 175,000 of the population. Of the one hundred and fifty languages and four hundred dialects, the missionary now employs about one hundred and twenty-five. The Bible, as a whole, or in part, has been translated into one hundred and twenty of them.

It is next to impossible to obtain accurate statistics. In missions proper there are said to be, including Madagascar, 800,000 Protestant native adherents, as against 400,000 Roman Catholics. For Africa, Dr. Dennis enumerates fourteen colleges and universities, sixty-three

theological seminaries and training schools, seventy boarding schools—the pupils numbering 4,729; day schools, 1,588, with 91,000 scholars; industrial schools, 113; medical schools, 3. African mission schools of all grades—including Madagascar—were credited in 1898 with 140,000 students.

"We have only," says Henry M. Stanley, "to think of Uganda, with its 200 churches and cathedral, and its 50,000 native Christians, read the latest official reports from Nyassa Land, and glance at the latest map of Africa, to be convinced of the zeal, devotion, and industry of the missionaries."

Bishop J. C. Hartzell, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in an address before sailing for his distant field, expressed himself in a most optimistic mood respecting the future of Africa:

"Yesterday, Africa was the continent of history, of mystery, and of tragedy; to-day it is is the continent of opportunity; to-morrow, if the Church is true to itself, it will be the continent of triumphant victories for Christ.

"The government of Africa is fixed. It is to be under the white man. For thousands of years its millions have lived without painting a picture, building a city, or organizing a complex government. The divinely given and excellent qualities of the native African have been preserved, but now the continent, with its multitudes, has passed under the rule of the sons of Japhet. England, Germany, and France hold the destiny of Africa. There will be no war between them over that continent.

"As in India, English rule prepared the way and made possible the triumphs of Christ and His kingdom, so it will be in Africa. Civil and religious liberty, with friendship to all missionary enterprises, will soon be assured everywhere."

WORDSWORTH.

BY R. BOAL.

He, who loved nature with a heart devout,
Through many a field and forest rambled far,
And realized deep joy in flower and star,
He, who in childhood's hour did leap and shout,
In the glad freedom of an English boy,
When neither care nor trouble did annoy,
And the tall mountain, and the gloomy wood,
His youthful mind with glorious thought imbued;
Those joys and raptures o'er, sad music came
From suffering mankind. Then the poet's aim
Rose up sublime, to let the nation see,
The multitudes, all touched with cecity;*
How beyond nature dwelt a power divine,
And in the humblest life that power may shine.

* "Cecity," signifying *blindness*, from Latin *cæcitas*, through French *cecite* is used by Sir Thomas Brown and by Matthew Arnold in his ode on Dean Stanley. The word is an apt one to express the literary blindness of that age.—R. B.

UNDER CASTILIAN SKIES.

THE SILVER NIGHTS OF CASTILE.

BY L'INCONNU.

THE TOILET—OPEN-AIR SOIREE ON THE ALAMEDA.

WE stood on a bridge of the Manzanares and watched the moon riding slowly up the blue steep of heaven. A myriad stars trembled in the depths of the clear Castilian sky. The royal palace looked down like a sentinel from its place on the bluff and the varied sounds of Madrid came floating on the evening air. My companion was reading some little Spanish ditties he had collected on our journey. Reading, leaning on the bridge-rail by moonlight! That is one of the luxuries of a night in Spain. Nowhere else had we found nights so clear and with such an unfathomable depth of sky, such a luminous brilliancy of moon and star. Even the skies of Italy were not so blue and deep as these Spanish skies.

We were loath to leave night and sky and river, but we had accepted an invitation to the Countess Guadijo's tertulia for that evening, not having the faintest idea what a tertulia might mean. It might

THE GAY COSTERMONGERS OF ANDALUSIA.

have been anything from a five-o'clock tea to a public execution. We found on arriving that it was much more nearly allied to the former. In short, it corresponds in a large measure to our idea of an "at-home"; but an "at-home" minus formality. We have nothing so delightfully informal by way of evening entertainment.

The tertulia is simply the group of friends a particular lady entertains in her drawing-room. Sometimes it is not even in a private drawing-room, but some general meeting-place is chosen as the Solan del Prado. Here the different groups draw their chairs together and a number of tertulias are held. There is no difficulty about getting introduced into the society of Madrid. One has simply to know some one attending one of these tertulias. This is sufficient even to be presented at court. There is no caste, no exclusiveness about Spanish social life. That is one of the striking characteristics of the country. You soon learn that no one sees any reason why he should not be considered the equal of everybody else. The butler joins in the conversation of those he serves at table when he finds it of interest; the domestic, the cobbler, the fishmonger, all seem happily devoid of any conception of inequality between themselves and those whom they serve.

The proverb "beneath the King all are equal," has a special application in Spain. The very beggar on the street when refused alms expects the respectable answer, "Pardon me, for the love of God, my brother." A Spaniard entering a shop salutes the woman at the counter, or even at the market stall, with exactly the same bow and formula with which he greets a duchess. What wonder if the Englishman or American coming in to make his purchases in his brusque manner gets classed as an uncouth bear.

One can understand then the mixed character of the tertulia which we entered an hour later. Some sixty or seventy guests were assembling and whenever there was a fresh arrival of the fair sex everybody rose and stood while she made the circuit of the room, shaking hands and kissing her friends on

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage."

both cheeks. When a lady and gentleman were introduced the first thing the gentleman did was to ask her Christian name, after which he made free use of it during the rest of the evening, the lady doing the same with his. So common is this use of the Christian name that one frequently hears a child of five addressing some gray-haired grandmother as "Luisa," or "Mariquita."

But there were no little cosy corners as in our own land, no sitting out on stairs *à deux*. The conversation was general and apparently enjoyed by all. About twelve o'clock light refreshments were served. These usually consist of lemonade, tea or chocolate. One heaves a sigh when one thinks of the work and expense that a corresponding affair would entail in our own Canada.

We went back to our chambers wondering if after all we could not get a few helpful hints from foreign lands. We went to our chambers but not to sleep as yet. The moon was still hovering full and bright on the white brows of the Guadarramas; the languid melody of a rich masculine voice, the tinkling notes of a guitar—these beneath our window. A serenade! We understood in a moment. The landlord had a fair daughter in the room beneath our own. We had several times seen little missives lowered over the window-sill and once a fair hand,

A TOLEDO PRIEST.

SCOURGING A PENITENT.

a very fair and beautiful hand, had glided out through the iron gratings to waiting lips below. The windows in Spain have much to answer for with regard to the courtships in that land.

As late as the last half century many fathers of the upper classes preferred that their daughters bright and pretty-looking girls dictating their love-letters to a grim old fellow who, for a trifling fee, puts them in high-sounding Castilian phrase. Our frontispiece illustrates this curious phase of society. The other figures in the engraving are the omnipresent priests to whom the peasant makes respectful

A STRANGE FUNERAL.

should not learn to read and write, since it enabled them to carry on clandestine correspondence. But Cupid has ways for those unlearned in these mysterious arts, that is, if we may judge from street scenes.

A striking evidence of the illiteracy of Spain is the presence in the streets and squares of public letter writers. You will often see obeisance. The grim, prison-like structure in the background is a type of the ordinary dwellings—very stern without, but within is a patio where fountains sparkle and flowers bloom.

We had leisure next morning to sit by our window and gaze down in one of these patios, where a few of the servants were at work wash-

ing and scrubbing. One man was polishing the harness, another cleaning the carriage, a girl sat sewing by a group of flower-pots while another combed her hair. Combing the hair, by the way, seems to be a favourite pastime with the Madrilenos. There is no privacy whatever about the matter. One sees the maidens of Madrid combing their luxuriant locks anywhere and everywhere. It is no uncommon sight in the parks; even at a *soiree* we have seen them, and Sunday especially seems to be the great hair-combing *festa*.

Having wearied, however, of the improvisatorios of these born poets, we started out for a saunter before the hour of the siesta. The Spaniard's life is a series of little starts and rests. He starts in the morning with a great show of bustle and activity, then slows down into the noon-tide siesta. After this he makes another smart little start. As we walked the streets of Madrid

DIFFICULT FOR FOREIGNERS.

One of the most interesting features of our patio scene was the varied songs of the workers. These songs were the compositions of the singers themselves, improvised as they sang. For everyone in Madrid is a poet. They started in a high-pitched voice, coming gradually down with twirls and trills, then starting over again at the same high pitch. The effect was interesting if not musical. By listening long enough you usually got a detailed account of some wonderful event in the life history of the singer. It was rather more of a soliloquy than a song, and many Spanish workmen will sing on thus through a whole day's labour.

that morning they were full of life. Gaily dressed ladies (for the Spanish ladies are noted for their stylish dress) passed us everywhere; the flutter of their fans, their magnificent hair and dreamy eyes, their dainty velos coquettishly fastened with a flower—altogether made life-pictures that were fair to look upon.

Occasionally a brown-faced gypsy from Granada mingled with the crowd, flaunting her strange garb of violet and wine-colour, or canary and scarlet, or all of these and more combined, for the intensely bright light of Spanish skies makes it possible to wear with bewitching effect colours that else-

where would be wildly incongruous. Even the mules have brilliant nets over their heads with flaring tassels.

The street altogether is a strange medley of colour; here a mule is laden with flowers for the market; there another bears panniers of the pressed snows of the Sierra. A group of upper class Spaniards stand picking their teeth and talking politics after the manner of their country. An old woman calls out the sale of the daily papers. A garlic vender jostles against her, his wares suspended on a long string about his neck. Beggars lame, beggars palsied, beggars blind, beggars of every description thrust forth the hand of appeal. Possibly familiarity with the monks has given beggary a place among the fine arts. One wretched specimen had cultivated a nervous method of balancing himself between a crutch and the wall, where he swayed spasmodically by the hour. He was the envy of all his kind.

A little farther on we halted suddenly. What could this mean? A portly, vinous-complexioned priest was coming down the street. Following was a boy bearing a small coffin on his head. Then came the candle-bearers, and in their midst four girls bore a light bier like a basket-cradle. In it slept the beautiful face of a dead child, the bearers jolting the basket carelessly as they walked. So this was a funeral in Spain. A goat-herd with his flock shut the picture out of sight. A huge load of pottery went jolting by; the bells on the donkeys and the draught-oxen jingled in our ears.

Then we stopped before an altar to the Virgin to look at the locks of hair tied with gay ribbons to the altar. That is the offering of some distressed Spanish mother, you learn, whose sick child has been

FLOWERS FOR THE MARKET.

given back from the brink of the grave. We looked a little sadly for a few moments on this token of some faithful heart, then we made our way down to the Manzanares, where we had indulged in our reveries the previous night. But lo! the scene was far removed from dreamland now. A long row of laundresses lined the bank; a single board served them all, and a little embankment of sand in front dammed up the shallow waters into a great wash-tub. In summer the water is so low that the river is divided into many little streams and the wash-tub scene is repeated on the banks of each, while the great expanse of sand, in the centre of what ought to be the river-bed, serves as a drying ground for the wash of all Madrid. The laundresses sang their troubles and joys to the same tune, or tunelessness, (one hardly knew which to call it), that we had heard in the patios, while on the banks their children were playing bull-fight or engaging in religious processions.

That afternoon one of the notable bull-fights was to take place. This accounted for the especially festive

air of the city. Says a graphic writer, "Here we touch the very soul of Spain. Take away the bull-rings, make an end of the toreros and Spain is no longer Spain." Certain it is, these toreros (or bull-fighters) hold a prominent place in Spain. Their opinions are listened to with the greatest respect; they are the favourites in society; they are appealed to in every public crisis. Is there a fire, a flood, a railway accident? A bull-fight is held forthwith, and the toreros devote the proceeds to the sufferers. Their earnings sometimes amount to £4,000 or £5,000 in a single year, and they are noted for their public philanthropies as well as private charities. Nor are these men from the dregs of society. Though at one time the sport degenerated, it is now considered quite the thing for a man of birth and education to take his place in the ring. The sport is a legacy of the exiled Moors. The torero risks his life at every point, and it is his coolness and dexterity in giving the *coup de grace* that excites the frenzied admiration of the populace. They are religious men in their way; before entering the arena, the last thing they do is to receive absolution in the little chapel in the bull-ring,

PRIEST AND PURVEYOR.

while the devoted wife at home is burning candles to the Virgin.

We were to leave for Toledo on the morrow, so we took a last saunter through the streets of Madrid that evening. It would be hard to say how large a proportion of a Madrileno's life is spent in the theatre. Certain it is that he can disport himself there in the best seats for eight cents, and he takes the utmost advantage of his opportunities. Consequently the streets

TRANSPORTATION OF POTTERY, SPAIN.

parks were almost deserted at hour, but here and there were groups; in some places the ling process of hair-combing in evidence, while in others dancing, or listening to the of the guitarist. We quote of these plaintive, open-air lies:

a tan dichoso antes
encontrarte en micanimo
sin embargo, no siento
haberte conocido.

was so happy before
had met you on my way!
d yet there is no regret
at I have learned to know you.

the morrow we were moving rough the brown and parched agna toward Toledo. Pastoral as not the most promising out- in Spain. Some one has said is no country life there. Cer- the aristocracy of the cities little inclination to sojourn at country seats. The need of tion is everywhere mani- fest. Crops are raised once in three years, where with the help of water they could be raised three times in one year. But, when foreign capital tried to introduce irrigation, the people in some districts only said: "What do we want with water except what comes from heaven? If the Virgin thinks we need water she sends it."

A few days later we were crossing the great bridge of Toledo. Toledo—the rock town—the lost city—it rose before us, a mass of brown and crumbling towers and walls set upon brown rocks and amid brown hills. One could almost believe it a sort of fungus growth of the bare ridge on which it stands. Many of the houses had huge pieces of granite worked in their fronts. The city seemed a labyrinth of narrow streets and wynds. Incredible as it seems, so narrow are these streets in some instances that the stone fronts of the houses have been scalloped out in

A PROFESSIONAL BEGGAR

places to make room for the donkeys to pass laden with their bulging panniers. Of the hundred and ten churches the city once boasted, many now are but groups of broken arches. The fowls are nesting in the halls of proud patrician residences. The two hundred thousand inhabitants have dwindled down to twenty thousand. Still Toledo has its grandeur, its magnificent cathedrals, its towers, its majesty in deca nowhere else in Spain, perl the ruin wrought by the ex of the Moors more manifest

Ever since the fall of C the Moors had been oppressed by their Spani querers, but in spite of this sion they had thriven and wealthy. They were the n dustrious and most skilled population, for the Spaniar liking trades and manufactu left them in the hands Moriscoes. But their religi ever a stumbling-block t rulers. Under Philip II. th forbidden to sing a nationa play on a Moorish inst They were compelled to mass and baptize their c Still they clung in secret rites and customs of their until the blind and bigoted III. issued an edict banishin million of his best subject the land of their birth. Th trial life of Spain has recovered from the blow.

Nor was it her commerc that felt the crippling effects policy, for the Saracens ha an indelible stamp to her tion. Nowhere had Sa architecture and learning a tary pomp and pride and attained such development the Iberian peninsula. The emirs dwelt in palaces of splendour, and were cloth silks and finest fabrics wl sovereigns of Europe dwelt and comfortless castles, an clothed in leathern jerkins a of mail. They establishe libraries, hospitals, and n and cultivated a high de learning when most of Eur shrouded in barbarism. E ishing the Moors and found Inquisition, Spain signed h

death warrant, and is to-day, as Lord Salisbury said, one of the dying nations of Europe.

For the Inquisition is not, as is too often thought, the offspring of the Church in Rome, but of the Church in Spain. Her proceedings were often at variance with the Vatican, and wherever the flag of Spain has gone it has been the death warrant of intelligence and freedom of conscience among the people. During the winter we spent in Toledo we had ample time for studying this more serious side of Spanish life. Monks, cathedrals, and convents were everywhere in evidence. In every corner and niche was an image of the Virgin to call forth an ave from the passer-by. Feast days, sacred processions, and passion plays held a prominent place in the lives of these people.

We were amazed one day at finding an image of San Antonio in a well at the inn where we were staying. Later we learned that one of the maids having besought this saint vainly for some time to send her a lover, finally took this method of bringing him to his senses. The lover came one day, and next morning San Antonio was restored to his place on the altar.

It was cheering, however, as we travelled in other parts of Spain to note how the beautiful Spanish women are being emancipated from the bonds of ignorance and superstition. College halls are opening now to the daughters of a land where once it was deemed unwise to let women learn to read.

SPANISH DOCK-RATS DIVING FOR COPPERS

So, as we journeyed on through the olive plantations, the vineyards, and the myrtle groves, we consoled ourselves with the thought that with the coming of light into the homes a more progressive age would dawn for this land of sunny hills and azure skies.

"Be like the bird who, pausing in her flight
Awhile on boughs too slight,
Feels them give way beneath her, and yet sings,
Knowing she hath wings."

—*Victor Hugo.*

THE ROMANCE OF THE RED RIVER SETTLEMENT.

BY THE EDITOR.

H.R.H. PRINCE RUPERT,
First Governor.

H.R.H. PRINCE JAMES,
Second Governor.

LORD CHURCHILL, *afterwards*
DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH,
Third Governor.

LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT
ROYAL,
Present Governor

FOUR GREAT GOVERNORS.

IN the year 1670, at the solicitation of Prince Rupert and of the Duke of Albemarle, King Charles II. created by royal charter the "Company of Merchant Adventurers trading to Hudson's Bay." With characteristic lavishness, the King granted to it the sole trade and commerce of the region reached through Hudson's Straits.* Forty years before this, Louis XIII. had made a similar grant to the "Company of New France," and for nearly a hundred years there was a keen and eager rivalry between these companies. In order to control the lucrative fur trade, the Hudson's Bay Company planted forts and fac-

* From the Prince Rupert it received the name of Rupert's Land.

FORT WILLIAM, LAKE SUPERIOR.

tories at the mouths of the Moose, Albany, Nelson, Churchill, and other rivers flowing into Hudson's Bay. Again and again, adventurous bands of Frenchmen, like D'Iberville and his companions, attacked these posts, murdering their occupants, burning the stockades, and carrying off the rich stores of peltries.

Growing bolder with success, the French penetrated the interior as far as the headwaters of the Mississippi, the Missouri, and the Saskatchewan, and reached the Rocky Mountains long before any other white man had visited these regions. They planted trading-posts and small forts at important river-junctions and on far-off lonely lakes, and left their footprints all over the continent in the names of cape and mountain, lake and stream. The *voyageurs* and *coureurs de bois,* to whom this wild life was full of fascination, roamed through the forests and navigated in their bark canoes the countless streams; and Montreal and Quebec snatched much of their trade from the English company.

After the conquest of Canada by the British, numerous independent fur-traders engaged in this traffic. In 1783, these united in the "North-West Company." For forty years this was one of the strongest combinations in Canada. Its agents explored the vast north-west regions. Sir Alexander Mackenzie, in 1789, traced the great river which bears his name, and first reached the north Pacific across the Rocky Mountains. In 1808, Simon Frazer descended the gold-bearing stream which perpetuates his memory; and, shortly after, Thompson explored and named another branch of the same great river.

Keen was the rivalry with the older Hudson's Bay Company, and bitter was the feud between the two great corporations, each of which coveted a broad continent as a hunting-ground and preserve for game. The headquarters of the North-West Company were at Fort William, on Lake Superior. Its clerks were mostly young Scotsmen, of good families, whose thrift and fidelity

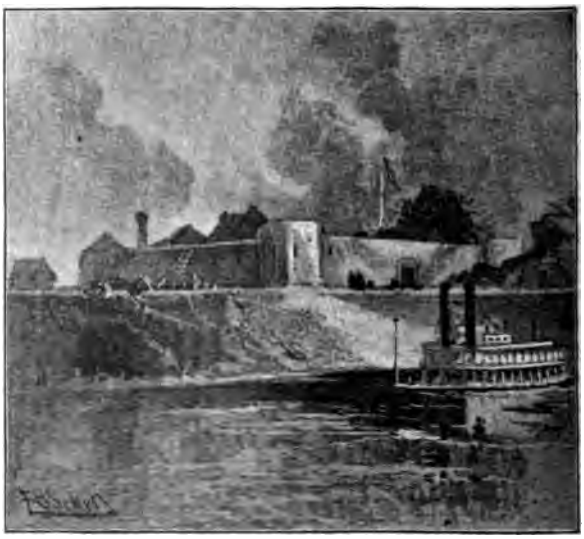
REMAINS OF OLD FORT GARRY.

were encouraged by a share in the profits of the fur-trade. The partners of the company travelled in feudal state, attended by a retinue of boatmen and servants, "obedient as Highland clansmen." The grand councils and banquets at Fort William were occasions of lavish pomp and luxury. Sometimes as many as twelve hundred retainers, factors, clerks, voyageurs, and trappers were assembled and held for a time high festival, with a strange blending of civilized and savage life.

In the early years of last century, the feud between the rival companies was at its height. At this time Thomas Douglas, Earl of Selkirk, was the governor of the Hudson's Bay Company and owner of a large proportion of the stock. He perceived that by obtaining control of the Red River and erecting a fort at its junction with the Assiniboine, he would have a strong base for future operations, and would possess great advantage over his rival. For this purpose he resolved to establish a colony of his countrymen at that important position, the key of the mid-continent. He built Fort Douglas, near the present city of Winnipeg. The offer of free grants of land induced a large number of hardy Highlanders to seek their fortunes in the far west.

In the year 1812 the first brigade of colonists reached Red River, by way of Hudson's Bay, having spent an entire winter on the borders of that icy sea. Hardly had they arrived at the proposed settlement when an armed band of Nor'-Westers, the rival fur-traders, plumed and painted in the Indian style, compelled the colonists to depart and to take refuge at the Hudson's Bay post within the United States territory. Even the guns that their fathers had borne at Culloden were taken from them, and the wedding-rings of the women were torn from their fingers.

Undaunted by this failure, they returned in the spring of 1813, built log-houses, and sowed their wheat. They were undisturbed till the following year. By this time the de-



LOWER FORT GARRY.

OLD FORT GARRY.

cree had gone forth from the councils of the North-West Company.—"Delenda est Carthago"—"the colony must be destroyed." It was done, but not without shedding of blood. The settlement became a heap of ashes, its inhabitants exiles in the wilderness.

Reinforced by the new brigade from Scotland, and by a hundred veteran Canadians, the banished settlers returned to their ruined homes. Many hardships ensued. The hapless colonists lived on fish, roots, berries, nettles, and wild parsnips. Many of them were forced to abandon the settlement,—toiling through the wilderness back to Canada.

In the year 1816 there fell upon the little colony a crushing blow. It was attacked by a numerous body of Nor'-Westers, armed to the teeth and begrimed with war-paint. By a volley of the enemy twenty-one of the settlers were slain, including Mr. Robert Semple, acting-governor. The town was sacked and burned, and the inhabitants, driven from their homes, found refuge at Norway House in the far north.*

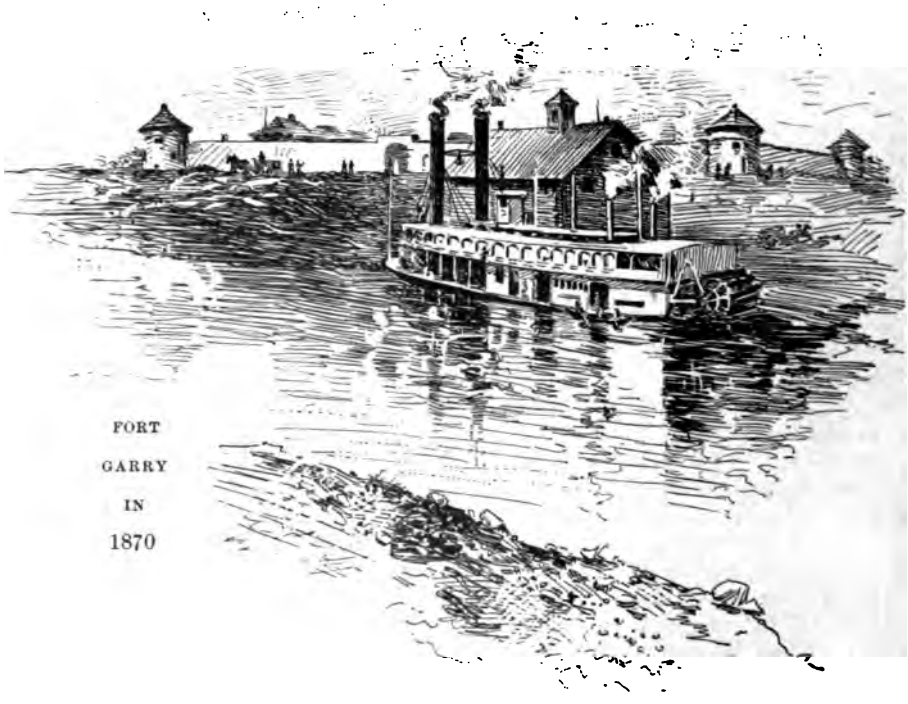
Lord Selkirk was at New York on his way to Rupert's Land when he heard of this attack. He immediately assumed the offensive. The blood of the Douglases was stirred in his veins. He had with him about a hundred Swiss, German, and French soldiers, and a few Glengarry men. With these he hastened by way of Penetanguishene and the north shore of Lakes Huron and Superior to Fort William, dragging with him two small cannon through the wilderness. Here sworn information was laid before him as a Justice of the Peace by some of the sufferers from the recent outrages, charging certain occupants of the fort with the crime of "larceny, riot, and murder." There were in the neighbourhood of Fort William about three hundred

* It was afterwards noted that twenty-six out of the attacking party of sixty-five died untimely and violent deaths.

French Canadians and Indians in the employ of the North-West Company. Selkirk demanded the surrender of the guilty parties, and under warrant of his justice's commission, broke open the gates and took possession of the fort. The prisoners were sent to York (Toronto) for trial; but, through incompleteness of evidence, were acquitted, and for some time Selkirk held possession of Fort William.

With a high-spirited philanthropy, Lord Selkirk sought to give homes on the fertile prairies of Red River to his countrymen who had faithfully served their king through a bloody European war, or who were driven from their ancestral holdings of land by heartless landlords, who, preferring sheep-farming to tenant-culture, turned populous estates into a solitude. He again established colonists in the thrice forsaken settlement, furnishing them with agricultural implements, seed-grain and stock. But the summer was already half gone, the harvest was scanty, famine was impending, and the hapless settlers were again compelled, on the approach of winter, to take refuge at the Hudson's Bay post at Pembina. Their hardships were incredible. They were forced to subsist upon the precarious products of the chase. They suffered everything but death, and were reduced to the utmost extremity.

In the spring, the Red River colonists returned for the fifth time to their abandoned habitations. Fortune seemed at last to smile upon their efforts. The crops were ripening around the little settlement and hope beat high in every heart; but an unforeseen catastrophe awaited



FORT GARRY IN 1870

WINNIPEG, FROM THE CITY HALL.

ite in an afternoon in the
in July, a cloud of grass-
like the Egyptian plague
more terrible than a de-
army,—darkened the air,
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oured almost every green
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re them, and behind them
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it agriculture was impos-
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son had left a terrible
ind them. Their larvae multiplied a thousand-fold. They filled the air, covered the ground, extinguished the fires kindled in the fields as a barrier against them, polluted the water, were strewn along the river banks like seaweed on the ocean shore, and the stench of their dead bodies infected the atmosphere. Pembina must succour the hapless colonists yet another winter.

The story of such uniform disaster becomes wearisome. Any one less determined, less dogged, it might perhaps be said, than Lord Selkirk, would have abandoned the colony. Not so he. His resolution rose with the difficulties of the occasion, and surmounted every obstacle. That little company,—the advance-guard of the great army of civilization destined yet to fill that land so bravely won,—returned to the scene of their blasted hopes. At the cost of five thousand dollars, Lord Selkirk brought two hundred and fifty

bushels of seed-wheat from Prairie du Chien, on the Mississippi, a distance of twelve hundred miles. It was sown, and, by divine blessing, after eight years of failure, the harvest was happily reaped. Amid such hardships and privations was the Red River settlement planted.

The colony now struck its roots deep into the soil. It grew and flourished year by year. Recruits came from Scotland, from Germany, from Switzerland. They suffered many privations, and encountered some disasters, but none worse than that of the winter of 1825-26. It was a season of extreme severity. Thirty-three persons perished of hunger and cold, and many cattle died. With the spring thaw, the river rose nine feet in a single day. In three days every house had to be abandoned. The inhabitants fled to the highest ground adjacent. They beheld their houses, barns, crops, fences, everything they possessed,—swept by on the rushing torrent to Lake Winnipeg. The waters continued to rise for nineteen days. The disheartened colonists proposed abandoning for ever the luckless settlement. At this crisis tidings of the abatement of the flood was brought. The weary watchers rushed to the water's side. It was even so. They accepted the deliverance as from God. They resolved to remain where they were. A new beginning had to be made. The unfortunate settlement was well-nigh destroyed.

In a somewhat visionary attempt to manufacture cloth from buffaloes' wool, the magnates of the fur-trade, at great cost, introduced machinery and workmen from England. This failing, fifteen thousand sheep were purchased in Kentucky, two thousand miles distant. Only two hundred and fifty survived the journey, and these soon died of exhaustion. Flax-culture and tallow exportation were also tried without success. In these ill-advised schemes Lord Selkirk sank half a million dollars. The population of the settlement, however, continued gradually to increase, a considerable proportion of it being composed of the half-breed progeny of the early French or English speaking employees of the trading companies and the aboriginal race.

Exhausted by forty years of conflict, in 1821 the Hudson's Bay and North-West Companies ceased their warfare and combined their forces, and were confirmed by the Imperial Parliament in the monopoly of trade throughout the wide region stretching from Labrador to the Pacific Ocean. In order to maintain control of the Red River settlement, in 1836 they paid the sum of £84,000 sterling for the land granted to Lord Selkirk twenty-four years before, except that which had been deeded to settlers. Sir George Simpson became the governor of the territory and continued to administer its affairs for forty years. The Council of Assiniboia was organized, ruling for fifty miles around Fort Garry. The rest of the territory was under the supreme control of the Company. Its government, while jealous of rival influence, was patriarchal in character, and through the exclusion, for the most part, of intoxicating liquors, greatly promoted the welfare of the Indians and repressed disorder throughout its wide domain. The policy of the Company was adverse to the settlement of the country, and its agents endeavoured, so far as possible, to retain the fur-trade and sale of goods and supplies in their own hands.

After long waiting, Canada's hour of destiny had come. The Fathers of Federation, to round out the completeness of the New Dominion, purchased from the Hudson's Bay Company the vast area of which

BOUNDLESS PASTURE FOR COUNTLESS HERDS.

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Lone Land was fit only to
reserve for fur-bearing
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years, the influx of popula-
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its fertile prairies, have ad-
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interesting to note some of
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f the prairie province of

ıbsequent history of the
·st is writ large in the an-
nals of Canadian enterprise and energy. In the year 1868, the Rev. George Young became the pioneer missionary to the white population of Red River.* With his own hands he assisted in erecting the first Methodist church in what is now the mid-continent city of Winnipeg.

From this has grown in a short period the Manitoba and North-West Conference, with its two hundred and forty-three ministers, its two hundred and fifty-one circuits and stations, and its aggressive missionary agencies.

The two rebellions which impeded the progress of the North-West and stained its virgin soil with blood, are of too recent occurrence to demand further notice. They called forth, however, a display of Canadian valour and fidelity to Queen and

* Many years before, those heroic men, Evans, Rundle, George McDougall, and other pioneer missionaries had carried the Gospel to the Indian tribes of prairie, lake and forest in the far north and north-west.

country that created such a sentiment of Canadian unity as nothing else had done.

This is the day and hour of Canada's golden opportunity. Now is the time for the Churches to thrust in the sickle and reap, for the fields are white unto the harvest. Upon the Methodist Church especially devolves a great obligation. The early white settlers of the Red River were largely of Scottish and Presbyterian descent, and the Presbyterian Church has done nobly in providing for their spiritual needs. The newcomers, especially those from Ontario and from the northern frontier of the American States, are largely of Methodist origin. In some of these States the Methodist population outnumbers that of all the other Churches taken together. As they pour into our country Canadian Methodism must strain every nerve to meet their spiritual needs,—to break unto them, while they are seeking the bread that perisheth, the bread of everlasting life. Our Church is not unheeding the divine call nor disobedient to the heavenly vision, but is straining every nerve to overtake the glorious task to which in the providence of God she is called.

AT EVENTIDE.

BY SYDNEY HOPE.

Morn is too bright with hope and roseate light,
With song of wakened bird, and jewelled grass;
Man to his labour goes with singing heart,
And all the pulse of life beats strong and fast.

At noontide shadows slumber on the wall,
The breeze scarce sways the lily from its dream;
The sun unchallenged holds the cloudless vault,
The May-flies, reeling, flick the glassy stream.

O calm, sweet twilight, with thy plaintive song
Of nestling bird, and insect in the grass,
And west all glorious with the dying day,
Open thy gates of gold and let me pass.

Bloomfield, Ont.

CANADA: ITS DEVELOPMENT AND DESTINY.*

BY THE REV. F. A. WIGHTMAN.

III.—DESTINY.

Canada's true policy is to knit more closely, as she is doing, the strongest ties, commercial, social, and political, which unite us to the Motherland."

"In the greyness of the dawning we have seen the pilot star,
In the whisper of the morning we have heard the years afar.
Shall we sleep and let them be, when they call to you and me,
Can we break the land asunder God has girdled with the sea?
For the fog is floating o'er us, and the track is clear before us,
From the prairies to the ocean, let us lift the mighty chorus
For the days that are to be."

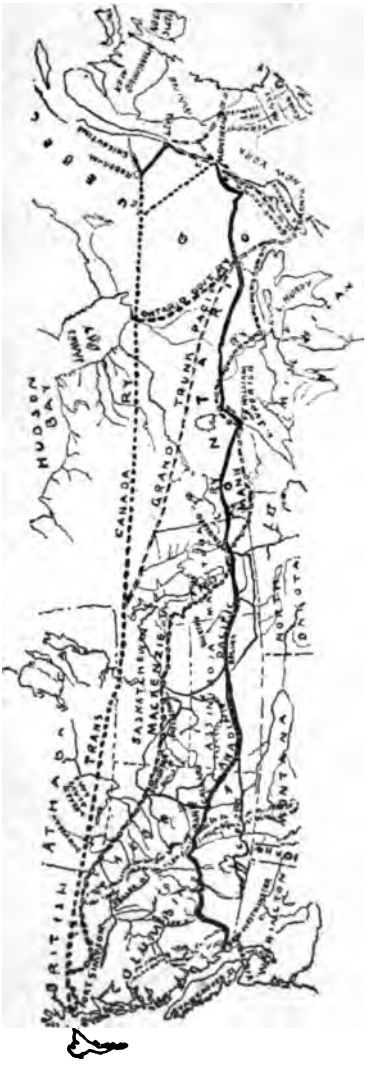
HAVING viewed Canada from many standpoints with respect to her future possibilities, it is only fitting that we should close by speaking of her possible destiny. What are the tendencies of the present and what do the years hold for us, not in material prospects e, but with respect to her status nation, and our future as a ple? The ultimate destinies of nations are of course matters of rtainty, and perhaps there is a e in which the destiny of a on is especially associated with greatest uncertainty when that on is passing through its forma- period. In the minds of some e is much uncertainty regarding destiny which awaits our own try in her relation to other ons in the twentieth century. lently the present conditions not be indefinitely maintained. uences are certainly operating h denote the coming of a chang our national status. What are e changes to be, and what do we ier from the signs of the times? These questions will now briefly engage us.

There are at least three possible destinies awaiting Canada, and so far as can be observed, only three, some one of which lies in the immediate pathway of our not-distant future. These are—annexation with the United States, Canadian independence, or imperial federation. Which of these shall it be? This is a question now definitely before the Canadian people. Let us discuss them each, briefly, in order, and if possible arrive at conclusions dictated by existing circumstances and our highest advantages.

First, then, what of annexation with the United States as one of our possible destinies? What are the probabilities of its realization or its prospective advantages? Has this doctrine of manifest destiny of "union with the continent to which we belong," any real advantages to offer Canadians? It would, of course, give us unrestricted markets with a nation of 75,000,000 people. It is doubtful, however, if there is another single advantage to be named, and it is questionable if this even is a real advantage, for to accept the advantages of this market on these terms would be to shut ourselves out from the markets of all

*From a forthcoming volume, which deals exclusively with this subject.

the rest of the world, except at the pleasure of the officials at Washington. Moreover, the advantage of this market may possibly in the near future be open to us by treaty without surrendering a vestige of our in-



PROPOSED NEW RAILWAY THROUGH CANADA.

dependence or individuality. So small is the population of Canada as compared with that of the United States that her voice and influence would be null in the national councils and in shaping of the policy of the country. Further national resources would open to the merciless expl American syndicates, and not least, we would cut adrift from all our past and our legitimate heir share in the glories of the which we belong; and th are cherished by us above else. In brief, annexatio United States would not single advantage that we c possess, while it would de much that we regard beyo

This, then, as a possible dismissed as impossible sirable. Neither is there ment in the whole broad favouring such a destiny thought is repugnant to dian people. If this senti had any real existence on t the line it is now buried i vion of the past, and for w is no resurrection. It i that the impossibility of t being recognized by the themselves, though they to relinquish the idea. destiny could only co through the consent of the people or through their co impossibility must be qui to all.

"There is room enough enough on this continen Anglo-Saxon nations, Ca the United States—daug common mother, custodi common liberty—to work separate destinies with jealous of each other, o each other's patrimony right."

"Oh, we are the men of the No
Shall a bit be placed in ou
If ever a Northman lost his
Did the conqueror come fro
Nay, nay—and the answer b
In chorus is southward sent;

"Since when has a Southerner'
steel

Hewn out in the North a throne?
Since when has a Southerner placed his heel
On the men of the Northern zone?"

Having disposed of the question of annexation, what must be said with respect to Canadian independence? It is readily conceded that so far as the testimony of history is concerned, it goes to show that as a rule colonies have, in due time, either forcibly or by mutual consent, severed their connection with the mother country, though the history of these same countries does not always go to show that this was the wisest course to pursue. It simply means that the art of colonization, and the purpose for which colonies are held, were altogether misunderstood in earlier times. They were sought to be held by force and for the purposes of exploitation, and colonists were universally despised. Owing to lack of telegraphic communication, and the impossibility of rapid mobilization, it was only natural that when colonies became sufficiently strong they would attempt to throw off the maternal yoke. These conditions have, so far as Great Britain is concerned, entirely passed away, and the desire to sever the imperial tie is not only absent in Canada, but throughout all parts of the British world. There are very material reasons for this, apart from the strong reason of sentiment. To have the strength and prestige of Britain withdrawn from this, or any other British colony, would leave them at the present time a helpless prey to the greed and lust of other nations. Independence would be practically impossible; foreign credit would greatly depreciate, and the development of the country would for the time come to a stagnation. There may be some in Canada who cherish dreams of Canadian independence, but looking at the question from all sides, the advantages do not appear, and at best, even as a thought, it must be very remote. The prevailing sentiment—indeed, we might say the universal sentiment—throughout Canada may be expressed in the well-known words of the late Sir John A. Macdonald: "A British subject I was born, and a British subject I will die."

This brings us to the consideration of the one possible remaining destiny, and *ad reductio* we are shut up to accept it as Canada's only rational and possible course—imperial federation. The reasons for and against imperial federation are too many to be here reproduced, neither is it necessary that this should be done. It is evident to the most casual observer that forces are every day at work which are bringing this desired end nearer. Doubtless the federation of the British Empire would lay some new burdens and some new responsibilities upon the colonies, which have in the past been as children in the lap of a nursing mother. But the assumption of these responsibilities and burdens is not only essential for our honour, but it is essential for our good; no nation that is continually coddled can ever rise to the highest manhood. These obligations of empire simply must be assumed.

"Secure in thy security
Though children, not unwise are we;
And filled with unplumed love for thee—
Call thou but once, if thou wouldst see
When the grey bergs
Come down from Labrador, and when
The long Pacific rollers break
Against the pines, for thy word's sake
Each listeneth,—alone awake,
And with thy strength made strong to dare."

The spectacle of a world-wide empire, sympathetic and cohesive in all its parts, each co-related to the other, not as colonies to a mother land, but as sovereign states in an imperial unity, presents to our thought a grandeur which cannot be described by words, and yet such is the inevitable set of the current of public

opinion throughout the vast extended domains of Britain, and especially in this beloved Canada of ours. Let it be borne in mind, however, that this is a matter not for politicians to fool with, or even statesmen to formally promote; it must grow as the love grows between the mother and her child. The bonds that bind must be sentimental rather than organic; that is to say, organization must ever follow in the track of sentiment, but never precede it. Thus, and thus only, can this great work which must make for the peace of mankind be accomplished, and this accomplishment is the great climateric work of a century upon whose threshold we now stand.

" To the hearth of our people's people—
To her well-ploughed windy sea,
To the hush of our dread high-altars
Where the Abbey made us. We.
To the grist of the slow-ground ages,
To the gain that is yours and mine—
To the Bank of the Open Credit,
To the Power-house of the Line!

" We've drunk to the Queen—God bless her!
We've drunk to our mother's land;
We've drunk to our English brother
(And we hope he'll understand).
We've drunk as much as we're able,
And the Cross swings low to the dawn.
Last toast—and your foot on the table!—
A health to the Native-born!

" A health to the Native-born (Stand up)
We're six white men a-row
All bound to sing o' the little things we care about
With the weight of a six-fold blow!
By the might of our cable-tow (Take hands!)
From the Orkneys to the Horn
All round the world (and a little loop to pull it by)
All round the world (with a little strap to buckle it)
A health to the Native-born!"

—*Rudyard Kipling.*

A CORN-FIELD.

" Sing to the Lord; exalt Him high,
Who spreads His clouds along the sky;
There He prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

" He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn
The beasts with food His hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry."

)ME DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE I HAVE MET.

BY MRS. DE TOUFFE LAUDER.

I.

WHILE our newly-crowned, beloved and beautiful Empress-Queen Alexandra was ruling all hearts as Princess of Wales, there sat three of the loveliest princesses in the world on three great thrones of Europe, Queen Margherita of Italy, the Empress-Queen Eliza- of Austro-Hungary, and the ess Eugenie of France. What up they would have made of 'hree Graces.

irst saw the Empress Eugenie he little Prince Imperial at istoric Fontainebleau. I had)usly seen this interesting au, and its interior, with the te apartments of the Empress, ecial command; and the rooms rince Louis, painted with all of animals; and had driven)urs in the noble forest of Fon)leau, so full of interest, once t of the royal chase of the s of France. This first visit nade in company with a couple rench lady friends, and was t and gay.

second visit had a very differbject. I had bought at one of est florists in Paris a bouquet e lovely blue iris—the original ie fleur-de-lis, the emblem of ce, nestling amid the maidenfern, attached my card, and had)st carefully packed in a box ep cool and fresh. Then I bemyself to the train for my lit)urney, alone and full of a t anticipation.

riving at the chateau, I went ie great fountain which gives it its name, where the first thing I saw was the Prince Imperial feeding the carp for which the fountain is celebrated, attended by a gentleman in waiting.

I stood for awhile until the handsome, princely boy (Prince Louis was the very image of his mother the Empress) came near, when I laid the exquisite flowers down on the brink of the fountain, saying in French, "For her Majesty the Empress." He looked up in my face with a child-like smile, saying: "*Merci beaucoup, Madame;*" picked up the flowers and ran away to the Empress who was walking in the flower-garden with some of her ladies. After awhile the Empress, returning to the chateau with the Prince, carrying my flowers in her hand, stopped, and saluting me with that grace and smile which neither brush nor chisel has succeeded in perfectly portraying, said: "I thank you, Madame Lauder, for these beautiful flowers; I shall keep them as a souvenir," and Prince Louis gave me a spray of magnificent roses; I stamped the two royal faces in my memory—pictures for all time. Afterwards I always had the honour of a royal salutation whenever I met them, once in the park at St. Cloud, on different occasions at the Tuileries, in the Bois, and in the Champs Elysees.

Making a digression here, I may say, the first time I saw his Imperial and Royal Majesty Emperor Francis Joseph I. of Austria and King of Hungary, was in company with the Emperor and Empress of France, when he visited them in 1867, the year of the great Exposition of Paris. Napoleon III. met his Majesty at the Station du Nord, and in the same royal carriage drove

the two emperors, one in the light blue uniform of Austria, with blonde hair, sky-blue eyes, tall, erect and regal, a perfect contrast to the dark Emperor of the French. Opposite them sat the two archdukes, Maximilian and Johann—John—brothers of Francis Joseph I. Little Louis had his own carriage and retinue that day, and I enjoyed a place of honour where I could witness the pageant all undisturbed by the crowd. The royal carriage drove between a double row of troops on each side of the streets from the station to the Elysee Palace, preceded and followed by the cuirassiers in burnished brass helmets, and the Hundred Guards all in white and glittering silver helmets, where the Empress, in snowy white—how superb she was !—received the Austrian Emperor at the top of the flight of steps leading up to the palace ; he gallantly bent the knee and kissed her hand. None dreamed that day of the awful tragedies in their future lives. Napoleon vanquished, broken-hearted and dead, Archduke Maximilian shot in Mexico, and his Empress Carlotta still insane, Archduke John lost at sea—but that is too long a tale to tell here—the fair little Louis slain by Zulus in Africa, the fascinating and regal Empress Elizabeth assassinated, and I was far from imagining the honour that the Emperor of Austria should one day confer upon myself. Then the royal party, in three carriages, drove to St. Cloud to dine. Later the grand military review took place in the Bois, of eighty thousand troops, with cuirassiers and guards in all their splendour, and great generals, Canrobert, MacMahon, Bazaine, and others, mounted on splendid steeds.

But to return. I had received the gracious greeting of the Empress, and now I had a visit to make to no less a celebrity than Rosa Bonheur, who, at this time, and until her death in 1899—she was born in Bordeaux in 1822—had her house and studio at Fontainebleau, and during the siege of Paris, the noble Crown Prince Frederick, afterwards Emperor, gave special command that her property should not be injured.

I had heard numerous anecdotes about the noted artist, how when a little girl of nine, she used to play truant from school and go to the Bois to wander about—a very different place then, just an uncultivated wild-wood — and make sketches in the sand by the highway with a stick, as little Giotto once did with a bit of clay on a stone centuries ago ; how she kept a pet sheep in her home in Paris when they were poor, before the arrival of Madame Fame.

Rosa Bonheur was of small stature and a striking personality. Her countenance was somewhat masculine, with a broad, handsome forehead, and all the lines of her strong face marked great decision and force of character. She had shining soft brown eyes, very small, delicate hands, and she parted her hair on the side, and wore it short. It is well known that she wore a man's attire in visiting the *abattoirs* or slaughter-houses, fields, farm-yards, and markets, and when mingling among shepherds and horse-dealers; but it was impossible to recognize her sex. She feared no drudgery, no disagreeables to master her art; and her father, also an artist, was her teacher

I found her painting. She gave me a cordial welcome, showed me her pets, her studio and house, and the decorations and medals she had received, and the superb Sevres vase presented to her before a brilliant assembly by Horace Verne on behalf of the Government whe her Cantal Oxen—purchased b England—brought her a medal c the first class. She was the on woman who has been decorated wit

d Cross of the Legion of and the Empress put the the decoration round her ı her own hand. When I o her my recent visit to bleau palace, she ex- "O, that is just like !"

heard amusing anecdotes r indifference to and her ess in dress, and when I I concluded they were in part at least, true. I ed wine, which I declined, ook of fruit. Then she ne her flowers, and picked me some, thanking me for o far to see her. We shook ıd parted, and I turned ı glad and sorry—glad that met the greatest woman hat ever lived, sorry that d not meet again.

ed George Sand at Nohant, between Chateauroux and e in middle France. The ouse, as famous as Abbots- a plain grey house, with nsard roofs of the time of VI. It stands close by the ı a small wood and a walled nd behind the house cluster f cottages, in the centre a ch, and a cemetery hedged ınd adjoining the garden uch was the home—and now her grave. She died 1876. She was born in ı 1804, the year of the n of Napoleon the Great phine. There is a statue y her son-in-law, M. Cles-

Sand's true name was e-Lucile-Aurore Dupin, was called Aurore. In her ı the blood of heroes and She was brought up by dmother, Madame Dupin, a daughter of that favour- e in history and romance, of Saxony, Marshal of ınd the hero of Fontenoy, as the son of Augustus the Strong, Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, and the beautiful Aurora von Konigsmark. Madame Dupin had spent her youth at the brilliant Court of Versailles. George Sand's father was an officer in the army of France. He was killed young by a fall from his horse. His famous daughter was rather below the medium stature. Her hands and feet were small and exquisitely formed; her hair was dark and curling, her complexion pale olive; her dark eyes were mild and tranquil, and she had a soft, muffled voice. But her crowning glory was her beautiful head. Heine compares it to that of the Venus of Milo. Such utter simplicity I never saw before or since in any mortal, and her dress was the simplest imaginable.

One entered the house into a great hall. She received me with the utmost cordiality, showing me her little granddaughters, Aurore and Gabrielle, and introduced their mother. We talked of many people —and things. Of her favourites, Liszt and Chopin, and the Countess d'Agoult—better known by her nom-de-plume, "Daniel Stern"—to whom she dedicated her "Simon." I once saw a fine bust of the Countess in Germany. She spoke of Balzac, whom she knew well; of her favourite authors, Chateaubriand, Byron, Bulwer, Shakespeare, and J. J. Rousseau. She talked particularly of M. de Lamennais, the humanitarian, formerly a priest, who was introduced to her by Liszt, her acquaintance with whom formed an epoch in her life.

How shall I describe this interview—the spirit of it, its enthusiasm on both sides? I had come fresh from visiting some of the scenes made famous for ever by the wand of her powerful genius, the Indre, the Creuse, la Vallee Noir —the black valley—I had read her three delightful pastoral tales of simple peasant life—"The Haunted

Pool," "Francois le Champi" and "La Petite Faudette," which have been called by M. Sainte Beuve the "Georgics of France." "Consuelo" had fascinated me by its musical character; a striking musical feeling pervades this book from the first pages to the last, because she was hearing the best music nearly all the time she wrote it.

Her whole personality seized me with a deep impression of her immense intellectual power, which her *muffled* voice emphasized in an odd way. Liszt called her "the brother of the flowers and the stars." She introduces one to the heart of nature, to the flowers and the birds, to the mountains and the streams —to the simple people whom she loved. You find *her*, you find her life in her writings.

I remember a remark made by Miss Willard the last time she visited Toronto: "Woman has been discovered." George Sand was the first woman who entered the arena for woman boldly and fearlessly, and never drew back, true to her convictions. Mrs. Willard, of Troy, followed, and Oberlin University was the first to throw open her doors to woman. Now we have the commencement of the final results to womanhood, witness many universities all over the world. It was a French woman who replied to Napoleon the Great, when he asked her: "Madame, what does France need to make her great?" "Good mothers, Sire."

George Sand had a prolific pen. She has written over sixty books, dramatized some of her stories besides, and her autobiography,—"L'Histoire de Ma Vie"—is in eight volumes and reads like a romance. She showed me her library, portraits of Chopin, Liszt and others, some of whom I afterwards met. Then "second breakfast" was served. I drank a cup of chocolate, which they know how to make in France, and we went out into the garden, where we lingered awhile. She picked some flowers for me, walked with me to the gate, and we shook hands with a mutual "adieu!"

My impressions of this visit were singular and have been lasting. As I walked away, I could hear down in the meadows the flow of the Indre, a delicious sweetness and calm hovered over the country, and a rapture overcame me as I thought of the hour just past, and the remarkable woman I had left. I fancied I had seen George Sand for the last time, but it was not so. She visited me in Paris, and we had two more unforgetable interviews, and a visit to the Louvre together. She understood paintings, and knew a good one, and she loved music with a perfect passion.

The famous preacher, the Rev. M. de Pressensé, was pastor of the Oratoire in Paris, and I delighted to hear him. He was a graceful and striking presence in the pulpit, tall, slender, with beautiful white hands, a pale countenance, very expressive eyes, and a fine clear voice. Madame de Pressensé was an indefatigable worker among the poor, and greatly beloved. She was a poetess and made a perfect translation of Longfellow's Psalm of Life into French, which I possess, as also all her poems. I think it was during my first stay in Paris, before I went to Tours, that I came to know them. I heard indirectly from their son two or three years ago. Alas, they are both dead—a great loss to Paris.

During one of my many visits to London I was a guest for several weeks of Sir William and Lady McArthur. They were a noble and exemplary pair. Lady McArthur was the soul of amiability and love, and seemed to enter into the woes of others as if they were her own. She maintained a Bible-woman at her own expense, finding, of course, the requisite Bibles, Testaments, tracts, and hymns, and a weekly

ught to her every
Villiam became Lord
of London the
was with them at
nd Lady McArthur
eight miles into Old
is procession, which
nt, and Sir William
ss the Lord Mayor's
h all the old-time
emonies. We were
yor's banquet in the
uildhall, Lady Mc-
ressed alike, and we
ord Mayor's table,
lden rail." During
eception I first met
n Morley Punshon ;
later in Canada. At
had the Earl of
r my *vis-a-vis*, and
ord Stanley, the late
Lord Beaconsfield
our, to my great de-
world knows that
the three mask-faces
e other two being
and Prince Bis-
id mysterious, that
ig. I see them be-
I write, so different,
ie striking character-
rl of Derby spoke
f an hour. He was
lsome man, with a
a cold blue-grey eye.
r were five wine-
champagne, and the
ach cover was the
would I drink ?"
lease." I drank out
g Cup" of massive
chly chased lid, first
d in Guildhall in
Its contents were
incerely hope that
temperance drink—
so !
McArthur after-
nember of the House
for Lambeth, and
wo Parliaments. He
Mayor of London,
hurs did not reside
in the Mansion House, occupying it solely as their official residence ; their beautiful home was still at Brixton Hill.

It was arranged that I should be presented with Lady McArthur to her late beloved Majesty, our Empress-Queen Victoria, the following spring at the second of the first two "drawing-rooms"—now called "courts"—to be held in Buckingham Palace, after the death of H.R.H. the Prince Consort. Her late Majesty never held any state-functions in St. James' Palace after the death of H.R.H. Prince Albert. Unfortunately, when the time drew near, to my sore disappointment, I was unable to be there, and my beloved friend was presented without me. But royal presentations have not failed me, both before and subsequent to that period.

We drove all over London, calling on the Lady Mayoress at the Mansion House, and on many persons of distinction, and meeting people of rank and high culture at entertainments and in her own home. But the province of this paper is only to speak of those I met who have distinguished themselves in the fields of art, literature and philanthropy. At my request we visited Florence Nightingale, the devoted, the self-sacrificing for the suffering. The world knows her sweet, lovable, and loving countenance and her noble work.

We were also in Paris together, and saw the great world's Exposition by moonlight—and under electric light. How fairy-like the marble statuary was ! Dear Sir William and Lady McArthur have ascended to higher realms, and the world is all the poorer for their departure. Blessed be their memory.

The poet Wordsworth had two brothers, both clergymen of the Church of England. We met the elder of them at a watering-place in the north, also his wife, a de-

lightful, highly-bred,' silver-haired lady. Mrs. Wordsworth told me that her husband strongly resembled the poet. We had some pleasant strolls by the sea and chats on many topics. Mr. Wordsworth installed himself as my "lieutenant" at four o'clock tea—it is five o'clock now—and that hour he helped to make memorable. He would repeat a snatch of poetry, tell an anecdote, or pass a cup of tea with equal wit and grace.

At a favourite resort on the Borders I came to know Mrs. Hugh Miller, then a widow, and an invalid, only able to go out in her roll-chair. Sometimes we would enjoy a little *tête-à-tête* by the sea, sometimes in her rooms, if it were raining, and she would say in a peculiarly pleasant voice: "O Mrs. Lauder, I'm so glad to see you! Come awa' ben." She was editing the great geologist's unfinished book. I read the work later with a double pleasure from having known its editor. The world knew her well as a talented woman and a strong writer.

I met a sister of John Bright in Wales at the favourite bathing-place of Aberystwith, and we had a couple of weeks together with daily interviews. Miss Bright's companion, Miss Druid, told me that her great efforts for the poor had almost wrecked her health.

TO-DAY.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

"Now is the day of salvation."—2 Cor. vi. 2.

What have they told you? It is not true
That the Lord will have nothing to say to you;
He is calling you now,—hear His "Come unto Me,"—
In a voice that is tender as tender can be.

He mourns o'er your load of transgression and grief,
And longs with great longing to give you relief;
O hark to His pleading, and answer the call,
And down at His feet let the sad burden fall!

By breaking the laws He bade you keep,
And straying from Him, like a wandering sheep,
You have wounded, indeed, His loving heart,
And you do not deserve in His heaven a part:

But He battled with death, and prevailed in the strife,
That you might be with Him through endless life:
Do you think He would seek you at such a cost,
And leave you at last, in the dark to be lost?

Could He go through the grave your pardon to win,
And then keep it from you—whatever your sin?
Nay: deeply they wrong Him who dare so to say!—
It is yours for the taking—take, take it to-day

Toronto.

A GREAT PURITAN.*

RICHARD BAXTER.

BY THE EDITOR.

I.

OUR recent studies of the life of John Wesley recall the fact that three of his ancestors were clergymen of the Established Church, who, refusing to obey the Act of Uniformity, were driven from their homes and pulpits. By the Five Mile Act they were prohibited ›roaching their former par- any borough town. Driven ıce to place, fugitives and for conscience' sake, they wherever they could, en- ersecutions similar to those ıich the early Methodists erwards so familiar. Four s the father of Samuel Wes- wn into prison—once for again for three months; length he sank into the the early age of thirty-four. d father, heart-broken by fs and sorrows, soon fol- m to heaven.

two thousand nonconform- gy who in the year 1662 ed their livings rather than their consciences, none was nspicuous for learning and ›r zeal and suffering, than Baxter. Indeed, no nobler prang from that stormy age roduced a Cromwell and a n, a Marvell and a Milton. er was more heroic soul en- in a frailer tabernacle, or by ruder gusts of fortune. His life was one long martyrdom of disease and agonies of pain. His physical infirmities were aggravated by unremitting toil and study, and by cruel persecution and imprisonment. But the tree that wrestles with the storm upon the wind-swept height acquires a firmer fibre and a sturdier growth than that which nestles in the sheltered vale. So the stern Puritan nature, buffeting with the blasts of adversity, developed a strength of moral fibre, an unfaltering will and a dauntless daring that a blander atmosphere might have enervated or destroyed. The study of that heroic life cannot fail to quicken nobler impulses and inspire a lofty purpose even in an age of luxury and self-indulgence.

On the 12th of November, 1615, was born, in the pleasant village of Rowton, Shropshire, the child who was to influence so largely the religious destiny of his own and of future times. His father was a substantial yeoman, who cherished the fear of God in a period of general spiritual declension. King James' "Book of Sports" seemed almost to enforce the desecration of the Sabbath; and Baxter complained that in his youth the family "could not on the Lord's Day read a chapter, or pray, or sing a psalm, or catechise and instruct a servant, but with the noise of pipe and tabour, and the shoutings in the street, continually in our ears. Sometimes the morris-dancers would come into the church in all their linen, and scarfs, and antique dresses, with morris-bells jingling at their legs; and as soon as common-prayer was read, did haste out presently to their play again."

fe of Richard Baxter, their "com- tribulation and in the kingdom nce of Jesus Christ," will be a centenary study of the brave od of Christian confessors who l the history of their native land.

His early instructors in secular knowledge were a stage-player and an attorney's clerk, who had successively assumed the functions of curate of the parish. But the religious teachings of his godly sire, and the study of the family Bible, which was all his library, save some pedlars' ballads and tracts, and a few borrowed books, were the most important elements in the formation of his character. From his sixteenth to his nineteenth year he attended the Wroxeter grammar-school, where he acquired a fluent though uncritical use of Latin, and a partial knowledge of Greek. Few glimpses of his boyhood occur, although he tells us that he was addicted to orchard-robbing and to the inordinate use of fruit, which he believed induced his subsequent physical infirmities. His constitution was further undermined by an attack of smallpox, which left behind symptoms of acute phthisis.

Shortly after attaining his twentieth year Baxter was induced to try his fortune at court. Thither he accordingly repaired, fortified with a letter to the Master of the Revels. The frivolous amusements and fashionable follies of Whitehall, however, proved distasteful to his naturally serious disposition, and within a month he returned to his quiet and studious life at Rowton. "I had quickly enough of the court," he says, "when I saw a stage-play instead of a sermon on the Lord's day in the afternoon, and saw what course was there in fashion." From the seriousness of his deportment he early acquired the name of Precisian and Puritan; but though at first nettled by the sneer, he soon learned to regard as an honour an epithet which was daily heaped by the worst upon the best of men.

But mere sobriety of life could not satisfy the demands of an awakened conscience. A severe illness soon brought him to the borders of the grave. Deep convictions took hold upon his mind. His soul was shaken with fearful questionings. Dark forms of unbelief assailed him,—doubts of the future life, of the credibility of the Scriptures, even of the existence of God. The very foundations of faith seemed to be destroyed. But he bravely wrestled with his doubts. He boldly confronted his spiritual difficulties; and he came off victorious, but not without receiving in the conflict mental scars, which he bore to his dying day. His convictions were inwrought into the fibre of his being. His faith thenceforth was founded upon a rock.

At the age of twenty-three he was ordained and became the curate to a clergyman at Bridgenorth. Two years after, he was appointed to the cure of souls at Kidderminster, a place which he was to make illustrious by his labours, and entered with enthusiasm upon his parochial duties. His earnest ministrations and sedulous pastoral care disturbed the spiritual apathy of the town, and soon wrought a wonderful improvement in the manners of the people. Nor was he less mindful of the ills of the body than of the maladies of the soul. For years he practised among them the healing art, till, finding the tax upon his time too great, he secured the residence of a professional physician.

The times were full of portents. The political atmosphere was surcharged with elements which must ere long produce an explosion. In the oppressive lull, like that before a storm, could be heard the far-off mutterings of the thunder about to burst over the astonished nation. Society was to be plunged almost into chaos by the violence of the shock. The Puritans, from being a religious sect, were gradually becoming a political power. Oppression and persecution only confirmed them in their principles. They were gradually attracting to themselves the noblest spirits of the realm—

who loved God and loved
r.
ter's religious sympathies were
t entirely with the Puritans,
e was loyal to his sovereign.
storm burst in his immediate
ourhood. The iconoclastic
f the Roundhead soldiery at-
l some lingering relics of Pop-
Kidderminster church; a riot
he townspeople ensued. Bax-
s a man of peace, retired to
try as a city of refuge till the
ı of quiet times. "We kept to
wn principles," he says, "we
ınfeignedly for King and Par-
ıt."
ited by Cromwell to become
ain of the troops at Cambridge,
clined; but afterward visiting
arliamentary army, he found,
conceived, much theological
in its ranks, and accepted the
aincy of Whalley's regiment, as
ing an opportunity of convert-
ıe Anabaptists and Levellers
e orthodox faith.* A skilled
ic, he challenged his adver-
to a public discussion. The
gical tournament took place
nersham church, in Bucking-
ire. "I took the reading-
says Baxter, "and Pitchford's
and troopers took the gallery;
alone disputed against them
morning until almost night."
ught a nobler antagonist in the
ı of the General himself; but
well, he complains with some
ness, "would not dispute with
all." He witnessed also other
irer conflicts than these; and
many a bloody skirmish, min-
l to the bodily and spiritual
ities of the wounded and the
He was also present at the
of Bridgewater, Exeter, Bris-
ıd Worcester, ever striving to
mitigate the horrors of war, and to promote the spirit of peace and good will.

Compelled by ill-health to leave the army, he returned to his beloved flock at Kidderminster, and gave to the world the undying legacy of his "Saint's Rest" and "Call to the Unconverted," written, he tells us, "in the midst of continual languishing and medicine . . . by a man with one foot in the grave, between the living and the dead." The one seems like a blissful anticipation of that heaven in whose very precincts he walked; the other is almost like a call from the other world, so frail was the tenure of his life when it was uttered, but echoing through the ages in many a strange land and foreign tongue.* It has aroused multitudes from their fatal slumber, and led them to their everlasting rest.

Baxter was no sycophant of the great. He fearlessly declared, even before Cromwell, his abhorrence of the execution of the King, and of the usurpation of the Protector. Invited to preach at court, he boldly declaimed in the presence of the Great Captain against the sin of maintaining schism for his own political ends. With a candour no less than his own, and in honourable testimony to his worth, and to the value placed upon his esteem, Cromwell sought to convince Baxter of the integrity of his purpose and justice of his acts. But the Puritan Royalist was faithful to the memory of his slain king. He left the court, where advancement awaited him, and consecrated his wealth of learning and eloquence to the humble

wards, a writer of the period, in his raena," or Collection of Errors, ates sixteen prevailing varieties of and quotes one hundred and seventy- oneous passages from current theo- literature.

* During Baxter's life as many as twenty thousand copies of the "Call to the Unconverted" were sold in a year—a vast number for that period. It was translated by Eliot into the Indian dialect, for the use of the American savages. It has since been translated into most of the languages of Europe, and multiplied almost beyond computation.

poor of Kidderminster, rejoicing in their simple joys, sympathizing with their homely sorrows, warning every man and teaching every man as in the sight of God.

Baxter sympathized strongly with the exiled sovereign, and preached the thanksgiving sermon at St. Paul's on Monk's declaration for the king. On the Restoration he accepted a royal chaplaincy, and in conscientious discharge of the duties of his office he preached a two-hours sermon of solemn admonition, ungraced by courtly phrase or compliment, before the yawning monarch. He was jealous of the interests of religion, and in a personal interview with Charles, to use the words of Neal, "honest Mr. Baxter told His Majesty that the interest of the late usurpers with the people arose from the encouragement they had given religion; and he hoped the king would not undo, but rather go beyond the good which Cromwell or any other had done."

Invited to present a plan of ecclesiastical reformation, he framed one on the basis of Archbishop Usher's "Reduction of the Episcopacy," but his comprehensive and moderate schemes was rejected. Notwithstanding the specious promises of the royal declaration, the perfidy of the king and court was such that Baxter refused the offer of the mitre of Hereford as an insidious bribe. He sought instead permission to return to his humble flock at Kidderminster. He asked no salary, if only he might labour among them in the gospel; but his request was refused.

Baxter was a prominent member of the celebrated Savoy Conference, in which for fourteen weeks twenty-one Anglican and twenty-one Presbyterian divines—twelve of the former being of episcopal or archiepiscopal dignity—attempted a reconciliation between the contending ecclesiastical factions. But this project was defeated by the bigoted opposition of the bishops. "Their lordships were in the saddle," says the contemporary chronicler, "so they guided the controversy their own gate." From the same authority we learn that "the most active disputant was Mr. Baxter, who had a very metaphysical head and fertile invention, and was one of the most ready men of his time for an argument; but," he adds, "too eager and tenacious of his own opinions." He gave special offence by drawing up a "Reformed Liturgy," in the language of Scripture, which he proposed as an alternative to the venerable form consecrated by the use of a hundred years.

The prelatical party were eager to return to the livings from which they had been so long excluded. Even clergy who had been sequestered for public scandal, reinstated in their forfeited privileges, threw off all the restraints of their order. Every week, says Baxter, some were taken up drunk in the streets, and one was reported drunk in the pulpit. A flood of profligacy swept over all the barriers of virtue and morality. The king sauntered from the chambers of his mistresses to the church even upon sacrament days. The court became the scene of vile intrigue. Dissolute actresses flaunted the example of vice, and made a mock of virtue in lewd plays upon the stage. The "Book of Sports" was revived, and Sabbath desecration enjoined by authority of Parliament. To be of sober life and serious mien was to be accounted a schismatic, a fanatic, and a rebel. Engrossed in persecuting schism, the National Church had no time to restrain vice.

The excesses of a faction of Fifth Monarchy men, who in the name of King Jesus raised a riot in the city, gave an occasion of persecuting the Puritan and Presbyterian party. In the very year of the Restoration, and almost coincident with His

Sacred Majesty's Declaration of liberty of conscience, the dungeons of London were glutted with prisoners for conscience' sake. Among these were five hundred Quakers, besides four thousand in the country gaols. For "devilishly and perniciously abstaining from church," attending conventicles, and like heinous crimes, John Bunyan languished in prison for twelve years, and bequeathed to the world its noblest uninspired volume.

The Act of Uniformity went into effect on August 24th, 1662, the anniversary of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew—an omen of sinister significance, inasmuch as both crimes were animated by the same spirit of religious intolerance. Two thousand "worthy, learned, pious, and orthodox divines," as Locke has styled them, were forcibly banished from their roof-trees and hearth-stones, and driven forth homeless and shelterless, for no offence save worshipping God according to the dictates of their conscience. While the courtly revellers of Whitehall were celebrating the nuptials of King Charles and the fair Catharine of Portugal, from the cathedral close and prebendal stall, from rectory and vicarage, the ejected clergy went forth, like Abraham, not knowing whither they went.

This cruel act, says Bishop Burnet, raised a grievous cry over the nation. Many must have perished but for the private collections for their subsistence. "They cast themselves," continues the bishop, "on the providence of God and the charity of friends." "Many hundreds of them," says Baxter, "with their wives and children, had neither house nor bread." Many of the ministers, prevented by conscientious convictions from laying down their ministry after they had been ordained to it, preached to such as would hear them, in fields and private houses, until they were apprehended and cast into gaol, where many of them perished. "Some lived on little more than brown bread and water," says the Conformist Plea. "One went to plough six days and preached on the Lord's day. Another was forced to cut tobacco for a livelihood."

The expulsion of these "learned and pious divines" was in wanton disregard to the spiritual necessities of the nation. Although many illiterate, debauched, and unworthy men were thrust into the sacred office, as the author of the "Five Groans of the Church" complains, yet many parishes long remained under a practical interdict—the children unbaptized, the dead buried without religious rites, marriage disregarded, the churches falling into ruin, and the people relapsing into irreligion and barbarism.

One of the most illustrious of this glorious company of confessors was Richard Baxter. With broken health and wounded spirit he was driven forth from the scenes of his apostolic labours. The sobs and tears of his bereaved congregation at once intensified and soothed the pangs of parting. He espoused poverty, contumely, persecution, and insult. His home thenceforth alternated between a temporary and precarious refuge among friends, and the ignominy and discomfort of a loathsome prison.

But he went not forth alone. Woman's love illumined that dark hour of his life, woman's sympathy shared and alleviated his suffering. It is a romantic story, that of his courtship. He had often declared his purpose of living and dying in celibacy. His single life, he said, had much advantage, because he could more easily take his people for his children, and labour exclusively for them. There was little in his outward appearance to win a youthful maiden's fancy. Nearly fifty years of pain and suffering had furrowed his wan cheek and bowed his meagre form. His features were

rather pinched and starved-looking, and decked with a scanty beard. His nose was thin and prominent, his eyes were sunken and restless. Tufts of long hair escaped from beneath his close Geneva skull-cap. Broad bands and a black gown complete his portrait.

Margaret Charlton was scarce twenty years of age, well-born and beautiful, endowed with gifts of wit and fortune. But love is lord of all; and these two apparently diverse natures were drawn together by an irresistible attraction. The Puritan divine had been the maiden's counsellor, her guide, and friend; and mutual esteem deeped into intense and undying affection. For nineteen years, in bonds and imprisonment, in suffering and sorrow, in penury and persecution, the winsome presence of the loving wife soothed the pain, inspired the hope, and cheered the heart of the heroic husband, whose every toil and trial she nobly shared.

The witlings of Whitehall did not fail to bandy jests—not over-refined—concerning these strange espousals; and some even of Baxter's friends sighed over the weakness of the venerable divine. "The king's marriage was scarce more talked of than mine," he says. But the well-nigh score of happy wedded years he passed are the best justification of this seemingly ill-matched union. There was nothing mercenary in his love, nor was it the mere impulse of passion. He renounced the wealth his wife would have brought, and stipulated for the absolute command of his time, too precious and precarious to be spent in idle dalliance.

MY LADY.

BY HELEN A. WALKER.

I know a lady in this land
Who carries a Chinese fan in her hand,
But in her heart does she carry a thought
Of her Chinese sister who carefully wrought
The dainty, delicate, silken toy,
For her to admire, for her to enjoy?

This lady has on her parlour floor
A lovely rug from a Syrian shore;
Its figures were woven with curious art—
I wish that my lady had in her heart
One thought of love for those foreign homes
Where the light of the Gospel never comes.

To shield my lady from chilling draft
Is a Japanese screen of curious craft.
She takes the comfort its presence gives,
But in her heart not one thought lives—
Not even one little thought—ah me!—
For the comfortless homes that lie over the sea.

My lady in gown of silk is arrayed,
The fabric soft was in India made.
Will she think of the country whence it came,
Will she make an offering in His name
To send the perfect heavenly dress,
The mantle of Christ's own righteousness,
To those who are poor, and sad, and forlorn?
To those who know not that Christ is born?

—*The Missionary Review of the World.*

APOSTLES OF THE SOUTH-EAST.

BY FRANK T. BULLEN.

Author of "With Christ at Sea," etc.

PTER XXVI.

NIGHT FALLS.

' long Saul had floated hus he did not, and ıever will, know. Mer- ifully, he had but just ime to secure himself vith a bit of a line, vhen, easily, as if he ere just falling into gentle sleep, his senses eft him. When he re- urned to consciousness .is sufferings were reat. The sun was at ts meridian, and shin- ng strongly out of a 'here was but a slight th a gentle swell, upon support rolled slightly, er part of his body was rusted with salt. His burned as he opened in to the light of day, ulty because the lashes ı salt. His tongue was f leather, and his lips led when he tried to

Gradually his mind all the events of the were recalled up to the sinking of the great then he thought of Liz- Thought of her with a is heart as he pictured d she but know of his n.

l the stimulus his body l. It roused in him the of life already growing ng up his voice in the vast solitude he called ve his life, to send help too late in order that wife should not be so

Or, if that might not that in some way she ded for, sheltered from rld. This beneficial ex- ıivilege of prayer had ful, consolatory effect l he fell fast asleep

ıke it was at the sound ce, the touch of a hand, ed God. A boat was lying by the side of the hen-coop, manned by five swarthy, piratical-looking fellows whose language he did not understand, although by its sound he thought it was Italian. They lifted him tenderly into the boat, and then for the first time he saw the ship they had come from; a large wooden bark, deep laden, hove to only a few ship's lengths away. They soon reached her side, and hoisted Saul up in the boat as being the simplest way of getting him on board. He was so full of pain that, carefully and delicately as they handled him, he could not help letting a groan escape him as they removed him to the cabin, a somewhat dirty, very stuffy apartment, reeking with the fumes of tobacco and garlic, but to him a sweet haven of rest. In a few minutes the cook appeared, bearing a pannikin of soup, which seemed to Saul the most deliciously invigorating food he had ever tasted.

After another period of sleep and more soup he felt sufficiently revived to undertake the task of trying to relate his adventures, as well as the much more important one of ascertaining his present destination. As no one on board spoke any English, and Saul was no linguist, this was somewhat exhausting work, but at last to his horror he discovered that she was bound from Cardiff to Hong-Kong with coal, and that she had already been out of port a fortnight.

With all the energy he could muster he begged the skipper to land him at the Western Islands, to put him on board a homeward-bound vessel, to whatever port she might be going, but for pity's sake not to carry him away to the other side of the world without his being able to earn anything. To all his impassioned entreaties the captain listened attentively, but evidently without understanding, and evidently with a shrewd suspicion that the poor fellow was out of his mind. The latter felt himself that unless he fell back upon his faith, if he allowed himself to look upon his position purely from the human side, he did run great risk of losing his reason, for he knew full well that as soon as the news of the loss of the "Ferozepore" became known his half-

pay would cease, and if it should happen that his wife fell out of work what would she do?

As it was, the mental disturbance and strain threw him into a brain fever, from which only his vigorous constitution and perfect state of health and cleanliness of life saved him, since the captain of the "Guiseppe B" knew no more what was the matter with his patient than a cow, and in all probability even if he had known what the malady was he would have had not the slightest idea of how to treat it.

So Saul battled with Death. No doubt that in passing through the Valley of the Shadow the Friend of the lonely was with him. But the contest was a terrible one, and when he came out of it, only just alive, the old tub was rolling leisurely down into the south-east trade region to the southward of the line. As soon as his mind became clear, he saw that his long helplessness had in no wise endeared him to his shipmates, for there is no place where one gets less sympathy in a long illness than on board ship. Saul's fight was over, however. He would no longer kick against what he saw to be the inevitable, but calmly go on doing all he could in his sorry position, praying that God would be with his dear one at home. And once having settled down, he mended rapidly.

Saul was always an industrious man, but he worked double tides now to keep his mind off the agony of his position. With his mind busy all the time with possibilities of suffering for his wife at home, and the disheartening spectacle before his eyes of the snail's pace made by the old bark, to say nothing of the aggravating content that appeared to rest upon everybody else but himself—those things made his lot hard to bear indeed. The horrors of the fo'csle were too great for him to endure. So he lived a hermit's life in the long-boat amidship, with only memories to feed upon. No books, no conversation, and no prospect of earning anything for months. Poor Saul!

Here we must leave him to dree his weird, and return to London.

On the second day after Saul's departure his wife was simply astounded to hear her cousin, without any preliminary, say: 'Lizzie, my dear, we've always been very happy together, and I like your society very much, but now you're married, things ain't quite as they used to be, are they? An', to tell you the truth, I've got a little girl coming in to do all I want, and I shall be glad if you'll get another place to lodge as soon as you can. You're a married woman now, and can look after yourself."

Poor Lizzie felt crushed for a moment; then her native spirit came to the rescue and she said without a tremor: "Very well, Carrie, I s'pose you don't want to turn me out right at once, do you? Give me a little time to get a place and I'll go."

"Oh, certainly," said her cousin; "take your time by all means."

So Lizzie went away from the house to begin her search, very sorrowful. First of all, Mrs. Andrews, to give Lizzie her full title, found a serious difficulty in obtaining a room—a room, that is, in a decent house. The young wife had to seek till she was heart-sick as well as foot-weary before she found a place to lay her lonely head, and then she was treated more like a pauper than a solvent payer of rent. Indeed, she said that had she been single it would have been easier for her to find a room which the proprietors thereof would be willing to let to her than she found it being married. At last, to her great relief, the young wife succeeded in finding a room in the house of a worthy couple who, when they heard her story, were exceedingly sympathetic. But even they gave her clearly to understand that if she could not pay her rent for one week she must go. They were so poor that they dared not run the risk of having the room empty for a day, or of losing a day's rent; while as to running up a bill, it was not to be thought of. Their superior landlord called for his rent every Monday morning, and it must be ready for him, though the whole family should have to go without food to obtain it. Lizzie assured them that there was no danger of her not paying, and proudly exhibited her half-pay paper. Poor girl, in her ignorance she imagined that the £2 5s. per month it guaranteed was something in the nature of Bank of England dividends. The possibility of its failing never occurred to her.

And she got work too—she had a good sewing-machine—got work making ladies' ulsters at 11s. 6d. per dozen. The handsome, smirking Jew who gave them out to her assured her that he had given her the best-paid work in the shop; but when she found that even her deft fingers could scarcely complete three of them by close application for thirteen hours, she began to wonder what sort of a life the

women led who made the cheaper ones—down, for instance, to 4s. 9d. per dozen. Spurred by the fear of being left to want, she overworked herself and fell ill.

Then, suddenly, as the stress of the ship plunging at her cable in the teeth of the howling tempest and finding a weak link in it snaps it, and begins to drift awfully on the jagged rocks gnashing astern, there came to this poor soul the news of the loss of Saul's ship with all hands, and the consequent stoppage of his half-pay.

She lay down on her poor bed and moaned like a hurt animal, inarticulately, hopelessly. For hours she lay there, no one coming to see her, and had she died, as so many do, there would have been a long and utterly unprofitable inquiry into her death, and an open verdict. At last the doctor came. He was a young man who, to work up a practice and at the same time earn something, had opened a dispensary in the neighbourhood to which Lizzie had moved. Although only three months established there, he had already earned a reputation for kindness and attention that was bearing good fruit. His charges to his dispensary patients were ridiculously low; 6d. for advice and medicine, 1s. per visit at their homes. And for this he did a great deal. Also, if he found a patient really too poor to pay he freely attended them and gave them medicine for nothing. Of course, in order to do this it was necessary that he should have a little private means of his own, and this he obtained by marrying a lady with an income of £200 a year.

And all this time, half a world away, Saul was steadily awaiting deliverance. When once the battle with himself was won, patience and faithful waiting upon God resumed their sway in his rested soul. Even the hardship of being utterly without reading matter, above all a Bible, became bearable after a time. He had to learn the love of great silences. Never learning sufficient Italian to converse with his shipmates, he used to sit alone and fix his thoughts upon unseens, or allow his soul to bathe itself in the glories all around. But chiefly he loved to lie in the long, calm nights of the tropics on his back on the fo'csle head with his eyes fixed upon the vast star-besprinkled space above him, recalling all he could of the words of the Bible, and thinking upon the glories of heaven until his cultivated imagination almost made him see indescribable visions with the outward eyes of sense. He prayed without ceasing for his darling, and was content to leave the answering to God.

At last, one hundred and ninety-eight days after Saul was picked up, the "Guiseppe B" lumbered slowly and clumsily into Hong-Kong harbour, her paint bleached nearly to the wood off hull and yards by months of sun and rain; her sails worn to muslin by their long, long, profitless slatting against the masts; all that part of her beneath the water and much above incrusted with stony sea growths and festooned with dank, black-green moss that rose and fell with each movement of the sea like a floating shroud. She looked as if some long-ago given-up derelict had been suddenly restored to the busy world of men.

Saul's heart beat high with thankfulness as the old ship sailed up the well-remembered harbour into which he had so often steamed in the old days when he was quartermaster in one of the Glen boats. Nor did even the knowledge that no news could be awaiting him from home, or that from him no news could reach home for nearly two months, suffice to depress him.

No sooner was the anchor down and the decks cleared up than Saul went aft and appealed respectfully to the mate, the captain having, of course, gone ashore, to allow him to land. This, however, the mate dared not do without the captain's permission, and so Saul, comforting himself as best he could with the reflection that it was past office hours, resigned himself to another night on board the old hulk that had—oh, so slowly!—borne him to this far-off part of the world. Bright and early he sought the captain, who as well as he could made him understand that he was very well pleased with Saul's behaviour while on board; that he was free to go whenever he would; and that, but for the fact that he, the skipper, was a very poor man, he would have been glad to give Saul his monthly wage the same as the rest of the men earned. As it was, all he could do, and that out of his own pocket, was to give him twenty dollars.

With this pitiful sum Saul was obliged to be content, knowing that he could get no more. So, gathering the few ragged garments together that had been given him, he went ashore, straight to the postoffice, and writing there a long, loving letter to his wife, he sent her the whole of the money he

had just received except the cost of postage and transmission. Then he turned his steps towards the shipping office, and told his story. He was listened to in silence, and then asked if he would take a passage home in one of the blue-funnelled boats to England as a distressed seaman. This he refused, not wishing to arrive at home penniless. The official shrugged his shoulders and replied : " That's all I can do for you, then."

Outside the shipping office Saul stood awhile, wondering what he would do now. Suddenly he caught sight of a white policeman striding towards him, and intercepting him as he was passing, he asked him if there was in the place a seamen's mission, and if so would he direct the speaker thereto. Now, the policeman was a Christian, and to receive such an application warmed his heart. So he led Saul to the mission, entered with him and introduced him, and made arrangements for their meeting again that evening.

Now Saul's present troubles were all overcome. In the first place he was in the midst of a congenial environment ; in the next, all the help that he so much needed in food, lodging, and clothing was extended to him, and one gentleman, a merchant who was a stanch friend of the mission, even offered to cable home to Saul's wife the news of his safety at large cost. But this Saul refused, not seeing where the benefit would come, and feeling that it was not right to waste so much of other people's money.

One very happy week he spent in Hong-Kong, and then, not being able to get a berth as bo'sun, he shipped before the mast in a fine American ship bound for Manila to load hemp for New York. When he came on board he found himself, to his surprise, in an almost palatial house on deck, with a table running its whole length, light, clean, and well ventilated. He found the food not only good in quality and having plenty of variety, but excellently cooked, and served as if men were going to eat it and not hogs. His shipmates were a mixed medley of races, but principally Scandinavians, all well drilled and as smart as could well be. As for brutality, there was none. There was no need of it. An order sharply given was obeyed with the utmost alacrity and cheerfulness, for every man had learned that it is just as easy to obey smartly and willingly where obedience must be rendered, as it is to skulk and scowl through one's obvious duties.

In the delight which Saul felt at being on board of such a ship, and under such a system, he almost forgot the crushing burden of his trouble, especially as he received a month's advance of another four pounds, which he was able to send home intact to the poor girl whom he saw in his mind's eye suffering and sorrowing for him.

He left Hong-Kong with the hearty good wishes of all whom he had met there, well supplied with clothes by their liberality, and with such a stock of good reading matter as would last him all the way home most comfortably. He felt as if at last the long and dreary lane he had been travelling had found its turning, and that the pathway before him promised to be bright right to the end. He was in a good ship, with smart officers and a well-disciplined crew, and having a joy in doing that which the hand found to do with all his might, found life again very pleasant for him.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE MISSION PROSPERS.

Meanwhile events at the mission had been without much stirring interest to the little outside world of their immediate neighbourhood. though never lacking in variety and fulness of marvel to those who were responsible for its maintenance and direction. Jemmy, poor man, had passed through a very furnace of affliction at home. Mrs. Maskery got wet through in a sudden heavy shower. Next morning she was unable to rise; pneumonia had set in and delirium supervened. Ah, but it was pitiful to hear her self-reproach ! *Now* she had no word of condemnation for her husband ; her poor, diseased mind clung continually to memories of his faithfulness, his compassion, his brave and cheerful nature. And Jemmy sat by her bedside holding her burning hand, with the big tears of sympathy rolling down his face as he prayed without ceasing that the Lord would spare her to him yet a little while.

As she grew slowly convalescent she became accustomed to seeing her husband always near her, felt as if she must have his bright, patient face to gaze upon or she could make no progress. But she wondered, too, how it was that he could do this, how the bread was being earned and the landlord paid. At last, when her uneasiness became acute, she asked him how they were living. In a

broken voice Jemmy informed her that William Maylie, the young clerk who had become their treasurer, and Jemmy Paterson, the costermonger, were jointly providing for all their needs so that he could stay at home and nurse her.

As for his business, his father and uncle were attending to the orders between them, so that he was unlikely to lose anything in that way. Taking things all round, he gratefully said, they were better off than they had been for a very long time, and a Christian friend, who had heard of their case, had provided a month's holiday at the seaside at a convalescent home as soon as Mrs. Maskery was well enough to be moved. As soon as she heard this she announced her intention of refusing such an offer for herself. She had been lying idle there much too long, she said, and her fingers itched to be seeing about her home again.

"Ah, Jim, ole sweet'art!" she sighed, sinking back on her pillow. "I've a-learned a good many fings lyin' 'ere; that I 'ave. But the best fing I learnt was wot I knowed in my 'eart long ago, that you was the bes' man in the world—ter me, anyhow, an' that in fucher I mus' try an' show yer every way I can that I do believe in yer, an' love yer wiv all my 'eart an' soul. An' as ter goin' away, I'll do anyfink y'arsk me to."

"An' nah," said Jemmy, "we mus' get you set up agen as soon as we can, 'corse all on us wants muvver bad. 'Ow we've missed yer I can't never tell ye."

"All right, ole dear; I'll go, then, as I've said," she replied, "but wotever I'm t' do fur close I carn't fink. I don't want t' say a word t' 'urt yer feelin's, dear, but I ain't got a decent rag t' my back. As long as I'm at 'ome in me own place it don't matter so much, but I carn't go away wivout a little close fit fur uvver people t' look at in case I was took ill agen, can I?"

To her intense surprise Jemmy made her no direct answer, but stepping into the next room he brought thence a fairly well-worn but still presentable Gladstone bag. This he opened before her astonished eyes, and revealed a really good stock of underclothing all neatly packed. "This 'ere lot was sent 'ere wiv a label on it—'Mrs. Maskery'—w'ile you was ill. Finkin' p'raps there might be somefink in it that 'd go bad if it was left, I opened it. I don't know where it come from, nor I don't fink that need bovver erse a bit. 'Ere it is, an' it's yores. I'm so fankful I don't know what to do."

There was just a little feeling of resentment at the idea of having to wear somebody else's cast-off clothing (for though very good and hardly worn, the things were evidently second-hand); but that soon passed off in the deep content the poor woman felt in the possession of these much-needed garments. And Jemmy, wonderfully lightened in heart and mind, went about the house, cleaning, cooking, etc., singing in his high falsetto such fragments of joyful hymns as occurred to him.

It was Thursday, and after Jemmy had done the house up, finding that his wife was so much brighter and better, he timidly suggested the possibility of his being able to run down to the Hall for an hour or so. To his great delight she was not only willing but anxious that he should go.

"I want yer t' put up a thanksgivin' fer me, if ye will," she said. "Tell 'em all 'at I'm 'umbly grateful fer Gord's mercy; tell 'em I've had a signal evidence of 'is goodness an' luv, an' that I'll try my uttermost t' 'elp forward the cause of Gord if 'e spares me t' return t' the world of work."

So Jemmy went. Went and found that for a Thursday night there was a record attendance. During his absence at his sick wife's bedside there had been a sort of dual control, Maylie, the young clerk, and Paterson, the coster, had been working like Trojans, and their ministry had been abundantly successful. Bill Harrop, too, had been supporting them, but he had developed the finer aspects of the Christian character, the ability to stand aside and let the Lord use whomsoever He will so long as the kingdom's cause is advanced. To stand at the door and hand out the hymn-books; to sweep up the Hall after everybody had gone; to be first to come and last to go—these were Bill Harrop's ambitions, if by such a name they might properly be called. When chaffed about his earnestness he would say:

"Ar, if you'd a-ben dahn inter th' dirty 'ell 'at I 'ave, an' ben pulled erp agen inter th' clean 'eaven 'at I 'ave, you couldn't wonder at my .be'avin' as I do. I carn't 'elp it; no, I carn't, an'"—here he whispered mysteriously—"I woodn't if I could. I like it too much. I sleeps like a baby, I eats anyfink 'at comes along wiv a 'Fank Gord' for it, my wife an' kids fair

wusshups the grahnd I walks on an' me! Oh, *you* don't know what a dirty dorg I was, an' would be nah if it wasn't fer 'im, the Lord Gord Almighty."

When Jemmy appeared on the platform, his face aglow with thankfulness, there was a long-drawn breath, and then—it would not be restrained—an uproarious burst of applause. They clapped, and stamped, and shouted till they were tired, and at last Jemmy got a chance to say a word.

So Jemmy preached and prayed as of old, but with an added power that neither he nor his hearers could have explained. He swayed them as the wind the leaves, and when at last he sat down there was a long-drawn sigh of disappointment that he had ended so soon. But it was soon made up for by the following speakers—Harrop and Paterson and Maylie. When they had finished their various speeches Jemmy rose again to address the meeting. He said:

"Brevren an' sisters, I can't leave 'ere ter-night wivout tellin' yer wot's in my 'eart abaht some of these yer dear fellers 'ere. Y' all know I ain't much of a money-earner at the best er times, an' therefore y' ain't got much differculty in seein' 'at fings must 'a' ben pretty bad for me lately. We all know wot it means w'en th' wife's laid up an' th' ole man's outer work, don't we? Well, two dear fellers in this 'ere meetin' 'as *kep'* me an' my fam'ly nah fer abaht six weeks. Yuss, an' I arsks yer ter fank Gord fer sendin' on earf two such men as Willie Maylie and Jemmy Paterson. Let's sing. Sister, play us

"'Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine,
Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine.'"

So they launched into song, and sang the chorus, "This is my story, this is my song," three times to each verse and five or six times to the last, and were all very much uplifted and happy. But as they were about to leave, just after the benediction had been pronounced, a wild-looking figure that had been crouching in the doorway stood up and shuffled along the aisle towards the platform. Paterson and Harrop went to meet him and attend to him in case he should have come to make any disturbance, when the latter recognized him as Jimson. Truly he was a sad spectacle. Filthy beyond expression, shoeless, in scanty rags that hardly covered his nakedness, he was an object-lesson in the highest sense on the fact that the way of transgressors is hard.

The people waited to see "what was up," as they put it, and presently the poor wretch was allowed to mount the platform and tell his story. In effect it was this: That although he had apparently left the mission through pique, it was really because he had never actually had his heart in it. He loved to hold a prominent place among his fellows, and to pose as respectable because he found it paid with his employer, who was a very religious man. So he had joined the Wren Lane band before it possessed the present Hall, and for a time found himself looked up to by Jemmy and taking the part he loved—viz., that of a prominent man. But when the mission expanded he found himself, as he put it, a bit crowded, and he also found the work getting irksome. So he became a backslider, and immediately went back to the drink.

He went rapidly down, down, down. Now his wife was dead, his children were scattered, and he was, he hoped, in the last stages of a disease that would carry him off very speedily. He didn't want anything, for he was going to the workhouse infirmary to die; but before he went he wanted to ease his mind by confessing to all connected with the mission that no one was in any way to blame for his going away but himself. He (the speaker) asked them all to forgive him and pray for him, and he bade them good-bye. Resisting all efforts to detain him, he hobbled slowly slowly away, only accepting the help of poor old Woody to enable him to reach the infirmary. They took him in at once, and in three days he was dead, having by his last few words made a greater impression upon his hearers than ever he had been able to do in his previous mission days—an impression that will never fade from some of their minds while life lasts.

After the audience had dispersed, the brethren remained a little while to discuss the mission affairs upon the reappearance of Jemmy. All felt that they had deep cause for thankfulness in the steady, solid work that was going on, and the manner in which they were paying their way. Their Sunday-school roll numbered nearly three hundred, and already the accommodation for the children was very restricted. But no suggestion of enlarging their borders or launching out into ambitious building schemes was mooted, for all felt that such things in their position were better left severely alone.

As Jemmy tersely put it: "S' long 's we're 'umble th' Lord 'll bless us;

. we git too big for our boots 'e'll to set erse back a bit same 's 'e afore. That done erse good, no ɔt, but I don't want any more on hank yer."

r. Jackson had grown and waxed t, so Bill Harrop reported. He taken a large hall, seating eight ired, at an expense of nearly £7 ɛek; he had got together a good- l brass band, whereof every mem- had the privilege of finding his instrument; and he was now ching a curious blend of Univer- m, faith-healing, and ritualism. ıad left the police force, donned a cal garb, and had cards printed the words: "Rev. Thos. Jackson, ston Hall Gospel Mission." He popularly supposed to be mak- between £200 and £300 per an-

hen Jemmy heard this news he with a sigh: "I sh'd like fine ɔe mykin' free 'underd a year, an' pes I won't never be tempted to e it dis'onest. But I do know 'at wos offered right 'ere t' exchange Jackson, I wouldn't. 'E must be appy inside, mustn't 'e?"

Well, I don' know," answered his er musingly, "'e may be happier 'ot you think for. 'E may believe all right. Nobody knows wot can do in the way of deceivin' ɛelves till they begins ter try. If asn't so I don't know ow' we sh'd hnt fur the many jolly people we aht of Christ, wivout any 'ope fur fucher, any well-grahnded 'ope, is."

ıere remained only the good-nights ay, and hands to be shaken. So parted, and Jemmy hastened e, trotting all the way. When he reached his house he rushed upstairs, to find Mrs. Maskery sitting up in bed eating a little beef-tea brought her by Sister Salmon, who was sitting at the other side of the bed. She welcomed her husband with a bright smile and an outstretched hand, saying to Sister Salmon as she did so:

"Ar! pore old dear, many a night 'e's come 'ome wiv is face a-smilin' like that, an' I just *'ated* 'im for bein' so 'appy. I couldn't be, and w'y sh'd 'e? So I used ter go for 'im an' nag 'im till I almost believed 'at the fings I wos a-syin' abaht 'im an' to 'im was true. An' 'e bore it like a angel. That's wot I fink made me wuss. If 'e'd a 'it me, or tole me the real trufe abaht myself, I might not a gone so fur. But 'e didn't. 'E just useter go up ter bed an' go to sleep like a baby. An' that made me wuss 'n ever. Wot bisness 'ad 'e ter sleep wen I couldn't? Ah, well, I believe it's all over nah! I fahnd 'im aht at last ter be the dearest, lovin'est, furgivinest ole dear as ever was, an' I 'opes, Sister Salmon, as you'll remember 'at I said so if ever I sh'd break loose agen."

Sister Salmon had risen to go when Jemmy came in, but Mrs. Maskery held her tight while she told her what was in her heart. And as soon as the poor woman had finished speaking, that sweet, saintly soul just stooped and kissed the worn face all wet with repentant tears, saying only "Good-night, dear, an' God bless ye, you've made me very happy." Then she left the room, Jemmy holding the candle high over the banisters to light her way down, and hastened off to join her faithful spouse in their own peaceful home.

(To be continued.)

GROWING OLD.

As we grow old, how softly, slowly close
The doors of sense and shut us from the world,
Like tender petals of some ling'ring rose
That of a frosty night have inward curled!

Dim as the figures in a dream now pass
Those glitt'ring shows that stirred our youthful hearts,
Poor, hurrying shadows in a misty glass,
Each but a moment seen ere it departs.

Nor sight, nor sound, nor taste of earth's delights
Can longer please; these things are past and gone:
The soul will put the quiet house to rights,
And in the upper chamber watch the dawn.

WESLEY'S DOCTRINE OF CHRISTIAN PERFECTION.*

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I.

IN our present study we are called to deal with a subject which is purely historical. It is a question of fact which we are investigating. What did Mr. Wesley believe and teach concerning Christian Perfection as a matter of religious life and experience?

This question is intimately bound up with another, also a question of facts. By what process of instruction, reading, investigation, or personal experience did Mr. Wesley come to believe and teach this doctrine?

A complete answer to the first question is largely dependent on the second. A complete knowledge of Mr. Wesley's belief and teaching is not to be derived from isolated passages selected from his writings, even when he himself has collected these into such a little volume as his treatise on Christian Perfection. There is in that work itself a distinct evolution from his earlier to his more mature position. It is one of the most satisfactory aspects of Mr. Wesley's belief and teaching on this as on every other part of religion, that it was personal, experimental, and practical. He studied and understood these things in the light of his own experience, and that of his people, and he brought all his ideas to the test, first of Scripture, and then of actual religious life. It was a principle with Wesley that the inward teaching of the Spirit is a necessary help to the understanding of the teaching of the Spirit in the Word. In this he followed St. Paul, who tells us that things spiritual "are spiritually discerned."

Mr. Wesley tells us that his attention was first called to this subject in the twenty-third year of his age (1725) by the reading of Bishop Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying." Taylor was perhaps the brightest ornament of the High Church school of Anglicans, who flourished throughout the seventeenth century. They represent what is sometimes called "objective religion," i.e., a religion which emphasizes not so much the emotional experiences of religion as the right manner of conduct and of moral and religious duties. An excellent presentation of this is to be found in a work published about the middle of the seventeenth century, entitled, "The Whole Duty of Man," and intended as a guide for "the use of all," and as a necessary manual for the instruction of families. This work was so greatly esteemed by Mr. Wesley in his High Church days that he was in the habit of presenting it to the prisoners of Oxford, for whose spiritual welfare he was labouring. He placed it next after the Bible and the Prayer-book. See Works, Vol. III., pp. 8 and 9. This book lays down as the condition of eternal happiness, "the hearty, honest endeavour of obeying the whole will of God"; and this is divided into our duty to God, ourselves, and our neighbour. There can be no doubt that the exposition of moral and religious conduct which follows in the body of the work is most admirable, and that the man who lived up to it in heart as well as life could not be denied the name of Christian. But behind this objective setting forth of Christianity is the idea that in baptism the man "was made a member of Christ, the child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven." For the next twelve years we find Mr. Wesley seeking to perfect his Christian life along this line and from this foundation.

But when he took Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying" as his guide to a perfect Christian life he had by no means placed himself in the hands of a superficial master. Bishop Taylor's ideal of a holy life is far more than an external and merely objective one. In his introduction, he recognizes the importance of orthodox belief, attendance on ordinances of worship, and right conduct of life. But from these he passes at once to the right heart, the intention in moral action, the disposition of the heart in religious worship, and charity in our relation to our neighbour. He appre-

* A paper read before the Theological Union of the Bay of Quinte Conference, June, 1903.

fully the importance of all the graces of the Christian charac- well as the right performance outward duty, whether moral or us. But perhaps the most note- part of Bishop Taylor's work way by which he teaches his s to seek the attainment of this holiness. It may be fairly ed as a process of spiritual cul- r education. It is the old ic idea of *αισκησις* exercise ligion, from which we derive rm asceticism. The right in- is described as if we could y control it. We are exhorted to xercise of the presence of God," iles are given for this exercise, collection of the Divine omni- ce, acts of adoration, discourses repeated as between God and the hiefly selected from Scripture. impressions made on the mind sley were carried a stage fur- y the writings of another High mystic, William Law. He ed in the footsteps of Taylor, but ed to a more positive view of holiness. If Taylor's presen- could be described as "purity ention," Law's might be fairly as "entire consecration." His tion of the perfect religion is a ven to God; the life of one lives no longer to his own will, way and spirit of the world, but sole will of God, who considers everything, who serves God in hing, who makes all the parts common life parts of piety by everything in the name of God, der such rules as are conform- His glory."

ing could be more beautiful Mr. Law's account of this holy nd his exhortation or serious ereto, and its very language into Mr. Wesley's thinking and of expression in all his after But Law's way to its attain- did not differ essentially from Taylor. It is founded on the sacramental doctrine, and re- nds similar religious exercises. her book which at this time influenced Mr. Wesley was Imitation of Christ," by Thomas pis. Of these three great writ- Kempis was without doubt the profound mystic. If by Taylor 's thoughts were turned inward nine with rigid scrutiny his in- s, if by Law there was set be- im the lofty conception of God ything, the holy Thomas opened him the richest fulness of love and man, carrying the funda- mental elements of Christian character out into every phase of the inner life. But the way to all this is through the sacraments, though much comes through the exercise of the cross, i.e., through those painful things which are appointed for our chastening in the providence of God.

A-Kempis not only deepened Wesley's views of the nature of inward holiness, but he also turned his thought to Christ as the great Exemplar, and to the New Testament as the standard of the perfect ideal of Christian character. Taylor and Law may both be described as ethical mystics. A-Kempis is almost purely religious. He shows little or no trace of the influence of an ethical or ethico-religious philosophy.

Mr. Wesley continued under the influence of these three writers for some six or seven years, and the result was the formation in his mind of that remarkably exalted ideal of the perfect Christian character set forth in the thirty-third of his standard sermons preached before the University of Oxford in the year 1833, five years befor his conversion. (Christian Perfection, p. 7.)

But a much more important result was dissatisfaction with himself. During this time he was seeking not to become a Christian, for he probably had not a doubt that in his baptism he had been "made a member of Christ," and "an inheritor of the kingdom of God," but a *perfect* Christian, and the result of his struggle and effort under the direction of his sacramentarian and mystic teachers was not an assurance that he was moving towards perfection, but an ever-deepening sense of his own imperfection.

But before coming to the true way toward the divine life, Wesley was to make yet another experiment. He was by nature not a mystic, but rather an exceedingly practical man. Hence, for him, as also for his fellow-members of the Holy Club, the moral, practical precepts of Taylor and Law had a greater attraction than the mystic exercises of the presence of God. Hence, not only in the Holy Club, at Oxford, but also as curate at Epworth and Wroote, and as missioner to Georgia, we find him scrupulously occupied with the performance of all the duties of religion, especially with the discharge of his clerical duties according to the strict letter of the law. But this, as all who have followed closely his life in Georgia will remember, instead of bringing him perfect inward satisfaction, brought him such out-

ward conflict and difficulty that there is every reason to fear that his inward temper was very far from being at all times the undisturbed calm and peace of a perfect Christian.

It was at this point that Mr. Wesley was brought into that relation to the evangelical mysticism of the Moravians which exercised so important an influence upon his whole subsequent career. I need not repeat the story, with which you are all so familiar, of the storm at sea, of the calm faith of the praying Moravians, even of the women and children, which the young High Church clergyman secretly contrasted with his own inward lack of assurance. On shipboard he had not given over his regular religious methods. He even increased them, becoming a vegetarian, giving up "the use of flesh and wine." Private prayer, the study of the Bible and the Fathers, public prayer, the study of the German language, an hour of profitable conversation, reading to the passengers, evening prayers, with exposition of the lesson of the day, another private prayer, again reading to the passengers, the German worship, and another hour of instructive conversation, and then retiring to rest, this was the normal daily programme, according to Bishop Taylor's first rule, which Wesley followed all his life, "Redeem the time."

But this regular life was broken by a storm, in which Wesley "was so vaulted over with waters in a moment, and so stunned that he scarce expected to lift up his head again till the sea should give up her dead." Then it was that, "I could not but say to myself, 'How is it that thou hast no faith, being still unwilling to die?'" "Oh, how pure in heart must he be who would rejoice to appear before God at a moment's warning." The contrast to this he found in the Germans, their seriousness, their humility, performing menial offices for the other passengers, and now their calmness in the face of death.

This testimony fastened upon him the irresistible conviction that he was lacking in some fundamental element of the true inner life of a Christian, and this conviction was continually deepened through the whole of the next three years. Through those three years of continuous intercourse with the Moravians, at the end of which he was led to the conscious enjoyment of a true evangelical religious experience, we need not follow him. It is sufficient to give the result in his own words. See Wesley's Works, Vol. III., American edition, pp. 70-74.

It may be regarded as strange that a High Church clergyman would so easily resign himself to a diametrically opposite line of teaching at the hands of the humble Moravians. Two things will account for this: 1. Mr. Wesley throughout his whole life was intensely practical, and no line of demonstration appealed to him more strongly than demonstration in actual facts. 2. The Moravians were an Episcopal Church, antedating even the Church of England in the separation from the jurisdiction of Rome. They were also a national church. They had still further taken no little pains to preserve their succession of orders from the ancient Church through the Waldenses, who, like themselves, were of the Evangelical faith. There was thus nothing in their ecclesiastical status to offend his High Church principles. Nor was he called upon to renounce his dogma of baptismal regeneration. The quotation which we have just read, presenting his view of his entire religious life up to date, shows this very clearly. That which had come to him was not so much an intellectual conviction of error in doctrine as a moral conviction of his own spiritual deficiency, of a lack of faith, humility, recollection of mind, and seriousness of spirit. All this his High Church mystic teachers had taught him to regard as a part of the true inward perfection of the Christian. They had failed to show him the true way to its attainment, the way of faith. Under this conviction, he wrote these oft-repeated words, "I, who went to America to convert others, was never myself converted to God." A more mature experience led him to add, "I am not sure of this. I had even then the faith of a servant, though not of a son." The fact is that twelve years before, Mr. Wesley had been converted in the New Testament sense of the word, i.e., his whole course of life had been turned about from the pursuit of sin and folly to an earnest seeking after God. Nor was he without an incipient faith, as he himself afterwards came to see. That which he now learned from the Moravians was the importance of the pardon of sin, and acceptance with God. Doubtless they stated this in an extremely rigid form, leading Mr. Wesley himself to judgments and expressions which he afterwards modified. In this, Count Zinzendorf would appear to be clearer than Mr. Wesley's first teacher, Peter Bohler. Bohler had said:

1. When a man has living faith in Christ, then he is justified.

2 This is always given in a moment.

3. And in that moment he has peace with God.

4. Which he cannot have without knowing that he has it.

5. And being born of God he sinneth not.

6. Which deliverance from sin he cannot have without knowing that he has it.

But a little later Mr. Wesley learned from Zinzendorf as follows :

1. Justification is the forgiveness of sins.

2. The moment a man flies to Christ he is justified.

3. And has peace with God, but not always joy.

4. Nor perhaps may he know that he is justified till long after.

5. For the assurance of it is distinct from justification itself.

6. But others may know he is justified by his power over sin, by his seriousness, his love of the brethren, by his hunger and thirst after righteousness, which alone prove the spiritual life to be begun.

7. To be justified is the same thing as to be born of God. (Wesley adds, "Not so.")

8. When a man is awakened, he is begotten of God, and his fear and sorrow and sense of the wrath of God are the pangs of the new birth.

These synopses of Moravian teaching from Mr. Wesley's own pen are of great importance as guides to the right understanding of Mr. Wesley's experience at this time (commonly known as his conversion), and also in their bearing upon Mr. Wesley's subsequent doctrine of "salvation by faith." Bohler had taught him to expect an experience which came in a moment, and made little of all that preceded. Count Zinzendorf gave much larger importance to the twelve years which preceded this instantaneous experience. Bohler made this the date of justification and the new birth. Zinzendorf made it the assurance of these blessings, and distinct from them. The questions thus raised we do not know that Mr. Wesley ever definitely settled by exact definition. But he did in all his after work and teaching place most explicit emphasis upon the experience given in a moment, making it not a *sine qua non* of salvation or of acceptance before God, but regarding it especially in its relation to the blessing of Christian perfection, as "exceedingly desirable." He does, however, admit, and even teach, as important, that without such an experience a man may be a servant, though not a son, of God. And that Christian perfection may be gradually reached without a second such notable experience.

But, notwithstanding this guarding of the doctrine from extreme and exclusive statement, the emphasis of the instantaneous experience became henceforth a central feature of the religious work of Methodism, and, in fact, of all modern evangelism, and Mr. Wesley fully justifies that emphasis from the examples of apostolic work in the New Testament.

It is thus very clear that he regarded the event of the 24th of May, 1738, as not a mere passing incident or feature, but as an event of transcendent importance in his own religious life—of such importance that he devoted his whole subsequent life to bringing about a similar experience in the lives of others. Call it what you will—justification, the new birth, conversion, the witness of the Spirit, assurance, or the new life—it was to him the entrance upon evangelical experience of religion, which for ever transferred his conception of religion from all occult processes of sacramental efficacy and ecclesiastical status before God to the inward, personal, conscious, relationship to God which is reached by faith in Jesus Christ, and which is the essence of evangelical as distinguished from sacramentarian or sacerdotal religion.

The old Reformation term for this new experience was justification by faith. This Mr. Wesley by no means discarded ; and he has given us a sermon on that subject which is very clear and thoroughly Protestant in its teachings. But the significance of this experience to his own spiritual life led him to prefer another Pauline and scriptural term, more comprehensive in its significance. This was, "Salvation by faith." His own experience, after twelve years spent in the quest for a holy life and heart, had led to an appreciation of the fact that this experience meant not only the consciousness of sin forgiven, but also the entrance into the life of love, joy, peace, and all the fruits of the Spirit, and the coming to the will of a new power to overcome sin, to which he had been before a stranger. In fact, this new experience was to him the beginning, if not more, of that life of inner holiness for which he had so long been striving, seemingly in vain. It was this which led to the title, "Salvation by faith," so

fully expounded in his first sermon preached at St. Mary's, in Oxford, twenty-five days after his great experience at the little Moravian meeting at Fetter Lane.

But the full significance of this evangelical experience for Christian perfection he had not as yet reached. In the next two years he published at least two important tracts on the subject of Christian Perfection, one in 1739, entitled, "The Character of a Methodist." This he intended as a description of the perfect Christian, and it speaks throughout the language of the evangelical Christian experience, i.e., of one who knows the love of God shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost. He also describes this character as the fruit of "living faith." But he makes no special reference to a second experience reached by a specific act of faith. But he does connect directly this whole vivid inner life, full of the conscious presence of God, with the living faith in Christ, of which he was now himself the happy possessor.

The next year he prepared and published the sermon on Christian Perfection, numbered XI. in his collected sermons. This sermon, like the preceding tract, deals with the character of the perfect Christian rather than the way of its attainment. But it describes his character on the side not of emotions and affections, but of action. Even the babe in Christ is so far perfect as not to commit sin of knowing will, and the mature Christian is further free from sinful desires (the motive to sinful act), and from sinful tempers, the disposition which lies back of such desires, or the sudden outbreak of passion. This description carries us back to the ideas of Jeremy Taylor, purity of motive, but follows closely scriptural lines. It is one of the first pieces in which controversy gives to Mr. Wesley's treatment a more distinctively theological character. Hence it stands before us with much more of theological definition, and an entire absence of emotional experience. This definition is enlarged in the preface to his hymn-book, published in 1742, in which the absence of sinful motives and passions, and the fulness of Christian affections, especially perfect love, are enlarged upon, and all summed up as "the mind which was in Christ, to walk as he walked."

Two years later, at the first Methodist Conference, June 26, 1744, the question of sanctification or perfection was taken up, as also at the Conference of the following year, and the definition clearly maintained that it is negatively the eradication of sinful desire, and positively perfect love.

At this Conference faith is named both as the condition and instrument of sanctification. "When we begin to believe, then sanctification begins. And as faith increases, holiness increases, till we are created anew."

The marks of the blessing are also given. "We cannot, without the miraculous discernment of spirits, be infallibly certain. But we apprehend these would be the best proofs which the nature of the thing admits:

"1. If we had sufficient evidence of their unblamable behaviour preceding."

2. A distinct account of the "time and manner wherein they were saved from sin." . . . .

3. Afterwards, "tempers, words, and actions, holy and unreprovable."

Under date of December 2nd, 1744, we meet with a passage in Mr. Wesley's Journal which throws a side-light on these Conference discussions. He says: "I was with two persons who believe they are saved from all sin. Be it so or not, why should we not rejoice in the work of God so far as it is unquestionably wrought in them? For instance, I ask John C——, 'Do you pray always? Do you rejoice in God every moment? Do you in everything give thanks? In loss? In pain? In sickness? In weariness? In disappointments? Do you desire nothing? Do you fear nothing? Do you feel the love of God continually in your heart? Have you a witness in whatever you speak or do that it is pleasing to God?' If he can solemnly and deliberately answer in the affirmative, why do I not rejoice and praise God on his behalf? Perhaps because I have an exceedingly complicated idea of sanctification, or a sanctified man."

Here is a presentation of the perfect Christian, purely subjective and religious, and quite distinct from the theological definitions of the sermon and the Conference, though in no way contradictory to them. This is the first instance in which Mr. Wesley speaks historically of the professed attainment of Christian perfection, and it is noteworthy that he speaks of it as being "saved from all sin." This links his further development of the doctrine with his own fundamental experience of salvation by faith.

Current Topics and Events.

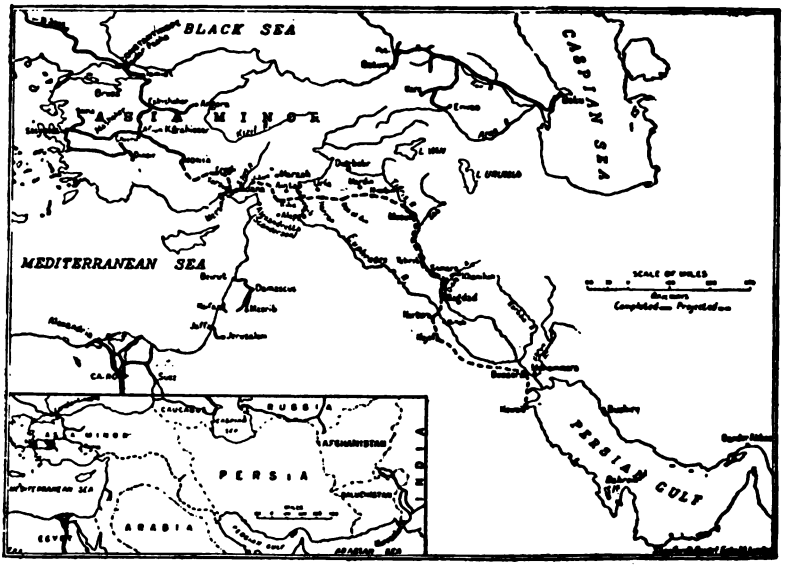
THE DOOR IS OPEN.—*Harper's Weekly.*

low Russia keeps her Pledges.

ır cartoon shows strikingly how sia keeps her promises of the open :. John Bull alone of all the great ers opens wide the doors of comce in every land where his rule ıins, to friend and foe alike. Is his cy just a little bit too generous for selfish world ?

The Bagdad Railway.

or many years Great Britain has ı interested in the Euphrates Val- Railway. It was long regarded as short route to her Indian possesıs. Half a century ago a Nova ıian officer in the British service ed far up the Euphrates, and made ortant surveys of this proposed :e. The opening of the Suez Canal -tracked the enterprise for a time. as been revived by the proposition Germany to enlist British capital British patronage in the comple- of this great work. "The Gerı Government," says The Review Reviews, "wanted British help in ır to enable German financiers to ıstruct a railway across Asiatic Turto the Persian Gulf. The British Government was asked (1) to agree to an increase of import duties on British goods in order to enable the Turk to meet the promises made to the promoters of the railway; (2) to induce British financiers to raise money for the cost of its construction; (3) to facilitate its access to the Persian Gulf at Koweit; (4) to acquiesce in the control of the railway by a Board predominantly German; (5) to assist in the success of the railway by promising to use it for the transmission of the mails to India. As soon as the nature of the proposed entanglement was realized, a great outcry arose in the Ministerial press against the ratification of the Bagdad agreement. In order to defeat the railway, its opponents did not scruple to inflame the public mind against Germany. Punch's cartoon, representing the British lion hesitating to put his paw into the Bagdad trap, while the German hunter peeps out behind the rocks, accurately represents the kind of appeal which was used by the opponents of the agreement. For a week or two Ministers persisted in the support which they had promised to the German scheme. But at the last moment, thanks, it is said, to the action of Mr.



MAP ILLUSTRATING ROUTE OF THE BAGDAD RAILWAY.

Chamberlain, they were compelled to throw it overboard."

But the road will be eventually be built. Our map shows what an important influence it would possess as uniting the Black Sea (and indirectly the Caspian), the Mediterranean, and the Persian Gulf. It also shows how such a road would menace Britain's route to her Indian possessions, and indicates a reason for Lord Lansdowne's peremptory protest against Russian influence in the Persian Gulf.

The College Man's Prospects.

Mr. George Horace Lorimer, editor of The Saturday Evening Post, made himself somewhat uncomfortably famous this summer by a brief editorial entitled, "Cut Out the Educational Frills." He described college culture as "moth-eaten trappings of mediævalism," "impeding frilleries," and "forms of mental labour absolutely useless." He ended by saying only the "lusty, alive hustler" could maintain a foothold in the modern world.

One thing the writer seems to have lost sight of, namely, that there is nothing in the world to prevent the college graduate being as much a "lusty, alive hustler" as any one else. In fact, his whole training has tended to make him keenly alive and energetic. It is no part of college life to produce slowness of mind and lack of energy. Anything but that.

Zion's Herald makes a vigorous reply to this article, getting most of its data from the well-known volume. "Who's Who in America," 1902. It finds here that out of the entire population of the United States, only 11,551 people have become sufficiently known "to make the publication of biographical facts about them seem desirable." In these records are the names of officers of the national and of state administrations, judges of courts, lawyers, bankers, engineers, editors, writers, clergymen, professors, congressmen, senators, artists, publishers, officers of the army and navy, heads of great corporations, and others. But more than half the entire list of names are those of college graduates, and hundreds of the others have taken the "moth-eaten" high-school course. By careful statistics, Zion's Herald shows that one collegian in every 182 becomes of sufficient importance to be noted in "Who's Who in America." While of the non-collegians, only one man in 2,545 comes to the front. The chances of the college man are thus fourteen times that of the man not trained in college. This is by no means intended to underrate the man with the one chance who, without such advantages, bravely battles his way to the front.

HE PRESIDENT OF FRANCE IN ENGLAND.

President of France during his England, has been greeted here with the "Marseillaise." an act that could not but touch rt of England when he laid a of flowers upon the tomb of our oved Queen in Frogmore. The President Loubet to England, g that of King Edward to nay mean nothing more than e exchange of international es; but, in any case, it is sig- of a growing amity between peoples.

King, at the banquet in Buck- Palace, said there existed a feeling towards France among and that France, being Eng- earest neighbour, should natur- her best neighbour. There are easons why a cordial under- g between the two nations be mutually advantageous to A number of leading French en believe there is no necessity gonism between the two, com- ly or colonially; France has ip the idea of rivalling the navy, and they believe wher- glish and French interests are ed, a satisfactory agreement is , by the making of mutual ons.

STING THE EDUCATION BILL.

romoters of the Education Bill and must assuredly feel by this at they are treading no flowery he movement for resistance to ment of rates grows apace. A eristic scene was that at the household goods seized for non- t at Hastings. All the local ers refused the task. Accord- an Italian was brought from The sale, however, was ip by the violence of the crowd, ourned indefinitely. In other the goods seized have been in by friends of the resisters. se, it is only the leaders of the nt that are thus resisting. passive resistance attitude has orth a letter from Prime Min- lfour, in which he asserts that nconformists have no right to ie law. Dr. Clifford, one of the of the movement, replied in a l letter, defining the rights and f citizens and of Free Church- an anecdote of the Rev. R. J. ll, of City Temple, is told in nnection. He was explaining to an American reporter the situation over the Education Bill in England, saying that the expense of the schools was largely to be borne by the general public, while a small Church of England minority controlled the instruction. "Tut," exclaimed the reporter, "we wouldn't stand that over here!" "Tut," replied Mr. Campbell quick as a flash, "and we're not going to stand it over there!"

POPE PIUS THE TENTH.

On Tuesday morning of last week, much to the surprise of nearly every one, Cardinal Sarto, Patriarch of Venice, a priest of marked democratic ideas, possessing a highly cultured mind, modest and agreeable in manners, and active in good works, was elected to succeed the late lamented Leo in the chair of St. Peter. The election was evidently in the nature of a compromise between two rival factions, but, from the point of view of an outsider, the choice seems an eminently wise one. Cardinal Sarto is said to have shown little interest in or knowledge of the political plans and schemings of the Vatican, and is an advocate of harmony between Church and State in Italy. With an inclination to magnify the spiritual side of his office, he may well serve the higher interests of the Church, that is, if he has the force of character to dominate the powerful non-spiritual forces that surround him, and the tendency to political intrigue that has long marred the history of the Roman Church. He is but ill-informed, however, as to real conditions who imagines that any Pope can seriously change the traditional policy of the Vatican. Pope Pius is sixty-eight years of age, and had been a Cardinal since 1893.—Christian Guardian.

SHIPBUILDING AND SUGAR-EATING.

The mistress of the seas shows no signs of waning strength. More than half the total output of the world's shipbuilding for last year belonged to Britain. Her tonnage was over five times that of any other power. The aggregate tonnage of Britain and her colonies for the past year was 1,699,457 tons, that of the United States, the second among shipbuilding powers, 317,775 tons. Zion's Herald notes a curious fact, that as "a nation eats sugar so is its power on the sea." England consumes 86 pounds of sugar a year per capita, and half the ships

that float fly the British ensign. The next maritime power is the United States, whose consumption of sugar per capita is 67 pounds a year. So the ratio runs down the scale till we come to Turkey, with practically no mercantile marine of her own, and whose inhabitants consume only 7 pounds of sugar per capita per annum.

The Ship-Canal through Scotland.

A ship-canal is to be constructed through Scotland from the Firth of Forth to the Clyde, at an estimated cost of $50,000,000. Great advantages, both commercial and military, will be secured by this water-way. The Government endorsed the enterprise, chiefly because of its great strategic advantages. Already Britain is constructing a large naval base on the Firth of Forth for the use of the North Sea Fleet. The Forth-Clyde canal will enable the fleet to reach the Atlantic by steaming through protected waters, a distance of only forty miles. The commercial marine will be saved the exposure of the frequently boisterous passage around England.

Injustice in the Congo Region.

The British House of Commons recently directed the Foreign Office to correspond with the signatory powers to the Brussels Treaty regarding the wrongs the Belgian Government is said to be committing in the Congo region. It is alleged that Belgium has a monopoly of the foreign trade of the Congo, that the section of the treaty giving all religious denominations equal privileges in the Congo has been violated, and that the worst kind of inhumanity is practised, including forced labour, and brutal treatment of both natives and foreigners.

A New Department.

A new department of the United States Government has been opened. It will be known as the Department of Commerce and Labour. It will have control of the lighthouse establishment, the steamboat inspection service, the bureau of navigation, the shipping commissioners, the national bureau of standards, the coast and geodetic survey, the bureaus of immigration and statistics, the census bureau, the bureau of labour, the fish commission, and the bureau of foreign commerce.

The new department is not to exercise inquisitorial powers over large corporations; nevertheless, it is to be watchful of the trusts and help American commerce and business men in every way possible. The President means to make it useful to both business and capital.

Anarchists Not Wanted.

In one of her recent laws the United States has taken a wise step toward preventing the immigration of anarchists into the country. The law requires the rejection of all future certificates of naturalization which do not set forth that the person naturalized "is not opposed to all organized government, nor affiliated with any organization so opposed; that he does not advocate the unlawful assaulting or killing of officers of government, and has not violated any of the provisions of the act." Neither will passports be granted to naturalized persons except when court records are produced to show that the applicants are free from the impediments set forth in the law. This law is a result of the assassination of President McKinley.

ADORATION.

BY SYDNEY HOPE.

How pure and stainless are Thy mornings, Lord,
Washed with the dews of night;
How like a holy incense from the earth, the mists
Slow rising to Thy sight.

Man's love may wax and wane, his homage cease,
His touch profane the sod
Given as his heritage; but Nature never yet denied
Allegiance to her God.

Bloomfield, Ont.

Religious Intelligence.

The Epworthians in Detroit.

The sixth international convention of the Epworth League, held in Detroit, in July of this year, far outstripped any of its predecessors. The Leaguers invaded the City of the Straits over twenty thousand strong. The city's lodging capacity was taxed to the uttermost. But the old-time story of Detroit hospitality was well maintained. It is only in the midst of gatherings such as these that one begins to realize the meaning of the word "international." To see the flags of two nations everywhere entwined, to stand in front of the City Hall and hear those thousands of young voices singing together the national airs of both lands—to see and hear these things is to realize that, loyal as each may be to their own flag, the hearts of both are, after all, very near together.

The old, historic city cannot but receive an inspiration from such an influx of the young soldiers of the Cross. The most worldly elements of the city must perforce see in such a season the place the spiritual life holds in the hearts of men. The streets of Detroit were bright with the colours and badges of the Leaguers. The sonorous roll of Wesleyan hymns could be heard for blocks away from the places of meeting. The Maltese Cross was everywhere. But mightier than the things visible were the things invisible—the deep spirituality that pervaded every place of meeting, the waiting upon God, the exultant planning for further service.

Never before was there an age when such thousands of young people gathered together for the purpose of discussing the higher life, and the betterment of men. The labour question, the missionary cause, the negro problem, and other such live topics were all dwelt upon earnestly. In addition to their other lines of work, the Leaguers are resolved to devote one solid year to earnest, driving work in forwarding the temperance cause. Said Bishop Goodsell, "when we get two and a half to three million people on their knees, earnestly praying and working for this object, we are pretty near the time when we can justify the declaration, "The saloon must go!"

Dr. Carman in Boston.

A July issue of Zion's Herald contains a portrait of our worthy Superintendent, the Rev. Dr. Carman, together with his address, delivered in the People's Temple, Boston, at the Wesley Bicentenary celebration. Of this stirring address, Canadian Methodism may well be proud. Dr. Carman dwelt on the importance of going back to the primordial principles given of God. This was what Wesley had done. He had brushed aside barren dogma, and gone back to the substantial and spiritual realities beneath. We should not barter away the glorious fruitage handed down by our leaders, but hold fast the fundamental truths.

The Federation of the Churches.

With such problems as prohibitory legislation and the development of our North-West to consider, it is natural that there should be a rapprochement of the various large denominations of our land in these interests, common alike to all. But this drawing together of the Churches is by no means confined to our own land. It is world-wide in its extent. England, the United States, and Australia are all feeling markedly the force of the movement, and the foreign field is, in this respect, far in advance of the home field. In Japan the missionaries of over thirty denominations have worked together in an evangelistic campaign throughout the country. In the Philippines, in India, China, everywhere, it is being shown the heathen world that the evangelical Churches are one body in Christ.

In the United States local federations of the Churches have already been organized in many of the larger cities. These federations disclaim any authority over the various Churches they represent. They simply seek to prevent the evils and loss that result from sectarianism, and unite the entire household of faith in their efforts to spread the Gospel. Their object, as usually stated, is the promotion of acquaintance, fellowship, and effective co-operation among the several churches of all denominations, in order that their essential unity may be manifested; that the evangelization of the city (or town) may be more system-

atically accomplished; that a means may be found of expressing the united Christian sentiment of the community in regard to moral issues; that the various Christian and benevolent activities may be more completely co-ordinated; and that other appropriate ends may be secured.

As far back as eleven years ago, State federations began in the State of Maine, and have since reached a number of other States. There is also a National Federation, having for its object the formation of federations in the various States. In England, the late lamented Hugh Price Hughes has his name inseparably linked with the movement. Canon Henson, of Westminster, has taken the occasion of his death to issue another appeal for the reunion of the Churches. He believes this will soon be the great question of the time.

Vermont under the License System.

After fifty years of prohibition, the license system has again been introduced into the State of Vermont. The following are some results for the first month in various places. In Middleburg, a quiet college town, twenty-eight arrests for the first day of license; in Burlington, when prohibition came in, fifty years ago, the jailor had rooms to rent, now the place is crowded; in Montpelier, the capital, even a high-license paper admits jocularly, "It is a question whether there are more inside or outside the jail;" in Rutland "More drunks in nine secular days under license than during any four months of prohibition; in Barre more arrests for drunkenness and crime in May than during any previous month in the history of the city; various classes of business complaining of loss due to drink; in Fair Haven $1,350 received for license, but $1,200 paid out for extra police. This to say nothing of the influence on youthful minds. A boy gazing into one of the elegant saloons was overheard to say, "My! I wish I was a man. I would go in."

Let those who claim there is as much drinking under prohibition as under license look these facts squarely in the face if they can. Nothing but sheer folly and lack of knowledge of the true state of affairs could give rise to such assertions. Prohibition may not prohibit absolutely. But it certainly prohibits among the law-abiding, law-regarding citizens. And that a powerful check on drunkenness has been removed in Vermont no one can deny. Possibly the drinking classes are holding a sort of high carnival over their success. But an era so ushered in augurs little good for the future.

Widening of the Jewish Horizon.

It is not more than forty years since to utter the name of Jesus in a synagogue, a Jewish family, or school, was considered by many rabbis an atrocious offence. But Zion's Herald draws attention to the fact that the fourth volume of "The Jewish Cyclopædia," just issued by Funk & Wagnalls, contains many references to Christ and Christianity. In general these allusions to Him are respectful and reverent, thus marking a great revolution in Jewish thought.

The problem before the Hebrew scholars is to account for the belief in the divinity of Christ, and the world-wide scope of His religion without accrediting Him as in any sense divine. The main impulse to Christianity is said to have been given by John the Baptist, whose disciple Jesus was. Jesus Himself is simply an Essene saint, nor is He an example of perfection. The belief in His resurrection is accounted for by His remarkable personality and the transcendentalism of His disciples. The Gospel teachings are said to be taken from Essene writings, and to be considerably mixed with paganism and Gnosticism.

Nevertheless they recognize in Jesus of Nazareth one whose message has "won humanity to Abraham's God." And the following glowing sentences certainly show a wonderful broadening of the Jewish mind:

"Christianity, following the matchless ideal of its Christ, redeemed the despised and outcast, and ennobled suffering. It checked infanticide and founded asylums for the young; it removed the curse of slavery by making the humblest bondsman proud of being a child of God; it fought against the cruelties of the arena; it invested the home with purity, and proclaimed the value of each human soul a treasure in the eyes of God; and it so leavened the great masses of the empire as to render the cross of Christ the sign of victory for its legions in place of the Roman eagle. The Galilean entered the world as conqueror. The Church became the educator of the pagan nations, and one race after another was brought under her tutorship."

Methodist Rally at Plymouth.

The joint commission entrusted with the preparation of a common hymnal for the Methodist Episcopal Church, and for the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, chose the old historic town of Plymouth as the rallying-place of its second session. The first session was held at Nashville, Tenn., last January. It is fitting that the place where first the Pilgrim Fathers sent forth their hymns of praise should be the field chosen for the preparation of the official hymn-book of no less than fifteen millions of the American people. It is believed that from a joint hymnology it will only be a step to combined missionary forces, and thence to the obliteration of the line that has divided the two Methodist bodies since they differed on the slavery question in 1876.

Progress of the London Missionary Society.

The financial cloud that has darkened the sky of the London Missionary Society for some years seems to have lifted. In place of a debt a year ago of over $100,000, there was a deficiency at the end of this fiscal year of less than $8,000. Not only were the legacies unusually large for the past year, but there was an increase in the general contributions of over $40,000. The work abroad is growing. Fourteen new missionaries have been sent out during the past year, seven to Central Africa, two to the South Seas, four to India, and one to China. The Society has now 210 men and 65 women on the field. That the home field may be quickened and cultivated the secretarial force has been increased. The Rev. Dr. Wardlaw Thompson will henceforward have the assistance of the Rev. A. M. Gardner. A number of members of the official board have also volunteered to do campaign work, to arouse the Church along missionary lines.

FOREIGN MISSION OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH
Thou shalt have none other gods before me **** Thou shalt not make thee any graven image
7-8

COMMERCIALISM *vs.* CHRISTIANITY.

An enterprising concern in the United States is doing a brisk business manufacturing and exporting pagan idols to heathen countries.—Ram's Horn.

The greed for gain which is a conspicuous note of the age will stop at nothing, if only money is to be made. The Ram's Horn hits off the wickedness of some of these methods in the accompanying cartoon. But selling idols to the heathen is not, in our judgment, a whit worse than selling liquor, or tobacco either, for that matter, to the people in our own land. The one demoralizes and debauches both body and soul not less than the other.

Retirement of the Rev. Dr. Maclaren.

The Rev. Dr. Alexander Maclaren, who recently resigned activities in

Union Chapel (Baptist), Manchester, has a story with few parallels. For forty-five years he has occupied that one pulpit with ever increasing influence and success. In spite of the fact that he this year celebrated his seventy-seventh birthday, his sermons have lost none of their old-time vigour. His individuality, his force and felicity of expression, even in extempore speech, are widely known.

In addition to his pastoral duties he has been producing articles on the International Sunday-school Lessons for simultaneous publication in the British Weekly and the Sunday-school Times. By these he is known to a host of Canadian readers. Dr. Maclaren will henceforth hold the relation of pastor-emeritus to Union Chapel, Manchester.

The Rev. Reginald J. Campbell.

"Who will take his place?" was often asked at the death of the Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker. Yet already we have been receiving with enthusiasm "the gray-haired boy with soul of fire" who has come forward as his successor in City Temple, London. The Rev. Reginald J. Campbell's few weeks in America have won him both friends and fame.

During his brief visit to Toronto, many were disappointed in their efforts to hear him. Yet it is generally acknowledged that he is not a great orator. It is the simple earnestness of the man, or rather the Man within the man, that compels men to listen. Perhaps, in all his American tour, the note he struck that will remain longest with us was his plea for more intercourse with God. We should not lean too much on our pastors and teachers for our knowledge of Christ, but like Paul know personally whom we have believed. This intercourse of soul with soul, the only with the Only, was, he believed, the greatest need of the Church to-day.

Pope Leo XIII.

In the death of Leo XIII., Roman Catholicism undoubtedly loses one of the ablest and most influential of its leaders in modern times. The tact of the diplomat, the skill of the administrator, the fancies of the poet, the wisdom of the scholar—all were his. Giovacchino Vincenzo Pecci, born in 1810, came of an excellent Italian family. In 1878, in spite of his protests of old age and inability, he was elected to the papal office, little dreaming that for a quarter of a century he was to wield the wand of power.

It was one of the most critical hours in the history of the Papacy when Cardinal Pecci came into office. The revolution had taken place which had given birth to the Italian Commonwealth, and shattered the temporal power of the Papacy. Yet, on the other hand the anti-papal passion of Italian radicalism had far spent itself. It remained to see what stand Leo XIII. would take. There was a possibility of his becoming a mere chaplain to the Italian King. But he adhered to the policy of his predecessor, Pope Pius IX. He had nothing to do with the Italian Government. Without making any public proclamation of it, he imprisoned himself in the Vatican. Nevertheless, he did not withdraw from European politics. He made it apparent that he was quite willing to enter into friendly understandings and arrangements with all the great powers of Europe. Throughout the world it was soon felt that there was a fresh power at work in the Vatican.

But his first encyclical letter showed no concern with the political struggles of the times. His kingdom was spiritual. He had come to proclaim that "sin maketh nations miserable." He has continued to proclaim it for a quarter of a century. In spite of the hampering restraints of his creed, in spite of the blind prejudices, the exclusive and autocratic spirit of Roman Catholicism, he has shown, nevertheless, a broad catholicity of thought, and a sympathy with all classes and conditions of men. He loved the working people and the poor. He advocated peace among the nations. One lesson Romanist and non-Romanist may learn alike from his life, namely, that power is not in material possessions, but in the hearts of men.

Lord Tennyson, oldest son of the poet, and first successor to the title, who has been serving for six months as *ad interim* Governor-General of Australia, has received a permanent appointment to the post.

Rudyard Kipling's mother and sister have just published a volume of poems entitled "Hand in Hand."

No less than twenty-eight volumes of the British Museum catalogue treat of the single word Bible.

Racial Hatred.

Racial hatred, whether of the Jew, the Chinaman, the "dago," or the negro, is a mark of inferior civilization. We need to be more fully seized of the glorious truth taught by Paul on Mars Hill, that "God hath made of one blood all nations of men" —the universal brotherhood of man and fatherhood of God. The Greeks, with their vaunted freedom, greatly needed this teaching for the vast majority of even their own race were wretched helots, and all races but their own were scornfully regarded as barbarian. You could buy a philosopher or a schoolmaster in the slave market, and the wise Aesop was himself a slave.

This odious race feeling is nowhere more intense than in the persecution of the Jews in Russia and Roumania, and of the negroes and Chinese in the United States. But there is this difference, that the laws and best opinion in the American Union stand for righteousness and liberty, whereas in Russia and Roumania iniquity itself is framed into a law.

President Roosevelt has nobly stood to his guns in refusing to discriminate against the black man in appointments to office for which he is qualified. In this he has aroused the intense antagonism of the South. One chivalrous South Carolinian publishes the following gracious utterance:

"Whenever Professor Washington aspires for the negro to a place not inferior in some sense to the humblest white man's place, he challenges the embattled, inflexible, and, on this point, absolutely unmerciful Anglo-Saxon."

Ex-Governor Tillman, with brutal cowardice, assassinates an unarmed editor for his hostile criticism, and it is publicly affirmed will go unwhipped of justice. This is the most fatal legacy of slavery, that it degrades a naturally chivalrous people into cruel and uncivilized practices.

A district judge in Louisiana, however, voices a better feeling as follows, in denouncing the prevalent crime of lynching: "We cannot turn these helpless people over to the tender mercies of irresponsible mobs without incurring the contempt of all enlightened people and the wrath of a righteous God."

The Study of Criminology.

The condition and treatment of criminals is a subject that is engrossing more and more attention. The bill recently brought before the United States Congress for the establishment of a Laboratory of Criminology, has the hearty endorsation of the medical profession of that country. The laboratory proposes to take up the study of the abnormal classes, with a view to their betterment. Investigation will be made; sociological and pathological data will be collected, especially from institutions for the criminal, pauper, and defective classes, as well as from hospitals and schools.

The prime object of these studies will, of course, be to discover the courses of crime, pauperism, alcoholism, and other forms of abnormality, and thus prepare to take preventive measures. The principal field of study will be among the young. Measurements will be made with instruments of precision, and the causes and signs of moral degeneracy will be studied, with a view to lessen the dangers of the contamination of others.

It is possible, however, to carry this line of work to extremes. A child should not be segregated merely because it shows physical signs of a propensity to evil. It is unfair to the child to brand it thus. Nevertheless, considering the many millions criminals cost the country, it would undoubtedly be a wise economy to expend a few thousands in studying the cause and prevention of crime. In this enlightened age people are beginning to perceive that imprisonment should be reformatory, not revengeful.

At a meeting of representatives of churches of St. Louis it was decided to invite Rev. Dr. G. Campbell Morgan to assume the leadership of evangelistic work there during the World's Fair. It has been determined to raise $100,000 by January next to carry on the work in the event that Dr. Morgan accepts.—Zion's Herald.

In the missions under the immediate direction of the British Conference, which are situated in Europe, Ceylon, India, China, South Africa, West Africa, Honduras, and the Bahamas, there are to-day nearly 400 missionaries, about 64,600 church members fully accredited or on trial, over 100,000 children and young people under instruction, and a total Christian community of about 200,000. The statistical returns for 1901 show an increase of 1,384 full members, and an increase of 860 on trial. The income for last year was £143,617 ($718,085).

The Late Mr. Robert Miln.

Very regretfully we record the death of Mr. Robert Miln, chief foreman of the manufacturing departments of our

MR. R. MILN.

Book and Publishing House, which occurred at St. Michael's Hospital, in this city, at 3.30 o'clock, Saturday morning, August 8th. Mr. Miln had not been in the best of health for upwards of a year, though able to attend to his business for most of the time. He entered the hospital on Tuesday, August 4th, to undergo an operation, which appeared to be successful, and his early recovery was expected up to within a few hours of the collapse that ended in death.

For over twenty-one years he has been in the employ of our Book Room, and had won the respect and esteem of all who were associated with him in any way, by his thorough-going integrity and faithfulness, as well as by his quiet and kindly spirit. The Book Steward highly esteemed him, and had perfect confidence in him as a man of conscience, character, and ability.

Mr. Miln was a native of Glasgow, Scotland, coming from there to Toronto thirty-two years ago. He was in his fifty-ninth year, and is survived by his wife, but no children. The funeral took place on Monday afternoon last, the Rev. Dr. Briggs, Book Steward, and Rev. Dr. J. V. Smith, of Carlton Street Church, with which Mr. Miln was connected, having charge of the service. The entire Book and Publishing House was closed on Monday afternoon, and the employees attended the funeral in a body. The printing trade of the city was represented, and choice among the wreaths sent by friends was one from the Master Printers' and Bookbinders' Association of the city.—Christian Guardian.

The Death of Mrs. Geo. J. Bond.

Our heart goes out in the fulness of sympathy to our bereaved brother, the Editor of The Christian Guardian, in the terrible loss he has sustained. We feel it the more, that after so recently coming to dwell in our province he should be called upon to part with her who shared the joys and sorrows of his life. His sorrow is our sorrow. We are thankful that God has hidden springs of grace and comfort for those whose sorrow seems beyond all comforting.

Mrs. Bond was a woman of noble Christian character, of unselfish disposition. She was a devoted wife and mother, and beloved by all who knew her. Her remains were taken for interment to St. John's, Newfoundland, where her relatives reside.

TRUE LIFE.

It cannot be that when the breath goes out
Then comes the bitter end,
For that which men call life and death,
Too closely interblend.

It cannot be that they who pass beyond
Our overstraining sight,
Forget that we with whom they walked
Still wander in the night.

It cannot be that God hath lent the best
So quickly to retake,
For that alone is life which greatly strives
For naught but love's sweet sake.

Life then is love, and love is but to live,—
From Good this good proceeds;
How dare we then declare that love hath end,
That death to life succeeds?

There is no death. We live, we love, we learn,
And learning, prize the bond
Of loving service to all human kind—
Life now, and life beyond.

—*Susie E. Kennedy.*

Book Notices.

"Discourses on War." By William Ellery Channing. Boston: Ginn & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 50 cents net; mailing price, 60 cents.

This is the third volume in the International Library, published for the International Union. The name of Channing is well known in the cause of peace and better international relations. He was one of the founders of the Massachusetts Peace Society, the first influential Peace Society in the world. He is convinced that war is opposed to the spirit of Christianity. The present volume seeks especially to awaken ministers and Christian people to the need of fighting the military spirit of the times. He does not assert blindly that war is never necessary. He admits that when it is the last and only method of repelling lawless ambition and invaded liberty it is then justifiable. But he believes that all too often it is but a horrible slaughter for the sake of vengeance, or the greed of dominion, or other unworthy pleas. In these burning and eloquent discourses he sets forth the causes and results of war, as also its remedies, chief of which is the spirit of Christian brotherhood. One feels of the first discourses, however, that they are of the wars of a century ago rather than those of to-day.

"Personal Salvation." A Treatment of the Doctrines of Conversion and Christian Experience. By Edward N. Cantwell, B.D. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 216. Price, 75 cents.

The experience of personal conversion is the hinge on which religious life turns. It is the great object of preaching in our churches and teaching in our Sunday-schools. Its primal importance should never be forgotten nor overlooked. This little book treats judiciously this all-important subject. The preparation for conversion on its human and divine sides, spiritual enlightening, awakening, conviction, decision, and the divine process by which a child of wrath becomes a child of God. The book will be of practical value for teachers and preachers.

"Eden and Gethsemane." Addresses for Communion Services. By Principal Alexander Stewart, D.D., and others. Manchester: James Robinson. Toronto: William Briggs.

This book is a collection of discourses by men well known in the pulpit. The work bears entirely on the communion services, giving brief addresses suited to the table service, also longer ones dealing with such subjects as fitness for this sacrament, its meaning, its social value, its relation to personal faith, the sacramental aspect of common things, the sufferings of Christ, etc. These discourses by different authors are, of course, of varied styles. But all are alike clear, concise, and concentrated in thought. There is no waste of words. All who go up to the table of the Lord, and, indeed, all who withdraw from it, will find here rich food for meditation. The writers have made very plain the various aspects and privileges of this solemn feast of the children of God.

"Addresses on War." By Charles Sumner. Boston: Ginn & Company. Toronto: William Briggs.

This second in the series of the International Library consists of three stirring and powerful appeals for the abolition of war. In these lectures Sumner maintains that the true grandeur of a nation is not in its acquisition of territory, not in its prowess on the field of battle, but in what it has done for humanity.

War is not only unjust but unnecessary among civilized nations; for inasmuch as the nations have agreed to stake their causes of dispute on trial by battle, so they could agree to settle them by a more reasonable and righteous method. The United States spent eighty cents of every dollar of its annual appropriation for military and naval purposes, and only twenty for all the other purposes of government, executive, legislative, and judicial. The writer is perhaps a little overzealous of the republican form of government, but he pleads the cause of peace in words of eloquence and fire. Like the other books of the series there is an introduction worthy of note by Edwin D. Mead.

"The Mediation of Jesus Christ." A Contribution to the Study of Biblical Dogmatics. By Milton S. Terry, D.D., LL.D. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 208. Price, 75 cents net.

Dr. Terry tells us that he prefers the title, "Mediation," in preference to "Atonement, Reconciliation, Redemption, and other terms of like import, as being on the whole more comprehensively expressive of the ever-living presence and power of our Lord as the Saviour of mankind." The book is not polemical, but constructive, and will be greatly helpful to clarity of thought on this important subject. Chapters are devoted to the doctrine and ideals of incarnation, Greek, Roman, and Hindu; and to mediation as symbolized in priestly service and Levitical ritual, in the Prophets and Psalms, in the Gospels and Epistles of the New Testament. Dr. Terry has condensed into a small book his conclusions of many years on this great theme.

"Uncle Joe Little." Life and Memoirs of Joseph Russell Little. By the Rev. L. Bartlett. Price, $1. Toronto: William Briggs.

Canadian Methodists, and indeed Canadians in general, will appreciate this life-story of "Uncle Joe." The big-hearted Irishman spent most of his life as a local preacher in Lambton County, during his earlier years acting as school-teacher as well. He arrived there long before the days of railroads, telegraphs, and telephones. The book presents a faithful picture of the privations of the early settlers. It is mostly a collection of anecdotes of the life of the genial Irish bachelor, who was "uncle" to every family in Lambton, and at home in everybody's house. His generosity made it impossible for him to keep a dollar or a foot of land. Tales are told of many times when he traded his new boots for some poor man's ragged ones. In the words of one of his parishioners, "I'd be after having a poor opinion of a dog that didn't like Uncle Joe."

"Canadian Born." By E. Pauline Johnson (Tekahionwake). Toronto: George N. Morang & Company. Price, 75 cents.

This little collection of poems breathes throughout the fresh breath of Canada. For a small volume it certainly presents many phases of Canadian life. The vigour of the young Britons and the plaintive sadness of the children of the forest are expressed with like fidelity. The writer seems to have gazed with sympathetic eyes from the low, red tides of Fundy to the crags of Crow's Nest Pass. She shows, too, a deep sympathy with all conditions of life, with the ranchman and the mariner, the old corn-husker, the beautiful squaw at her quill-work, and the Indian lover in the plaintive "Legend of Qu'Appelle Valley."

"The Other Room." By Lyman Abbott. New York: The Outlook Company. Toronto: William Briggs. 8vo. Pp. 120.

Many readers have followed with intense interest the articles in The Outlook in which its sage and seer-like editor has written a new apologia for the Christian faith. These thoughtful chapters show not merely the sweet reasonableness of the doctrine of immortality, but also its fundamental necessity to Christian faith. The book will bring comfort to sorrowing hearts, inspiration to them that be cast down, and will tend to inspire new faith in souls that are smitten with the paralysis of doubt.

THE NATURE WORSHIPPER.

Sweet boyish treble from a marching choir
With melody suffused each vaulted line
Of Gothic Architecture's chaste design;
And stirred silk emblems of a nation's ire
Hung high (blood-stained in mock of God's desire
For peace), o'er altars, chalices for wine,
And carvèd reredos, seeming very mine
Of diamonds in the storied stain-glass fire.

But still my heart, a publican dismayed
At ritualistic pomp, with simpler mind
Sought through an open port that sacristy
Where wondrous arched mosaics of light and shade,
And colonnades of trees have always shrined
Contentment with time's changing ministry.

—*Silas Salt.*

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W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor

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THE SISTINE CHAPEL, ROME.

See p. 379

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"EVENTIDE."

RECESSIONAL.

ʏ along the solemn heights
le the Autumn's altar-lights;
'own the great earth's glimmering chancel
de the days and nights.

tle kindred of the grass,
ie a shadow in a glass
'alls the dark and falls the stillness;
ı must rise and pass.

ı must rise and follow, wending
ıere the nights and days have ending,—
'ass in order pale and slow
:o sleep extending.

. . . . . .

Moth and blossom, blade and bee,
Worlds must go as well as we,
In the long procession joining
Mount, and star, and sea.

Toward the shadowy brink we climb
Where the round year rolls sublime,
Rolls and drops, and falls for ever
In the vast of time;

Like a plummet plunging deep
Past the utmost reach of sleep,
Till remembrance has no longer
Care to laugh or weep.

—*Charles G. D. Roberts.*

Methodist Magazine and Review.

OCTOBER, 1903.

ROME REVISITED.

BY THE EDITOR.

ST. PETER'S AND CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO, ROME.

ROME is in many respects a changed city. It has felt the throb and thrill of the new life which is pulsing through all the veins of Italy. The breach in its walls through which Garibaldi and his red-shirts marched is yearly decorated with wreaths. It is significant that the first man to enter that breach was not an armed soldier but a Bible Society colporteur. The fact is significant of much; especially that the principles of soul liberty taught in the Charter of the Christian's faith and hope are to be the guiding star of new Italy. Under the papal regime the Bible was a banned book, and Protestant worship could only be observed in the upper room of a ruinous house behind the cattle-market without the walls.

All that is now changed. The Bible Society has a depot under the very shadow of the Vatican. The Methodist and Presbyterian Churches have two of the most magnificent buildings on the Via Nazionale. A Methodist Ladies' College is patronized by many of the highest classes, and has won the commendation of the King. Upon one of the most conspicuous of Rome's seven

BATHS OF CARACALLA, ROME.

hills is one of the most magnificent monuments in the world, that of Garibaldi, a colossal equestrian statue looking proudly over the city which he did so much to deliver.

We were in Rome on the occasion of King Humbert's funeral. The atmosphere was electric. The Italian Methodist preacher was announced to give an address on the occasion. The chief of police was afraid of some outbreak of violence, so great was the tension of feeling. He was invited to be present to hear the address. He did so, and was so pleased with its patriotic spirit that he gave warm commendation to the Methodist orator.

A new Rome is being built upon the ruins of the old. New streets and squares are being everywhere constructed. The Tiber, that periodically overflowed its banks, is now confined between embankments more magnificent than those of London or Paris. Electric cars traverse the streets, electric lights make night like day. No city in the world has

THE APPIAN WAY AND AQUEDUCTS.

e plentiful and wholesome supply. The old Roman :hat haunted the city under pal regime is now abolished,)me is one of the most health- ies in the world.

in sharp contrast to this new and far more attractive to the from western lands who y can see anything much han himself, is the old Rome, me of the middle ages, of the Christian centuries, of the times. Of these he sees the ering monuments on every Nothing so strikes his imagi- as he drives through the of the Forum, the Colosseum, ie Palatine on the hill as the tion of those once proud abodes perial splendour. The scene ie of the most heroic achieve- of the Republic and Empire a half-buried chaos of broken ind column. Here stood the m where Tully fulmined t Cataline, and where, after his eloquent tongue was l through and through by the bodkin of a revengeful woman. Here the Roman father slew his child to save her from dishonour. Here, "at the base of Pompey's statua," the well-beloved Brutus stabbed the foremost man of all this world. Here is the *Via Sacra,* through which passed the triumphal processions to the now ruined temples of the gods. But for a thousand years these ruins have been the quarries and the lime-kilns for the monasteries and churches of the modern city, till little is left save the shadow of their former greatness.

The Niobe of nations! there she stands,
Childless and crownless in her voiceless woe;
An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago. . .

The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood, and Fire,
Have dealt upon the seven-hilled city's pride;
She saw her glories star by star expire,
And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride,
Where the car climbed the capitol; far and wide
Temple and tower went down, nor left a site.

More utterly desolate than aught

SISTINE CHAPEL, ROME.

else were the pleasure palaces of the proud emperors of the world—the Golden House of Nero, the palaces of Tiberius, Caligula, the Flavii,—monuments of the colossal vice which called down the wrath of Heaven on the guilty piles. All are now mere mounds of splendid desolation, amid whose broken arches I saw fair English girls sketching the crumbling corridors where ruled and revelled the lords of the world.

Cypress and ivy, wind and wallflower grown
Matted and massed together, hillocks heap'd
On what were chambers, arch crush'd, column strown
In fragments, choked-up vaults, and frescoes steep'd
In subterranean damps, where the owl peep'd,
Deeming it midnight.

Near by rise the cliff-like walls of the Colosseum, stern monument of Rome's Christless creed. Tier above tier rise the circling seats, whence twice eighty thousand cruel eyes gloated upon the dying martyr's pangs, "butchered to make a Roman holiday." Ten thousand Jewish captives were employed in its construction, and at its inauguration five thousand wild beasts were slain in bloody conflicts with human antagonists. The dens in which the lions were confined, the gates through which the leopards leaped upon their victims, may still be seen; and before us stretches the broad arena where even Rome's proud dames, unsexed and slain in gladiatorial conflict, lay trampled in the sand.

A ruin—yet what ruin! from its mass
Walls, palaces, half-cities have been rear'd;
Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass,
And marvel where the spoil could have appear'd.
Hath it indeed been plundered, or but clear'd?

Beneath the walls of the Colosseum rises one of the most interesting monuments of ancient Rome—the Arch of Titus, erected to commemorate the destruction of Jerusalem, A.D. 70. On the crumbling frieze is carved a relief of the triumphal procession bearing the spoils of the Temple, with the table of shew-

seven-branch-
estick, and a
captive Jews.
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nperors than the vast pub-
of which the very ruins
ndous. The most notable
ire the baths of Caracalla,
several acres of ground.
tained not only hot, cold,
chambers, large enough to
late 1,600 bathers at once,
vast *palestrae* or gymnasia,
irse, and the like. Solid
f masonry crowned with
matted foliage rise high in
chambers once cased with
r mosaic, with hypocausts
nd caleducts in the walls
air, bear witness to the
luxury of the later days of
e.

CLOISTERS, ST. PAUL WITHOUT THE WALLS, ROME.

Matthew Arnold vividly depicts the Roman society of the day:

On that hard pagan world disgust
And secret loathing fell,
Deep weariness and sated lust
Made human life a hell.

In his cool hall, with haggard eyes,
The Roman noble lay;
He drove abroad, in furious guise,
Along the Appian Way.

He made a feast, drank fierce and fast,
And crown'd his hair with flowers—
No easier, nor no quicker, pass'd
The impracticable hours.

WITHOUT THE WALLS, ROME.

The most notable of the churches of Rome is, of course, St. Peter's. We shall not attempt to describe what defies description. Its vastness awes and almost overwhelms the beholder. Its mighty dome swells in a sky-like vault overhead, and its splendour of detail deepens the impression made by its majestic vistas. The interior effect is incomparably finer than that from without. The vast sweep of the corridors and the elevation of the portico in front of the church quite dwarf the dome which the genius of Angelo hung high in air. But the very harmony of proportion of the interior prevents that striking impression made by other lesser piles.

THE HOLY STAIRS, ROME.

Enter: the grandeur overwhelms thee not;
And why? it is not lessened, but thy mind,
Expanded by the genius of the spot,
Has grown colossal.

It is only when we observe that the cherubs on the holy-water vessels near the entrance are larger than the largest men; when we walk down the long vista of the nave, over six hundred feet; when we learn that its area is 26,163 square yards, or more than twice that of St. Paul's at London, that the dome rises four hundred feet above our head, that its supporting pillars are 230 feet in circumference, and that the letters in the frieze are over six feet high, that some conception of the real dimensions of this mighty temple enters the mind.

No mere enumeration of the wealth of bronze and vari-coloured marbles, mosaics, paintings, and sculpture can give an adequate idea of its costly splendour. The view from the summit of the dome of the gardens of the Vatican, of the winding Tiber, the modern city, the ruins of old Rome, the far-extending walls, the wide sweep of the Campagna, and in the purple distance the far Alban and Sabine hills, is one that well repays the fatigue of the ascent.

It was our fortune to witness once the celebration of the feast of St. Peter and St. Paul in this very centre of Romish ritual and ecclesiastical pageantry. The subterranean crypts, containing the shrine of St. Peter, a spot so holy that no woman may enter save once a year, were thrown open and illuminated with hundreds of lamps and decorated with a profusion of flowers. Thousands of persons filled the space beneath the dome—priests, barefooted friars of orders white, black, and gray; nuns, military officers, soldiers, civilians, peasants in gala dress, and ladies—all standing, for not a single seat is provided for the comfort of worshippers in this

MICHAEL ANGELO'S MOSES, ROME.

grandest temple in Christendom. High mass was celebrated at the high altar by a very exalted personage, assisted by a whole college of priests in embroidered robes of scarlet and purple, and of gold and silver tissue. The acolytes swung the jewelled censers to and fro, the aromatic incense filled the air, officers with swords of state stood on guard, and the service for the day was chanted in the sonorous Latin tongue. Two choirs of well-trained voices, accompanied by two organs and instrumental orchestra, sang the majestic music of the mass. As the grand chorus rose and swelled and filled the sky-like dome, although my judgment could not but condemn the semi-pagan pageantry, I felt the spell of that mighty sorcery, which, through the ages, has beguiled the hearts of men. I missed, however, in the harmony the sweet tones of the female voice, for in the holy precincts of St. Peter's no woman's tongue may join in the worship of her Redeemer. "Well," said my companion in travel, as we turned away, "this is the sublimest fraud in Christendom," an opinion in which I heartily concurred.

The bronze statue of St. Peter in the nave, originally, it is said, a pagan statue of Jove, was sumptuously robed in vestments of purple and gold,—the imperial robes, it is averred, of the Emperor Charlemagne, a piece of frippery that utterly destroyed any native dignity the statue may have possessed.

ARCH OF CONSTANTINE, ROME.

It was a very notable day in my experience that I drove out to the Abbey of the Three Fountains, the Catacombs, and the Appian Way. On the route we stopped to visit the Protestant cemetery, where sleep the remains of many pilgrims from a foreign land, for whose return their loved ones wait in vain. Overshadowed by a melancholy cypress, we found the grave of the erring genius Shelley. On his tombstone are the simple words "Cor cordium"

ROMAN FORUM, AND ARCH OF SEPTIMUS SEVERUS.

—only his heart is buried there. His body was burned in the Bay of Spezzia, where it was washed ashore.

The church of St. Paul's without the walls is a restoration of an early basilica built by Constantine. According to tradition, it covers the crypt in which the body of St. Paul was buried. It is now a vast and sumptuous structure, supported on eighty monolithic columns, and paved and walled with costliest marbles—in striking contrast to the lowliness of the humble tent-maker whose name it bears. Of still greater interest is the church of the Three Fountains, on the alleged scene of the Apostle's martyrdom. According to the legend, the martyr's head made three leaps on the ground after its decapitation, and at each spot where it touched the earth a fountain gushed forth. These are now walled with marble, and covered by a stately church. A Trappist monk recounts the story, and offers the faithful water from the fountain, which is supposed to possess great spiritual efficacy. The brotherhood long occupied the position as a sort of forlorn hope, so unhealthy was the site on account of malaria; but its sanitary condition has been greatly improved by planting the eucalyptus or Australian gum tree. Some have attained a large growth and diffuse an aromatic odour through the air.

The following description of the Roman Campagna and the aqueducts, by John Ruskin, is said by Frederick Harrison to be a "piece of word-painting hardly surpassed by anything in our literature":

"Perhaps there is no more impressive scene on earth than the solitary extent of the Campagna of Rome under evening light. Let the reader imagine himself for the moment withdrawn from the sounds and motion of the living world, and sent forth alone into this wild and wasted plain. The earth yields and crumbles beneath his foot, tread he never so lightly, for its substance is white, hollow, and carious, like the dusty wreck of the

THE ROMAN FORUM.

men. The long knotted grass
nd tosses feebly in the evening
nd the shadows of its motion
verishly along the banks of ruin
t themselves to the sunlight.
of mouldering earth heave
iim, as if the dead beneath were
ig in their sleep. Scattered
f black stone, four-square, rem-
f mighty edifices, not one left
nother, lie upon them to keep
own. A dull purple poisonous
etches level along the desert,
ts spectral wrecks of massy ruins,
e rents the red light rests, like
re on defiled altars; the blue
the Alban Mount lifts itself
a solemn space of green, clear,
y. Watch-towers of dark clouds
eadfastly along the promontories
Apennines. From the plain to
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ond pier, melt into the darkness.
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mourners, passing from a nation's

ive across the Campagna soon
one to the church of St.
an—the only entrance to the
nbs which remained open
the middle ages. In an adjacent crypt is shown the very vault in which tradition affirms that the bodies of St. Peter and St. Paul lay for forty years, till stolen away. Unbolting a side door of the church, a serge-clad monk, giving us each a taper, led the way down a long steep stairway to the dark and gloomy corridors of the Catacombs. Through the winding labyrinth we advanced, our dim tapers shedding a feeble glimmer as we passed, upon the open graves that yawned weirdly on either side. Deep shadows crouched around, and the unfleshed skeletons lay upon their stony beds to which they had been consigned by loving hands in the early centuries so long ago. Much more interesting, however, on account of its greater extent and better preservation, is the adjacent Catacomb of Callixtus. Here are large and lofty chambers, containing the tombs of St. Cecilia, virgin and martyr, and of several of the persecuted bishops of the early Church. The fading frescoes, pious inscriptions, and sacred symbols on

the walls all bring vividly before us, as nothing else on earth can do, the faith and courage and moral nobleness of the primitive Church of the Catacombs.

Great was the contrast between the cold, damp crypts of the Catacombs, and the hot glare of the Italian sunshine as we rode along the Appian Way. But greater still was

There is a stern round tower of other day
Firm as a fortress with its fence of stone,
Such as an army's baffled strength delays,
Standing with half its battlements alone,
And with two thousand years of ivy grown
The garland of eternity, where wave
The green leaves over all by time o'erthrown;
What was this tower of strength? within its cave,
What treasure lay so locked, so hid?—A woman's grave.

AUGUSTUS CÆSAR, ROME.

the contrast between the lowly tombs of the early Christians and the massy monuments of pagan pride that lined that street of tombs. Most striking of all is the stately mausoleum of Cæcilia Metella, wife of the triumvir Crassus.

Often mere vulgar wealth exhibited its ostentation even in death by the magnitude and magnificence of these tombs designed to perpetuate the memory of their occupants for ever. But as if to rebuke that posthumous pride, they are now mere crumbling ruins, often devoted to ignoble uses, the very names of whose tenants are forgotten. Many of them

ıe stormy period of the Middle
re occupied as fortresses.
recently that of Augustus, on the
Martius, was used as an arena
fights, and as a summer theatre,
arlequin played his pranks upon
ror's grave. Some of the tombs
ən converted into stables, pig-
charcoal cellars. The cinerary
Agrippina, wife of Germanicus,
used as a measure for corn. In
'ignarolo's hovel in the Campagna
ay be seen eating out of sculp-
ırcophagi, and in the imperial
ıere banqueted the masters of the
hey hold their unclean revels.
le Hannibalem," says the Roman
"Quot libras in duce summo
?" "Weigh the dust of Han-
How many pounds will you find
reat leader?"

ə proud patrician tombs ex-
ught but crumbling arch and
and shattered marble effigies
former tenants. Over this
vement once thundered the
that conquered the world.
this very way St. Paul and
ıpanions entered the great
ıl City. Now the gardens
las which studded the Cam-
are a desolation, and only
rise, like stranded wrecks,
the tomb-abounding plain.
ost conspicuous and benefi-
ɔnuments of the power of an-
ome are the vast aqueducts
ɔestride, like a Titan proces-
ith their long series of arches
dulating Campagna. Most
ə are now broken and crum-
uins, but some of them, re-
ın modern times, still supply
with streams of the coolest
st limpid water from the far-
an hills. No city we have
ıs such an abundant supply
ə water as Rome. It leaps
shes in the great fountains of
ɔlic squares, and ripples and
in its mossy channels in al-
ɛvery courtyard and quad-
In several of these we ob-
ancient sarcophagi, which

THE EMPEROR HADRIAN, IN THE VATICAN GALLERY, ROME.

once perhaps held the body of a prince, converted into a horse-trough.

One of the most striking structures of Rome is the Mamertine prison. It consists of two chambers, one below the other. The lower was originally accessible only through a hole in the ceiling. In this dismal dungeon Jugurtha, the British king Vercingetorix, and other conquered enemies of Rome perished. Here also tradition affirms St. Peter was imprisoned, in confirmation whereof is shown the fountain averred to have sprung up miraculously that the Apostle might baptize his jailers. It being the anniversary of the Saint, a constant stream of devotees passed through, to whom a priest in much-soiled vestments

THE EMPEROR TRAJAN, IN THE VATICAN GALLERY, ROME.

was giving draughts of water from the sacred fountain.

Of still greater sanctity are the so-called *Scala Santa* or Holy Stairs. These consist of twenty-eight marble steps, said to have been those of Pilate's house, which were ascended by our Lord. They were brought from Jerusalem, so runs the legend, by the Empress Helena, A.D. 326. No one may ascend them except on his knees. It was while Luther was painfully toiling up their long incline, just like a bare-footed monk whom I saw repeating, with many prayers, the same act, devoutly kissing each step, that there flashed through his mind the emancipating message, "The just shall live by faith." "*Non est in toto sanctior orbe locus,*" says a marble legend,—"There is on earth no holier spot than this."

The subject of fine art in Rome is too large to treat, however cursorily, in these brief notes. As we lingered for hours in the corridors of the Vatican and Museum of the Capitol, entranced with the treasures rescued from the *debris* of the old Roman world, and wondered in mute amazement how great was the glory of its mighty prime, we felt that ancient sculpture had never been equalled by the work of the modern chisel. Most impressive were the portrait busts and statues of the emperors, senators, and orators of ancient Rome, and the ideal statues of the gods and demigods of eld. The achievements of Canova, Thorwaldsen, Gibson, and other masters, however, almost rival in our humble judgment the finest works of antiquity. With painting it is otherwise. We cannot feel the enthusiasm that many express concerning the great Italian masters. Even the celebrated "Last Judgment" of Michael Angelo, in the Sistine Chapel, failed to impress us as other than a grand *tour de force*, whose chief object seemed to be the display of the master's skill in the foreshortened representation of the human figure in every possible attitude of contortion. These dimly-lighted pictures, blackened with the smoke of centuries, are, however, an unfavourable exhibition of his powers.* We liked much better the works of Raphael in the Stanze and Loggie, which bear his name; although our untutored taste cannot subscribe to the dictum which pronounces them "unquestionably the noblest works of modern art in exis-

* The Moses of Michæl Angelo, however, impresses one profoundly: "Why don't you speak?" asked the master on its completion, and it does speak with a might and majesty beyond that of any pagan statue.

e." We have seen many paint- that impressed us more.
he Vatican itself, in which these h-prized art treasures are ied, is the most extensive and nificent palace in the world. It aid to contain eleven thousand s, chapels, saloons, and private tments, besides extensive courts gardens. Here the Papal power upreme. The successor of the

No public resorts furnish so good an opportunity for the study of Roman life and character as the gardens of the Pincian Hill and those of the Villa Borghese. The former is on the site of the famed gardens of Lucullus, where the Empress Messalina afterward celebrated her orgies. It is now the fashionable evening drive of Rome, where the gay and pleasure-loving aristocracy

MARS REPOSING, ROME.

ible fisherman of Galilee is at- led by a guard of armed soldiers, utred in a singularly bizarre- ing uniform of yellow and red, one of earth's proudest mon- s. Yet we read of "the prisoner he Vatican," and Peter's pence collected from the poor through- Catholic Christendom for the ntenance of this unapostolic e.

pay and receive visits in their open carriages. The long arcades are adorned with busts and statues; a curious clepsydra or water-clock marks the hours, and a moving multitude of promenaders give life and variety to the scene. The sunset view from the terrace is magnificent—St. Peter's dome, the round castle of St. Angelo, and many a stately campanile are defined like a

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silhouette against the glowing western sky. A long range of the engirdling wall of the city, rising in places sixty or seventy feet, is also brought into view.

The gardens of the Villa Borghese are without the walls. They have a strangely antique appearance. In the grounds is a ruined temple, its pillared portico half broken down, and the statue of an unworshipped goddess standing on her deserted shrine. Marble seats, fountains, and statues—chipped, moss-grown, and time-stained—are seen beneath the vistas of venerable trees. The stately villa itself, the property of one of the noblest families of Rome, contains a superb art gallery and museum.

One other church in Rome we must mention on account of the unique and extraordinary character of its burial crypts. This is the church of the Capuchins. Its vaults are filled with sacred soil, from Jerusalem, in which the monks were buried. After several years' interment the skeletons were exhumed and arranged in architectural devices—columns, niches, and arches—a figure of Justice with her scales, a clock-face, and the like, all in human bones. In several of the niches stood the unfleshed skeletons, wearing the coarse serge gown and hood the living monk had worn, with his name, Brother Bartholomeo, or Brother Jiacomo, written on his skull—a ghastly mockery of life. In all, the remains of 6,000 monks are contained within these vaults. The Government has forbidden the continuance of this revolting custom.

Conditions of time and space forbid further account of the innumerable objects of antiquarian interest in the City of Seven Hills, "that was eternal named." New Rome, under the vigorous administration of its constitutional government, is fast asserting its place and influence as the political centre of United Italy. But its chief and imperishable interest to the pilgrims from many lands who visit its storied scenes, consists of the memories of its mighty past, and while time endures these memories shall never lose their power.

DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE I HAVE MET.

BY MRS. DE TOUFFE LAUDER.

II.

NCE I have already written of my presentation at the Royal Court of Italy in Rome, of my private audiences with Queen Margherita, and of the two autographed portraits of herself which her Majesty gave me, of the now martyred King Humbert I., and son, now King, also Papal Court, and of itation to Pope Leo d of my interesting ith the late deeply Crown Prince Frederic, three months Emthe Crown Princess ur beloved Princess ngland—and the present lliam, a lad beside his r, I must, for want of all this over at present. a group of three conus writers, German, s I delight to recall—rald, Marlitt, and Frau n.

anny Lewald in Rome. Jewess, but became a n her seventeenth year. e daughter of a wealthy nd banker at Königsberg, where she was born in she died in her seventyin Dresden in 1889. She ith her father over nearly until his death, and pubtravels in England, Scotn Italy, which latter are interesting. She was a woman, with black hair a keen, intellectual face, ims whatever to beauty, save of expression. She told me of her cousin, John Lewald, who was an author of some note, and editor of a magazine. She must have written forty books, including many novels and other works, and her autobiography, some of which attracted much attention. On the whole she may be called a strong writer, and some of her characters will live, notably her "Maiden of Hela," a splendid figure. Fanny Lewald frequently manifests a clear insight into the deeps of the human soul.

When we heard Verdi's "Requiem" in Leipsic, we promised ourselves that we would visit him if we ever went to Italy. Giuseppe Verdi was born the 9th of October, 1813, at Le Roncole, a cluster of labourers' houses, some three miles from Busseto, which place was the Saxe-Weimar of the Duchy of Parma. His father kept a small inn at Le Roncole. The entire country was a flat plain, and there was nothing in his environment to awaken the poetic and musical vein in the boy's soul. His is a striking instance of the awakening of genius of itself, through its own power, without outward influences. His father had faith in the lad's musical abilities and bought him a spinet when he was seven. This "*spinet emeritus*" is at the villa of Saint Agatha—no strings, its lid lost—as Liszt would say, "quite respectable." Verdi has written twenty-nine operas and other works besides his masterpiece. When wealth came he built his home, Saint Agatha, near Busseto, and he had a farm which he superintended himself, but not until he had lost his beautiful first wife Margherita, and their two children, between April and June,

and was left "alone ! alone !" He married later Madame Streppone. Verdi usually spent the winter in Genoa. His "Requiem" was produced at Milan for the anniversary of the death of Manzoni, May 22nd, 1874.

It was in the fresh springtime when we made our détour to see the world-famed tone-poet, who welcomed us very cordially as coming directly from the immortal Liszt. As we entered the library, the piano stood open, there was a portrait of his first wife Margherita, and two of his orders, of which he had many. Verdi delighted in his farm, fruits, flowers, horses, and enjoyed his simple life. We were not only invited, but kept, for luncheon, and Verdi spoke much of Liszt, and his marvellous power, also of Wagner and Von Bülow. Verdi had a massive head, a finely chiselled forehead, and a cordial, graceful, sincere manner. When he died, it was found that he had left a large sum for benevolent objects.

We met, at a brilliant entertainment of music and elocution, the great tragedienne Ristori, a woman of a superb physique, tall and stately, a regal head, a royal manner, a noble countenance, a flashing black eye, imperial gestures, a glorious voice, who commanded admiration and esteem whenever she appeared. She had consented to give a scene from her "Mary Stuart," and also from "Elizabeth," her two great roles. She was both the queen, the victim, and the queen in power, and in both she laid bare the awful soul-struggle. The passion of Mary Stuart swept irresistibly on like an Alpine avalanche, or rather like an eruption of Vesuvius, flaming, raging. The dread scene where Elizabeth, in her soliloquy, finally decides, yields to the evil, and signs Mary's death-warrant, was a masterpiece of tragic art—overwhelming and terrible.

We met at the same time Ristori's beautiful daughter, who spoke many languages. Ristori owned a palace in Rome, her home, and she travelled through the principal countries in Europe and also visited America.

On the northern slopes of the Harz mountains is situated the town of Quedlinburg, and there resided a very charming German family, our intimate friends. Herr Schellwien, the father, had married an English lady. He was a barrister, had written a work on "The Will," had published a volume of poems, and had translated "Enoch Arden" into German. We saw much of them when in the mountains, made numerous mountain trips together, and were invited to spend the Christmas and New Year's holidays at their home. There were two daughters; the younger, Anna, a beauty, had married a gentleman of wealth in Frankfort-on-the-Oder, but they came to the mountains for the summer, and likewise for Christmas time. We were invited to pass a fortnight with them, and thus we came to know the great sand-plain of the north, with its Huns' graves, its pine forests, and its broad and noble river. The poet Von Kleist received his death-wound at the battle of Kunersdorf, near the city, and we walked through two great fields to the hollow on a hill-side, where the wounded poet was found by a humane Russian officer, who sent him to the city, and had him carefully nursed till his death. In the park there is a monument to the poet's memory.

We visited the celebrated fortress of Küstrin, situated on the vast plain about eight miles from Frankfort. The Commandant was a tall, magnificent soldier, and he possessed a splendid Mount St. Bernard dog of pure race—no money could have bought that dog. He was an old friend of my friends the Lienaus, and he accompanied us and did the honours of the fortress. I

linger to relate one fact
ory of this grim strong-
lerick the Great, when a
le an attempt to flee to
n order to escape the
his father, King Fred-
am I., and the prince's
ta helped him in the at-
course the plan failed,
was sent to Küstrin for
on. The King sent his
o the fortress, where he
lled to witness the execu-
s unhappy friend. We
the spot of this awful
hich inflicted an incur-
to the young prince, an
le scar on his character.
home of the Schellwiens
lius Wolff, who was then
t of Berlin, and Frau
e was then bringing out
"Tannhaüser" in two
He was a pure Saxon,
e hair, blue eyes, and very
anners.
on Tauchnitz, the great
resided in Leipsic. He
guished himself by the
a of all the English clas-
rmany, each volume cost-
one shilling, but these
ht not be taken out of the
The late King of Saxony
he strong empire-builders
d him for his great ser-
erature. They were a de-
amily. At our first din-
them I met the ambassa-
nce and his wife, also the
r of Spain. The wife of
was dark, with flashing
; she was very bright and
ke German, played the
and sang. Miss Tauchnitz
endid type of a German
but, to her great annoy-
was almost six feet in

s not heard of the beloved
George Ebers, of Egyptian
ho died about a year ago ?
acted the disease which
death in Egypt, and lived

for weary years in a roll-chair. He had a charming wife and two lovely daughters, all most helpful to him in his literary work. I sent him my "Legends and Tales of the Harz Mountains," and received from him in reply a very laudatory letter, and a beautiful copy of his "Sisters" in green and gold. And I was permitted to send him my "Poet's Album," in which he kindly wrote.

Previous to this I had met Gustav Freytag, another truly great author, and I had a very interesting correspondence with him. He sent me, in return for the book I have mentioned, his autographed photograph. He has written a small library too, all of which I am glad to say I read in Germany. His best book is said to be "Soll und Haben" —"Debtor and Creditor." Freytag had a villa in Thuringia, where he summered. He married a lady-in-waiting of the late Empress Frederick, but she was dead.

Several of the noted professors of the Leipsic University were preachers also, among whom was the world-famous converted Jew, Delitzsch,* who, subsequent to his conversion, translated the Greek Testament into Hebrew for the Jews. His first cry, when he saw the Christ as the true Messiah, was, as he leapt to his feet—"What can I do for my people ?" The aged Lutheran pastor, who was the instrument in his conversion, was still living in Leipsic—but very feeble. Professor Delitzsch was a foundling of the ancient street, the Brühl—picked up by a member of a wealthy Jewish family, who brought him up and gave him his splendid education. How wonderful are God's ways! Whether Delitzsch ever knew who he really was, is not known—and no one dared to ask him.

Professor Fricke was teeming with beautiful and profound

* The present Professor Delitzsch is his son.

thoughts, and his brother translated Milton's "Paradise Lost" into German. "And what shall I more say? for the time will fail me if I tell of Gideon, Barak, Samson, Jephthah; of David and Samuel and the prophets" of old Leipsic. But I must add that Professor Ranke, author of "The Popes of Rome," was still living.

Marlitt was of a poor family, her father a painter, her mother a beauty. Her true name was Eugenie John. She was born in Arnstadt, in Thuringia, in 1825, and she died there in 1887. She was not beautiful, but she was bright, had dark, curly hair, very expressive eyes, and a pleasant and musical voice. And she, too, lived long in a roll-chair. She attempted a musical career, but failing in that, she finally took to her pen, and made such a brilliant success in her "Gold Elsie"—which seized the people—and sold for such a large sum that she built "Marlittheim" on elevated ground, with a belvedere commanding a lovely view over the wooded Thuringian hills. She was good to her family when wealth came, and she had a favourite brother from whom she was inseparable. I have not space now to relate her history through which she became so embittered. In all her books there is a *kranke seele*—a sick soul—a morbid, revengeful spirit, and she does not rise and grow, but rather deteriorates. She has delineated no character that will live, for a great character must rise above itself. Her heroine is always Marlitt bemoaning her fate.

I drove through the charming valley of the Wipper, among wooded hills, past the huge castle with towers, to Marlitt's home. The study or "work-room" was on the ground floor. On her writing-table was an inkstand, a gift from the Princess, her friend, and there was an inlaid cabinet of much beauty. We went into the flower-garden, a favourite retreat, where she loved to construct her plots under a lovely tree. She spoke of the Princess Matilda, whom she loved, but she "*hated*" the courtiers. Finally her brother conducted me to the belvedere for the view. Marlitt had to be carried to the tower when she went up, and once they dropped her chair and she was seriously hurt.

Frau von Hillern was born in Cobourg in 1836, and died in 1882. She was a brilliant woman and a good conversationalist, but she has written some very weak and foolish books; but she wrote at least two strong books, "A Physician of the Soul," and "Geier-Wally." This title is a proper name, and is translated "Vulture Maiden," which has been dramatized.

We spent from May to September in the German city of the Muses, at the court of the great Maestro Liszt, and hundreds of artists came to Saxe-Weimar to play before him, or to hear him play. And Von Bülow came for a fortnight.

At a musical reunion in the Stahr House, Liszt and a young Hungarian countess played a duet of his own composition on two grand pianos. What music! What skill, with no apparent effort! What a tale all in tones! Now the storm of wild passion, rumblings, rolling thunders, then a calm, soft whispering, then wild roarings of billows, ravings, howling winds, again soft notes, silvery, bell-like cooings of the nightingale, sighing zephyrs, mysterious moonlight and then a rippling river, and a lovers' boat finally gliding to the shore.

After this performance Liszt came and seated himself beside me and asked me if I did not think the young countess fascinating, and we chatted in French as he loved to do.

The widow of the great pianist and composer, Hummel, was still living, then over eighty, and with her I enjoyed two pleasant interviews. Frau Hummel was a fascin-

ady, with lovely silken white
soft grey eyes and a very
l voice. She had known
e "great masters," from
· Haydn," Beethoven, and
down, and they had all
on the piano in her drawing-
When I went to say good-
the eve of leaving for home
k me in her arms, and salut-
on both cheeks, said "*Travel*
od !"

frequently met the dark,
ul countenance of the late
Duke Karl Alexander at
nusical reunions, sometimes
the young Princess, who
y resembled him. He was
ly brother of the late Em-
Augusta, mother of the noble
ıfortunate Emperor Freder-
Karl Alexander was the last
th the great poet Goethe, who
: friend of his childhood, and
sed his education. He was,
e late King of Saxony, one
great empire-builders in Ger-
hour of need and mighty
e.

Liszt concert given at Jena,
artists went, and there was a
train. There was a gala
before the concert, and I had
nour of being seated next
with Miss Stahr at his left
We had supper in a large
autiful garden belonging to
Liszt's friends, and returned
evening to Saxe-Weimar.
ould I forget those pleasant
mong those musical souls ?
ıt write a volume and not
the story of the noble and
:ts of the great Liszt to the
of the world, dead and liv-
His was a truly great—a royal
And I might talk of meet-
ıith Frau Schumann, with
tein, Wagner, Greig—but
ıust wait time and space.

Emperor-King, Francis
I. of Austro-Hungary, is
:alled "the Beloved," as also
'ather of the land and of his
people." Whether on horseback,
where she was superb, at Schon-
brunnen, or in the Prater, the Hyde
Park of the Continent, there was
always for me a deep fascination in
the regal personality of the Empress
Elizabeth. Alas, what a tragic
fate was hers!

Beside her Rudolf calm reposing in her unwaking sleep,
Her home is in that country where the dwellers never weep.

The Empress was a poetess of no
mean order. She was intrumental
in establishing the "People's Kitch-
ens," where a breakfast and a sup-
per were served at a groschen, a lit-
tle less than three cents, and din-
ner for five cents. The vast num-
bers only made this possible. They
told me in Vienna that ten thou-
sand people dined daily at these
cheap restaurants. Some ladies of
the court circle were always present,
and even members of the Imperial
family sometimes dined at some
one of them.

The Emperor looked much as he
did in Paris ; the same clear, fair
complexion, the same sky-blue eye;
the two great sorrows of his life
were not yet stamped upon his noble
countenance. It is my ambition to
see the now venerable and saddened
face once again. Francis Joseph,
since his accession to the throne,
has devoted a part of every Monday
and Thursday to give audience to
any of his subjects who may desire
it. All are welcome—the poorest,
the most distressed. It is a remark-
able fact, that the awful disasters
of Solferino and of Sadowa never
lost him the love of his people. And
now he has left his seventy-second
birthday behind, and still he is
strong to govern and to bless. God
save the Emperor ! "*Es lebe der*
Kaiser !"

They pass me by with silent tread,
These friends of happy days.

I close with a noble name, and
one of the grandest men of all time,

I mean the great and imperial Rev. Dr. Charles G. Finney, late President of Oberlin University. I would fain embalm the memory of my favourite teacher, and raise a monument to my beloved Alma Mater. An imperial presence in the pulpit, six feet in height, straight as an arrow, a massive, grand head, a lofty brow, a noble countenance, an eagle eye, penetrating the very secrets of the soul, a superb voice, not to be described (though I hear it ringing yet), akin to that of Spurgeon and Beecher and our own Punshon, yet unlike them all, Dr. Finney's superior it were difficult to find, and few are his peers. His whole being was bathed in the spirit of his Divine Master, and his prayers were thrilling displays of deep spirituality. His recollections of his life, written from memory, after much urging, for he never kept a diary, is very precious to me, and I think I have heard him relate every incident in the book. His conversion was as remarkable as that of Saint Paul, in that his Lord appeared to him, for he too was a slave to unbelief, and were they not both "chosen vessels," "separated for a mighty work"?

TROUBLE-TOSSED.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Dear Lord, I greatly need Thy help to-day;
And yet, so weak I am, I cannot pray;
So weak and so unworthy,—when I try
My thought is like an infant's wordless cry.

But as that cry the mother's heart doth move,
By my distress is stirred Thy deepest love;
Discerning naught beside, I know this much
As knows the child the tender parent touch.

And, as that soft touch stills the baby woes,
To feel Thee near can bring me calm repose.
Sin-weary, sorrow-laden, sore perplexed,
By suffering wasted, and by trial vexed,

All these am I—but Thou from each giv'st rest
To those who seek the shelter of Thy breast:
No soul too trouble-tossed can ever be
For the blest succour of Thy sympathy.

"Come unto Me," Thy voice doth sweetly sound,
"And let My strength thy feebleness surround"!
And so I come—powerless, 'tis true, to plead;
But sure that Thou canst compass all my need.

Toronto.

'Neath His pinions if He hide thee,
Storms may cross the way;
Safely through them He will guide thee
Into cloudless day.

—Ps. xci. 4.

A GREAT PURITAN.*

RICHARD BAXTER.

BY THE EDITOR.

II.

ER his ejection from his parish and parsonage, Baxter preached as occasion offered, in town and country. In one London parish, he writes, were 40,000, and in another, St. Martin's, 60,000 persons, with no church to go to. He felt that the vows of God were upon him, ht not hold his peace. arned over these people having no shepherd; te of prohibition and he ministered, as pportunity, to their During this period he awful events of nd fire of London, like ts of the Almighty upon ation. Yet persecution intense fury. A High piteer, in a sermon beuse of Commons, told "the Nonconformists be tolerated, but to be engeance." He urged t fire to the faggot, to y scourges of scorpions, their eyes with gall." as several times imhis public ministrations, preaching to his neighhaving more than the mber at family prayer, lar heinous offences. If sons came in where he was praying, it could be construed into a breach of the law. So weary, he writes, was he of guarding his door against vile informers, who came to distrain his goods for preaching, that he was forced to leave his house, sell his goods, and part with his beloved books. For twelve years, he complains, his books, which he prized most of all his possessions, were stored in a rented room at Kidderminster, eaten with worms and rats, while he was a fugitive from place to place, and now he was forced to lose them for ever. But with pious resignation he adds, "I was near the end both of that work and life which needeth books, and so I easily let go all. Naked came I into the world, and naked must I go out."

He was once arrested in his sickbed for coming within five miles of a corporation contrary to the statute; and all his goods, even to his bed beneath him, were distrained on warrants to the amount of £195 for preaching five sermons. As he was dragged to prison he was met by a physician, who made oath before a justice that his removal was at the peril of his life; so he was allowed to return to his rifled home. On one occasion, finding him locked in his study, the officers, in order to starve him out, placed six men on guard at the door, to whom he had to surrender the next day. Had his friends not become his surety, contrary to his wish, to the amount of £400, he must have died in prison, "as many excellent persons did about this time," naively remarks his biographer.

Although he enjoyed the friendship and esteem of Lord Chief Jus-

Richard Baxter, their "com- ulation and in the kingdom of Jesus Christ," will be a enary study of the brave f Christian confessors who history of their native land.

tice Hale, of whom he wrote an interesting Life, yet even Hale's influence was powerless to resist the persecutions of the Government. If he might but have the liberty that every beggar had, of travelling from town to town, Baxter somewhat bitterly remarked, so that he could go up to London and correct the sheets of his books in press, he would consider it a boon.

"I am weary of the noise of contentious revilers," he plaintively writes, "and have often had thoughts to go into a foreign land, if I could find anywhere I might have a healthful air and quietness, that I might live and die in peace. When I sit in a corner and meddle with nobody, and hope the world will forget that I am alive, court, city, and country are still filled with clamours against me; and when a preacher wants preferment, his way is to preach or write a book against the Nonconformists, and me by name."

But perhaps his most scurrilous treatment was his arraignment before the brutal Jeffreys, Lord Chief Justice of England—the disgrace of the British Bench, and the original of Bunyan's "Lord Hategood"—for his alleged seditious reflections on Episcopacy, in his Paraphrase of the New Testament, written for the use of the poor. The Latin indictment sets forth that "Richard Baxter, a seditious and factious person, of a depraved, impious, and unquiet mind, and of a turbulent disposition and conversation, has falsely, unlawfully, unjustly, factiously, seditiously, and impiously, made, composed, and written a certain false, seditious, libellous, factious, and impious book;" and proceeds by garbled extracts and false constructions to bring it within the penalties of the law.

The partisan judge, of the brazen forehead and the venomous tongue, the mere tool of tyranny, surpassed his usual vulgar insolence. He stormed and swore, he roared, and snorted, and, we are told, he squeaked through his nose with uprolled eyes in imitation of Baxter's supposed manner of praying. "When I saw," says an eye-witness, "the meek man stand before the flaming eyes and fierce looks of this bigot, I thought of Paul standing before Nero." Jeffreys' conduct, says Bishop Burnet, would have amazed one in the bashaw of Turkey.

The accused asked for time to prepare his defence. "Not a minute to save his life," was the amiable reply; and, pointing to the infamous Oates, who stood pilloried in Palace Yard, Jeffreys thundered, "There stands Oates on one side of the pillory, and if Baxter stood on the other, the two greatest rogues in the kingdom would stand together. This is an old rogue, a schismatical knave, a hypocritical villain."

When the counsel reminded the judge of King Charles' esteem for the accused, and his offer of a mitre, he shouted, "What ailed the old blockhead, the unthankful villain, that he would not conform?—the conceited, stubborn, fanatical dog!" "My lord," said the venerable old man, "I have been much censured by dissenters for speaking well of bishops."

"Ho! Baxter for bishops!" jeered the ermined buffoon, "that's a merry conceit indeed; turn to it, turn to it." The proof being given, he exclaimed, "Ay, that's Kidderminster bishops, rascals like yourself, factious, snivelling Presbyterians. Thou art an old knave," continued the browbeating bully, "thou hast written books enough to load a cart, and every book as full of treason as an egg is full of meat. Hadst thou been whipped out of thy writing forty years ago it would have been well. I see many of your brotherhood waiting to see what will become

ıeir mighty don; but by the
of God Almighty, I will crush
ıll. Come, what do you say for
ıelf, old knave? Speak up!
not afraid of you for all your
lling calves," alluding to some
e spectators who were in tears.
Your lordship need not," replied
er, "I'll not hurt you. But
things will surely be under-
one day; what fools one sort
rotestants are to persecute the
." Lifting up his eyes to
en, he said, "I am not con-
d to answer such stuff, but am
to produce my writings for the
ıtation of all this; and my life
onversation are known to many
s nation."

ter Jeffreys had passionately
ged the jury, Baxter inquired,
es your lordship think they will
a verdict after such a trial as
"I'll warrant you they will."
ıeered, "don't trouble yourself
t that;" and bring in a ver-
of guilty they did, without re-
from the box. Baxter was
five hundred marks, to lie in
n till he paid it, and bound to
ood behaviour for seven years;
ıut for the remonstrance of his
v-judges Jeffreys would have
l the sentence of whipping at
cart's tail through the city.
lord, there was once a Chief
ce," said Baxter, referring to
deceased friend, Sir Matthew
, "who would have treated me
differently." "There's not an
st man in England but regards
as a knave," was the brutal
.*

ıe old man, bowed and broken
seventy years of toil and suffer-
penniless, homeless, wifeless,
less. was haled to the King's
h Prison, where he languished
well-nigh two years, hoping no respite but that of death. But the celestial vision of the Lord he loved cheered the solitude of his lonely cell; and sweetly falling on his inner ear, unheeding the obscene riot of the gaol, sang the sevenfold chorus of cherubim and seraphim on high. Pain and sickness, bereavement and sorrow, persecution and shame, were all forgotten in the thrilling anticipation of the divine and eternal beatitude of the redeemed before the throne. The rude stone wall seemed to his waiting soul but the portals of the palace of the great King, the house not made with hands in heaven. "He talked, said Calamy, "about another world, like one who had been there."

But persecution and sickness had done their work. His feeble frame broke down beneath his accumulated trials. After his release he lingered about four years "in age and feebleness extreme," preaching as opportunity and strength permitted, till at last the weary wheels of life stood still. "In profound loneliness," writes a sympathizing biographer, "with a settled reliance on the Divine mercy, repeating at frequent intervals the prayer of the Redeemer, on whom his hopes reposed, and breathing out benedictions on those who encircled his dying bed, he passed away from a life of almost unequalled toil and suffering" to the rest that remaineth for the people of God.

The malice of his enemies sought to pursue him beyond the grave, by asserting that his last hours were darkened by doubt and despair.* But his dying words are the best re-

hen Baxter was on this or some pre-
occasion brought before Jeffreys,
ıard," said the brutal Chief Justice,
s a rogue in your face." "I had not
ı before," replied Baxter, "that my
as a mirror."

* Among the phrases applied to Baxter in a scurrilous Latin epitaph by the Rev. Thomas Long, prebendary of Exeter, are the following:—"Reformed Jesuit, brazen heresiarch, chief of schismatics, cause of the leprosy of the Church, the sworn enemy of the king and bishops, and the very bond of rebels."

futation of this posthumous slander. To Dr. Increase Mather, of New England, he said the day before his death, "I have pain; but I have peace, I have peace. . . . I believe, I believe." To a later inquiry of how he was, he replied, in anticipation of his speedy departure, "Almost well." His last words were, speaking of his Divine Master, "Oh, I thank Him! I thank Him!" and turning to a friend by his bedside, "The Lord teach you to die."

Thus passed away, in his seventy-seventh year, on the 8th December, 1691, one of the noblest and bravest spirits of the seventeenth century. In primitive times, says Bishop Wilkins, he would have been counted a father of the Church. He rests from his labours, but his works do follow him. Being dead, he yet speaketh. His words of wisdom can never die. In camp and court, in his parish, and in his prison, in pain and sickness, in poverty, and persecution, his busy pen and copious mind poured forth a flood of written eloquence—of argument, counsel, entreaty,—that, still living in the printed page, is his truest and most enduring monument—*aere perennius.*

His collected works amount to no less than one hundred and sixty-eight volumes, many of them ponderous folio tomes of forgotten controversy, or of superseded ecclesiastical lore. We know of no parallel instance of such intense literary activity, conjoined with such a busy life, save in the kindred character of John Wesley. Baxter's "Methodus Theologicæ Christianæ," written, he tells us, "in a troublesome, smoky, suffocating room, in the midst of daily pains of sciatica, and many worse," and his "Catholic Theology" are now left to the undisturbed repose of ancient libraries —the mausolea of the labours of the mighty dead—the prey of the bookworm, insect or human.

His "Holy Commonwealth, or Plea for Monarchy under God the Universal Monarch," was condemned to the flames by the University of Oxford, for the assertion of the constitutional, but, as then thought, seditious principle, that the laws of England are above the king. In a Dantean vision of hell, one of his clerical opponents represents the pious Puritan as enthroned in perdition, crowned with wreaths of surpents and chaplets of adders, his triumphal chariot a pulpit drawn by wolves. "Make room," exclaims the amiable critic, "scribes and pharisees, hypocrites, atheists, and politicians, for the greatest rebel on earth, and next to him that fell from heaven."

The tumult of the strifes and controversies in which Baxter was engaged has passed away. Most of the principles for which he contended have long since been universally conceded. But even in sternest polemical conflict his zeal was tempered with love. "While we wrangle here in the dark," with a tender pathos he exclaims, "we are dying and passing to the world that will decide all our controversies; and the safest passage thither is by peaceable holiness."

Baxter was not exempt from a touch of human infirmity and a tinge of superstition, incident to the age in which he lived—a superstition that was shared by Sir Matthew Hale, and Sir Thomas Browne, one of the ablest judges and one of the subtlest intellects of Europe. In the remarkable witchcraft delusion of Old and New England he saw unquestionable evidence of the certainty of the world of spirits; and wrote a treatise commemorating the fact.

But it is by his "practical works" that he is best known; and these will never grow old nor lose their spell of power. As long as weary hearts and bruised consciences ache with a sense of sin and sorrow; as long as

-laden spirits struggle, often
d and defeated, with the ills of
, and yearn with an infinite
ng for the repose of heaven,—
ıg will the "Call to the Uncon-
l," the "Dying Thoughts," the
nt's Rest," continue to probe
rounded spirit to the quick, to
out the inveterate disease of
oul and its unfailing antidote,
ıicken to a flame of devotion
luggish feelings of the mind.
ughout all time will the "Re-
ed Pastor" be a manual of min-
al conduct and duty, an inspira-
and example of pastoral dili-
and zeal.

e secret of this power is the in-
earnestness of the man. He
d his very soul into his books.
seemed written with his heart's
. He walked continually on
ery verge of the spirit world.
ıhadows of death fell ever broad
ılack across his path. All his
vere projected against the back-
ıd of eternity. The awful pres-
of the king of terrors stood ever
lifted spear before him.
ıic and painful disease grap-
ever at the springs of life. A
ature old age — *praematura tus,* as he himself called it,—
ıpanied him through life from
ery youth. "As waves follow
s in the tempestuous sea," he
s, "so one pain and danger
ws another in this sinful, miser-
flesh. I die daily, and yet re-
alive."

s spirit gleamed more brightly
the extreme fragility of the
en vessel in which it was en-
ed, like a lamp shining through
ılabaster vase. He walked a
ger on earth, as a citizen of
n. The evanescent shows and
lances of time were as nothing;
adeless verities of eternity were
ı all. Like a dying man, dis-
ed from the ephemeral inter-
of life, he wrote and spoke as
from the borders of the grave. Each day must be redeemed as though it were the last. "I live only for work," he says.

The worst consequence of his afflictions was, he considered, the loss of time which they entailed. He, therefore, wasted no midnight oil in minute revision, for he knew not if to-morrow's sun would permit the completion of the task he had begun. Each sermon had all the emphasis of dying words. Indeed the last time he preached he almost died in the pulpit. Therefore, he fearlessly administered reproof and exhortation alike before King or Protector, before Parliament or parishioners. He feared God and feared only Him. He had no time or disposition to cultivate the graces of style, the arts of rhetoric. He sought not to catch the applause nor shun the blame of men, beyond both of which he was soon to pass for ever.

Hence he poured the tumultuous current of his thought upon the page, often with impassioned and unpremeditated eloquence, often with thrilling and pathetic power, sometimes with diffuseness or monotony, but never with artificial prettiness or fanciful conceits. "I must cast water on this fire," he exclaims, "though I have not a silver vessel to carry it in. The plainest words are the most profitable oratory in the weightiest matters. The transcript of the heart has the greatest force on the hearts of others." When the success of his labours was referred to, he meekly replied, "I am but a pen in the hand of God; and what praise is due to a pen?"

Well were it for each of us who read the record of this noble life, if similar lofty principles and solemn sense of our duties and relationships inspired each thought and act, and moulded our daily life and conduct.

PROVIDENCE AND PALESTINE—THE RETURN OF THE JEWS.*

BY ISRAEL ZANGWILL,

Author of "Children of the Ghetto," etc.

WHEN, after the suppression of the Stuart Rebellion of 1745, the grateful Hanoverian Government (which, like almost everything in history, had been largely financed by the Jews) wished to give its loyal guests naturalization rights, Pelham was denounced for opposing the hand of Providence. Providence, it was contended, desired that the Jews should remain without a fatherland till such time as Providence should restore them to their own fatherland.

Now that a great international Zionist movement exists to restore them to their own fatherland, the Zionists are told that they are forcing the hand of Province. It were a much more plausible reading of contemporary history to say—adopting the dogmatic phraseology of these pseudo-theologians—that Providence is forcing the hand of the Zionists. In fact, within the last few days far separate threads of history have knitted themselves together into a strikingly significant pattern.

Let us examine in barest outline the existing factors of the problem of the Wandering Jew in relation to the great hope that has comforted his wanderings. These factors are the position of the Jewish people, of Palestine, and of the ruler of Palestine.

The position of the Jews, despite superficial appearances, is now worse than it has been for centuries. Their very emancipation, where it is real, has only prepared their dissolution; for it is impossible for a small minority, devoid of the dike of the Ghetto wall, to escape being battered out of all recognition, if not altogether sucked up by the great waves of Western life perpetually beating upon them. The mere industrial impossibility of keeping two Sabbaths in the week destroys the Jewish Saturday, the very pivot of their religion, while all attempts at throwing the ancient sanctity over the Sunday have been miserable failures.

But this destructive emancipation touches only a minority. More than half of the eleven million Jews in the world find themselves in Russia, and for the most part congested in the Pale, severely bruised and chafed by that planing policy by which holy Russia is to be smoothed into a religious unity. In Roumania a quarter of a million of Jews are being legislated away, with remorseless defiance of the treaty of Berlin.

The one million Jews of America are free, but not socially equal. The slums of the great cities of the States have reached saturation-point as regards their capacity to receive the streams of migration of starving Russians and Roumanians.

London itself begins to protest, through the British Brothers' League and a Parliamentary Inquiry, against their continued inflow. Germany, Austria, and Hungary have their Antisemitic parties, and France is no longer the country in

* The recent outburst of *Judenhetz* and persecution in Russia and Roumania gives special interest to this article by the foremost Jewish writer of the age. Condensed from The Christian Endeavour World.—ED.

pital it would be supremely
for a Rothschild to remain
sador.

ıg around the world, we see
tonishment, of all the coun-
abited by a large Jewish
ın, only one country free
tisemitism, only one coun-
ıich the Jewish inhabitants
absolute peace with their
rs, and that is the Ottoman

In European and Asiatic
no less than 450,000 Jews
dy resident under the sway
Sultan. Perhaps they get
well with Mohammedans be-
he affinity of their religious

tands the particular portion
Ottoman Empire to which
of the Jewish people have
rned for eighteen weary
? Palestine might have
sely populated by Turks or
Europeans; it might have
ady exploited by the indus-
es of modern civilization.
have passed into the hands
e or Germany or Russia, all
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res of influence therein.
it remains at this moment
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urkish territory.

heless, its position in the
re of the Old World, its
to the Mediterranean, the
ıal, Egypt, and the Persian
nt out for it a commercial
tegical future of high im-

The land is not beyond
ion: it is ready to flow
h milk and honey; and, if
n a great scale like Egypt,
lly repay the capital sunk

reams of Jewish migration,
e so unwelcome in other
, would here find their
hannel, and would restore
e country to fertility and
y. For these Jewish re-
re not beggars: most are
nd some are agriculturists.

The labour so necessary in new colonies is thus provided by the centrifugal force of persecution and the centripetal force of the Holy Land.

The Zionist societies, which the Jewish refugees hasten to establish as soon as they find their feet in Cape Breton or South Africa, testify how willingly these hard-working emigrants would have gone directly to Zion. Zion is indeed much nearer to the Pale, and the journey from Odessa across the Black Sea costs only thirty shillings. If the British Government would but co-operate with the British Zionists, it might dispense with its Parliamentary Commission and keep unsullied its glorious, hospitable tradition as the Liberty Hall of the world.

But in order that the immemorial love of the Jew for the Holy Land may lead to a reunion with it, the Jew must do more than merely plead his affection. He has the choice between marriage by capture and marriage by purchase.

The former is obviously impossible. Not even Cæsar or Napoleon could marshal the warriors of the Diaspora, the rallying of whom in any and every country would be an act of aggression against its Government, or at least against a power with which the Government was at peace ; while, even if all the Christian Governments cheerfully sanctioned this paradoxical Jewish crusade, its forces would be annihilated before the onset of the highly effective million of Turkish soldiers. This is even without taking into consideration that a good many Jews live under Mohammedan regimes, and that all Islam, white, black, and negroid, would rise against an attempt that would seem aimed at the Holy Places. No, the absurdity of conquest is so monstrous as scarcely to be worth mentioning.

There remains the marriage by purchase, or rather by such delicate

financial operations as those which in actual modern matrimony cover up the ancient reality. Has Providence prepared the path in this direction? Is there a sufficient dearth of money in Turkey to make such a union tempting? Is there sufficient command of money in Israel to supply the necessary temptation? At this historical moment both these questions are answered by an emphatic "Yes."

One need only quote from an authoritative article in The Scotsman to demonstrate how deep is Turkey's necessity:

"The Turkish Government has already pledged about every tangible asset it ever possessed. It has hypothecated well-nigh everything except the very atmosphere. In the meantime its immediate necessities are most pressing; floating-debt creditors are every day waxing more insistent and clamorous for a settlement, and the army and civil servants are heavy and noisy claimants for arrears of pay. Unless something is done, and that quickly, to deal with the demands of the military department, serious trouble is to be feared. Signs have not been wanting of late of an increasing spirit of discontent verging on insubordination. Affairs have reached a critical condition, which will no longer permit of neglect. They are not made easier of treatment by the growing activity of the Young Turkish party.

"What is, above all else, wanted at the moment is hard cash. Every source has been tapped over and over again, until they have one and all about run dry."

"Man's extremity is God's opportunity." What has the hand of Providence done toward equipping Israel to intervene at this crisis, and to redeem not only itself, but the Ottoman Empire, the integrity of which is still a great necessity for the peace of the world?

Walk in the Bornestrasse in Frankfort, and you will see a tall gabled house standing solitary amid its modern neighbours. This house is almost the sole relic of the *Judengasse* in which the Jews of the town were penned for generations, and it is preserved because it was the cradle of a Jewish family of financiers whose operations—under Providence—influenced the destinies of Europe.

This brotherhood of barons, scattered throughout the leading capitals, working loyally together, and with a network of other friendly houses, exercises a unique power, a power which, while the new American plutocrats confine themselves to their own hemisphere, has no rival in this. This power, without spending a penny, by its mere nod, by simply indorsing Zionism, could solve the problem of the wandering Jew—and possibly even make a profit of millions for itself. Manifestly prepared by Providence for the salvation of Israel, this great power can refuse its destiny only at the cost of its present headship of Jewries of Europe.

But would the Sultan condescend to treat with Israel? Very recently Dr. Herzl, the leader of modern Zionism, was in Constantinople, summoned thither by imperial fiat. For His Majesty trusts Dr. Herzl, with whom he has already held long and friendly conference. He realizes that Dr. Herzl cherishes no designs against the unity of his empire, but merely desires some simple form of self-government for the colonies of immigrants.

Nor is Dr. Herzl entirely unbacked by money; for the poor Jews of the world have of themselves subscribed more than a quarter of a million pounds, and there are not a few magnates of finance, both in England and South Africa, ready to rally round him if he can bring back any solid concession or even option from the Sultan. It is quite probable, too, that the Hirsch trustees, taught the lesson that outside Palestine their money is fruitless, will ultimately put their millions at the disposal of his movement. But had he gone armed with the credit of

ithschilds, the return to Pales-
ould, beyond question, have
to-morrow. It is one of the
misfortunes of Israel that at
ramatic crisis of its history,
:he hopes of eighteen centuries
:ome to the verge of consum-
ı, three persons who were alive
er in the last generation—
: Eliot, Baron Hirsch, and
Beaconsfield—are all dead.
: Eliot would have been in-
by her own success as a
:t to become the muse of the
ıent, Disraeli would have dis-
;led all the political complica-
and Hirsch would have re-
his millions from their futile
/ in the Argentine, and trans-
his scheme of salvation to
ine. In those days Zionism
have had its poet, its
ian, and its paymaster. Now,
on more materialistic days
ınier souls, it may suffer ship-
almost in sight of port.
l Rothschild is president of
ouncil of the United Syna-
the orthodox synagogue in
doctrine the restoration to
ine is a cardinal dogma ; and
tion that this restoration can
hieved without human co-
ion is disavowed by all sen-
abbis and by The Jewish
icle itself. The curious ques-
ırises, therefore, will Lord
hild fly in the face of Provi-
? And, if he does, will he, as
ınt of the synagogue, continue
ıntenance prayers for that
.tion which he will have de-
ely prevented ?
ıny event, Zionism is sure of
ue place in history. Success
ld to the scroll of the ages the
)f how a people cherished the
y of its lost fatherland for
than eighteen hundred and
years, and made the dream a
: last ; while failure will give
n an equally exceptional
as the only movement not
:d by the Jews.

Christian Writers on the Jewish Problem.

Interest in the Jewish problem, stimulated by the Zionist movement, has been even more intense and general of late by reason of the restrictive policy steadily pursued by Roumania and Russia toward their Jewish citizens. The action of the United States in the case of Roumania may or may not have immediate effects, but it has given an impetus to the discussion of the right solution of the problem of the future of the ancient race. A recent symposium on Zionism from the standpoint of European Christians (statesmen, authors, professors, etc.) is a timely contribution to this discussion. It appeared in a Russian review, Rousskaye Misl ["Russian Thought"], and has been widely commented upon in the Russian press.

Among those who have expressed definite opinions on the remedy presented by Zionism are : Lord Salisbury ; Leon Bourgeois, ex-Premier of France ; Professor Heman, of Basle University ; Maxim Gorky, Korolenko, Russian novelist and editor, and several other writers of note. A few of these expressions are quoted in the subjoined translation :

"Zionism," says Lord Salisbury, "is destined to succeed, in spite of the opposition it encounters. The Jews are capable of establishing a model government in Palestine, and raising the commerce of Asia Minor to an unprecedented height. If but forty per cent. of the Jews were converted to the project, it would become an assured reality. There is no reason why the Sultan should object to the establishment of an autonomous Jewish government within his dominions. There is enough energy and perseverance in the race that has resisted oppression for 2,500 years to accomplish the purposes pursued by Zionism."

Prof. F. Heman, of Basle, says, "If the Jews, with their glorious and historic past, abandoned their national aspiration, it would be tantamount to the suicide of

a nation. They not only have the right, but are in duty bound to struggle for the restoration of their national integrity. Zionism is no idle dream. History shows other instances of rebirth and revivification of apparently dead nations, and why should not this be possible for so richly dowered a people as the Jews? Their case would be hopeless if they attempted violent and warlike methods of recovering their own, but as their method is pacific and moral, success is not at all impossible."

Maxim Gorky says: "I have profound sympathy with the Jewish people—great in their suffering; I bow before the strength of their spirit, bold and unconquerable in spite of ages of injustice. There is red, ardent blood in the veins of this people, and while Zionism may be Utopian, the fact that it has taken hold and aroused enthusiasm is to me a welcome sign of vigour, reality, life, idealism. With all my heart do I wish them to devote themselves to this high, great task, and to overcome meanness, baseness, and iniquity."

A Russian philosopher, critic, and editor, N. K. Michailowsky, says: "It seems to me that the realization of the ideal of Zionism would require such vast material resources as could never actually be controlled. It also seems to me that it is not desirable that Europe should lose so gifted and energetic an element of her population as the Jews constitute."

Many others contribute to the symposium, and but few oppose Zionism either on ideal or practical grounds, though none display the slightest leaning toward Antisemitism. The Antisemitic press of Russia scoffs at Zionism as a fraud and means of benefiting a few vain agitators, while frankly wishing that a solution were possible.—Translation made for The Literary Digest.

REST.

"Come ye yourselves apart and rest awhile."

O thou who feel'st life's journey long,
And fain wouldst with a listless song
The time beguile,
Leave now the world—its gain, its loss,
Come sit beneath the Saviour's cross,
And rest awhile.

O thou poor, weary, anxious one,
Toiling from morn till set of sun,
Nor yet one smile
To soothe that dull and aching heart;
Oh, come now from yourselves apart,
And rest awhile.

Thou child of pleasure, bright and gay,
Happy and thoughtless day by day,
Thou, too, need'st rest,
Lest in thy joy and selfish pride,
Thou shouldst forget the One who died
To make thee blest.

And thou, e'en though thy life hath been
One long, unpardoned, unrepented sin,
So dark, so vile!
Though all the world oppress and hate,
He calls thee now, ere 'tis too late,
To rest awhile.

To every true and faithful heart
Christ says, "Come ye yourselves apart,
And rest awhile."
He knows the labourers are few,
And surely thou hast much to do,
Yet, rest awhile.

Rest now from all thy toil and care,
Rest 'neath the Saviour's cross, for there
Shalt thou be blest.
O God, when life's long day is done,
When through time's glass the sand has run,
Oh, grant to every weary one
A heavenly rest.

—*Grace S. Brown.*

AMONG THE SPONGE FISHERS.

SUNRISE OFF THE BAHAMAS—WITH THE SPONGE FISHERS.

THE sun stretches in long reaches over the deep green foliage of the land. It is morning. But the atmosphere has a mellow richness suggestive of afternoon. There is a "swish" of waters and the little schooner glides out of the harbour of Nassau into the Bahaman seas. You look back a moment to landward where the cocoanuts wave their feathery fronds high in the air, and the broad-leaved plantains half screen from view the limestone houses with their broad piazzas.

You turn to the emerald seas again. A tepid breeze falls soothingly on your brow. Eight tall, strapping negroes are manning the little schooner, while a ninth sits singing at the prow. You can hardly yet believe it is morning. The golden light all round you must surely belong to afternoon. You are going out on an angling expedition. Angling! What a restorative for tired nerves! It takes our hearts away back to the days when we sat with our freckled bare feet dangling from the big log by the old mill-dam, as we waited the coming of a round, fat sucker to snap the fish-worm from the hook.

But this angling is of an utterly different nature. The hook and line and the fish-worm are relegated to the caverns of memory. Our only weapon now is a long pronged fork. On board the little vessel is some six weeks' provision, and now there is nothing to do but to drift care-free through the sunny south sea, while the ebony-faced fishermen collect their cargo of sponges.

It is not a deep-sea voyage before

NASSAU HARBOUR.
SPONGES, CORALS, AND PINEAPPLES.

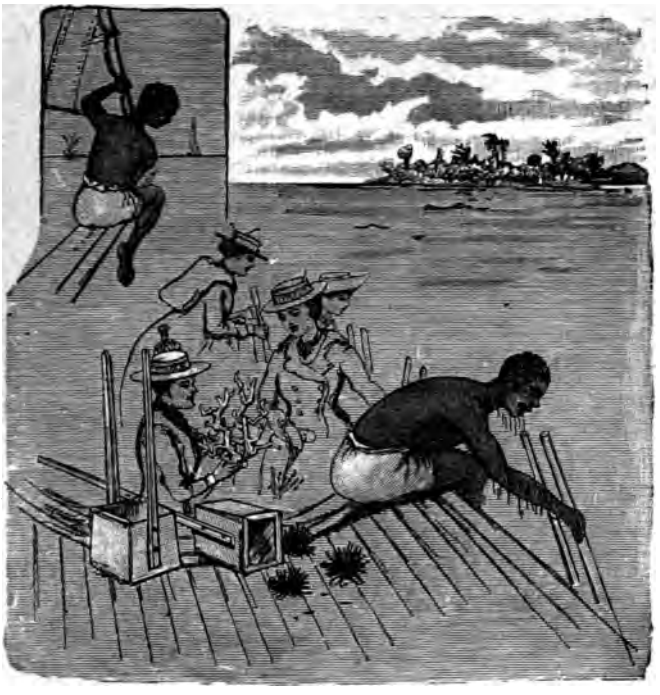
you. For though there is six weeks' provision on board, the little boat will be most of the time in sight of the island shores. On the one hand the emerald sea quivers against the sky-line; on the other the heavy foliage of the tropics marks some faintly outlined shore. Though the dangers of the deep do not confront the little craft, there are other dangers with which to reckon, dangers equally great and twice as cunningly concealed. Of navigation among the sponge-fishers, a writer in The Canadian Magazine says:

"About a thousand small schooners are employed, manned by blacks. These men are born sailors, of superb physique and hard as nails. They are not navigators in any sense of the word, but have a *local* knowledge required to traverse those waters which no seamanship can replace. They sail and steer among the dangerous reefs and sunken islets as if they bear charmed lives. There are few lighthouses or sea marks in the Bahamas, but on the darkest night the darky is perfectly at home on the sea; he can *smell* land, and knows when to lay-to in the 'white water,' but in the 'bold water,' as he calls the ocean, he puts on all the sail his little craft can bear."

"What is that queer thing?" you ask when you have tired of watching the coast-line.

"Dat de sponge-glass, sah," and the subservient darky scrambles to hand you a box about a foot square and some twenty inches in depth, with a glass bottom.

This is lowered so that the glass end is several inches below the surface of the water, by which means the effect of the ripples is overcome.



SPONGE GLASSES.

then take your first look into
ardens of the deep. And, oh,
worlds of beauty in the bed of
lling sea! Through this primi-
ater-glass it is all as clear as
ction in a mirror. The water
but a few feet in depth. In
ou almost fancy you could get
nd wade, or reach down for
elf and grasp the treasures
e.

ive or six fathoms deep," is
isconcerting reply of the negro
, when you comment on the
wness of the water.

; the shifting panorama of an-
world is all spread there be-
ou on the clear sand-bottom.
are little castles, and reefs,
ills, and grottoes, all of coral.
coral headlands with mosses
ichens of various shapes and
. Everywhere the beautiful
e and green sea-fans spread
elves, and the delicate pink and mauve sea-feathers wave in the crystal depths. Sea-pebbles with bright scintillations, lazy drifts of brilliant sea-weed, unnamable clusters of scarlet, and yellow, and purple, and topaz, and in and out amid it all, tiny darting fish, some like marine humming-birds, others more like butterflies—bright blue fish, fish dressed in purple and gold, shoals of yellow fish, like gay little canaries of the deep, and gorgeous angel-fish in their robes of sable and gold! Here a cluster of sea-lilies, there of sea-anemones, and yonder, again, the coral hills and headlands, some clear and distinct, others faint and far, and half outlined in the tumbling world of waters.

They recall the lines which describe

> "the coral grove,
> Where the purple mullet and goldfish rove."

DIVING FOR CORALS.

And Mrs. Sigourney's apostrophe to the coral-builders:

"Toil on! toil on! ye ephemeral train,
Who build in the tossing and treacherous main;
Toil on! for the wisdom of man ye mock,
With your sand-based structures and domes of rock,
Your columns the fathomless fountains' cave,
And your arches spring up to the crested wave;
Ye're a puny race thus to boldly rear
A fabric so vast in a realm so drear.
Ye build—ye build—but ye enter not in,
Like the tribes whom the desert devoured in their sin;
From the land of promise ye fade and die
Ere its verdure gleams forth on your weary eye;
As the kings of the cloud-crowned pyramid,
Their noiseless bones in oblivion hid,
Ye slumber unmarked mid the desolate main,
While the wonder and pride of your works remain."

A small boat passes and the black head and shoulders of a diver emerge from the water as he hands up one of the wonderful sea-fans.

"But where are the sponges we came to see?" you ask.

The darky nearest you laughs, but the scientist of our party looks

y down through the glass with

o you see that one right
?"
little schooner has shot past
ject indicated before you get
to answer.
o, I saw no sponge. I saw a
thing like a great hand with
er broken off."
hat's sponge. The glove-
e. See there's another."
l Mr. Scientist proceeded to
n to your unsophisticated
that their brilliancy is derived
the sponge-making animal,
still adheres to them. After-
you see the same sponges
d white hanging over the sides
boat. Your attention is next
to the great velvety masses of
ish-brown sponge, the arm-
ke sheep's wool, and the great
s all covered with a dark rub-
ce substance. Then, lo! a
mossy submarine bank, all
ng with life! And the bank,
s just one great sponge like
st.
n the work of the "spongers"
gun in earnest. As you watch,
with a long pole pronged at
nd, they loosen the sponges
the coral reefs, and lift them
the decks. In many sponge
ies this work of securing
es is done by divers. The
is helped to sink by a stone
t attached, for its recovery, by
e to the boat. He tears the
ng sponges from their bed,
ulls the rope as a signal to be
l into the boat. But in the
mas, though diving is some-
practised, it is unnecessary,
to the crystal clearness of the

ie value of the sponges gathered
ly is about $300,000. The sponge
gives employment to several thou-
of persons and some hundreds of
. The sponges are divided into
and fine, of which the former
about $5.00 per cwt., and the latter
double that sum. The boats employed in sponging are small, with crews of from six to twelve men. When first drawn from the water the sponges are covered with a soft gelatinous substance as black as tar and full of organic life: the sponge, as we know, being only the skeleton of the organism. The day's catch is spread out on the deck, so as to kill the mass of animal life, which in expiring emits a most unpleasant odour. Then the spongers go ashore and build a pen, or 'crawl,' of stakes, close to the water's edge, so that the action of the tide may wash away the black covering; the pro-

DIVING FOR SPONGES.

cess being aided by pounding the sponges with sticks. As soon as this operation is completed, the sponges are strung upon small palmetto strips, three or four to a strip, which is called a 'bead;' after which they are taken to Nassau to be sold in the sponge market, under certain conditions and regulations: nobody being allowed to sell his cargo otherwise than through this sponge-exchange. On the conclusion of the sale the sponges are taken to the packing-yard, where they are sorted, clipped, soaked in tubs of lime-water, and spread out to dry in the sun. They are then pressed by machinery into bales, containing one hundred pounds

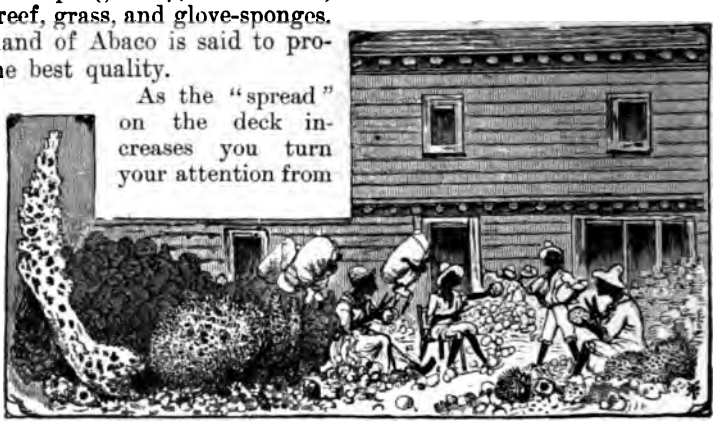
each, and in this state are shipped to England or the United States, the latter of which countries has become of late years almost the largest consumer of Bahama sponges."

The trimmings and cuttings from these sponges are used in the orange-groves, where they are placed at the depth of several inches under the trees. By means of these the moisture is retained, and evaporation impeded. There are several varieties of the sponge crop, as the wool, velvet, reef, grass, and glove-sponges. The island of Abaco is said to produce the best quality.

As the "spread" on the deck increases you turn your attention from the sponge-taking to the sponge taken. It might be a pleasant study but for the odours exhaled. Classical students will remember that one of Horace's odes wherein he promises a guest a treat of costly perfume, which he says will make him wish he "were all nose." Sitting on the deck of a sponging schooner with the spoils of the day spread all about, one does not make that wish. The sponges when first taken exhibit lively colours, from iridescence, and from the presence of colouring matter. They are of varied forms, some globular, some cup-shaped, others top-shaped, others conical, cylindrical, thread-like, branched, and so on.

Mr. Scientist, leaning over your shoulder, begins to discourse in those measured tones of his on the life of the sponge. At one time scientists were disagreed as to whether the sponge belonged to the plant or animal kingdom. It was referred to the Protozoa, and then to the Cœleuterata. Finally it was decided that it was entitled to a separate sub-kingdom known as Porifera, and characterized by a multitude of mouths. The sponge requires both air and water for its livelihood.

In spite of the fact that it is a creature of very low organization, there is in its simple organism evidence of the same careful and systematic planning that everywhere characterizes the handiwork of the Divine Creator. As in the higher animals, the body of the sponge is composed of two layers of cells, the outer layer, or epidermis, and the inner, or endodermis. To supply the necessary nutriment, the living sponge is covered with minute pores. In some species these pores, or little mouths, are permanent, but on others they open only for the occasion, open anywhere and everywhere, and apparently never twice in the same place. The water imbibed by these pores is emitted often by a single channel, which serves for the whole mass. Others have several channels, which permeate the



SPONGE YARD, NASSAU.

A SPONGE SHIPPING-YARD, NASSAU.

tire mass. Through these passes constant stream of water, bearing e food on which the sponges live, d the germinules and ova by ıich reproduction takes place.

Much of the beauty of the sponge due to the presence of calcareous icules. These spicules are of ried shapes, some straight, some rved, some shaped like needles, ıs, grapnel hooks, etc. One riety in the Bahamas is covered th a fibrous network of these, so fine and transparent that it is very like spun-glass. The Bahaman sponges are for the most part larger and coarser than the products of the Ottoman sponge-fisheries. But very large quantities of them are gathered. In fact, it is the chief industry of these islands. The fisheries are controlled by Jew firms of New York. The schooners are fitted out at Nassau, and worked on shares by the owner, captain, and crew.

So interesting is your day with

THE SPONGE EXCHANGE.

THE BAHAMAS—TRIMMING SPONGES.

the spongers that you are almost startled at seeing the red March sun drop down into the sea. Then, with that suddenness peculiar to the tropics, night spreads her dark wings over the waters, and the stars gleam through the blue above. The moon hangs like a silver globe over the far-off harbour lights. You stretch yourself on the deck for an evening reverie. The sailors are singing their plaintive negro melodies, and you recall the pictures from their home-life on the shore yonder.

Their friends and kinsfolk, many of them, engage in the sponge industry, too. You have often passed them, those little huts in their luxuriant gardens. Out in the yard, sheltered from the morning sun by the palms and cocoanut fronds, a hearty old negress and the various branches of two successive generations sit chatting together, as they trim the sponges for the market. Several great bulging sacks, leaning against a plantain tree, show the products of the united family effort. In the yard to the rear the varied gabble of ducks, turkeys, and chickens makes a sort of appropriate domestic music for the scene.

"Shuh, dah you!" and the smiling negress throws an untrimmed sponge toward the saucy rooster pecking the sack.

"Heah, honey, han' dat to yo' mammy."

Quiet, care-free scenes such as one sees at many a threshold in the Bahamas!

You resolve when you go ashore again to visit the sponge yards where lie the great mounds of sponges, and where the workmen, clad in cool white linen, are soaking, clipping,

sorting them, and piling up the bales in which they are pressed. You resolve, too, to visit the sponge-market, and then you fall to thinking of the lifeless and hitherto uninteresting sponges in your northern home. How little the people there know of the hands that wrested them from the deep for their service; and how little these sailors know of the people whom they serve! And so, amid these reflections on sponges, and sponge-fishers, and sponge-fleets, you fall asleep.

SUNRISE AND SUNSET.

The shadows flee away; the birds awake and sing;
Open thy gates, bright Orient, life waits most sweet and fair;
Breathe through the trees along the shore, oh, balmy, quivering air,
A tremulous glow across Lake Couchiching,
And like the spirits once in prison bound
The mist wreaths rise, yet to the islands cling
Till crimson, golden in the rising sun,
With incense-laden clouds the heavens are crowned.
The eastern shadows lengthen and the grass o'errun,
Great burnished shafts proclaim the day is done;
And girt with living green, the fair lake seems
Like to the chalice of the Holy Grail,
Of one great emerald carved, whose glorious beams
Reflect the "rose-red" colour of the wine,
In legend olden poured by hand Divine.

—*Edith Carter.*

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith; we cannot know;
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
A beam in darkness; let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before.

—*Tennyson.*

THE ROMANCE OF THE FUR TRADE.

WHAT REMAINS OF OLD FORT EDMONTON.

FEW of the dainty dames of London or Paris, or even of Toronto or Montreal, have any conception of the vicissitudes of peril and hardship encountered in procuring the costly ermines and sables in which they defy the winter's cold. About the month of August the Indians of the great North-West procure a supply of pork, flour, and ammunition, generally on trust, at the Hudson's Bay posts, and thread their way up the lonely rivers and over many a portage, far into the interior. There they build their bark lodges, generally each family by itself, or sometimes a single individual alone, scores of miles from his nearest neighbour. They carry a supply of steel traps, which they carefully set and bait, concealing all appearance of design. The hunter makes the round of his traps, often many miles apart, returning to the camp, as by an unerring instinct, through the dense and pathless wilderness. The skins, which are generally those of the otter, beaver, marten, mink, and sable, and occasionally of an arctic fox or bear, are stretched and dried in the smoke of the wigwams. The trappers live chiefly on rabbits, muskrats, fish, and sometimes on cariboo, which they hunt on snow-shoes. The loneliness of such a life is appalling. On every side stretches for hundreds of leagues the forest primeval.

Yet to many there is a fascination in these solitudes. Lord Milton

WITH THE VOYAGEURS.

MAKING A PORTAGE.

and Dr. Cheadle spent the winter of 1863-64 in a trapper's camp with great apparent enjoyment. Their provisions becoming exhausted, they had to send six hundred miles to Fort Garry, by a dog-team, for four bags of flour and a few pounds of tea. The lonely trapper, however, must depend on his own resources. In the spring he returns to the trading-posts, shooting the rapids of the swollen streams, frequently with bales of furs worth several hundreds of dollars. A sable skin, which may be held in the folded hand, is worth in the markets of Europe $30 or $35, or, if of the finest quality, $75.

The Indians of the interior are models of honesty. They will not trespass on each other's streams or hunting-grounds, and always punctually repay the debt they have incurred at the trading-post. A Hudson's Bay store contains a miscellaneous assortment of goods, comprising such diverse articles as snow-shoes and cheap jewellery, canned fruit, and blankets, gunpowder and tobacco, fish-hooks, and scalping-knives, vermilion for war-paint, and beads for embroidery. Thither come the plumed and painted sons of the forest to barter their peltries for the knives and guns of Sheffield and Birmingham, the gay fabrics of Manchester and Leeds, and other luxuries of savage life, and to smoke the pipes of peace with their white allies. Many thousand dollars' worth of valuable furs are often collected at these posts. They are generally deposited in a huge log storehouse, and defended by a stockade, sometimes loopholed for musketry, or mounting a few small cannon. On the flag-staff is generally displayed the flag of the Company, with the strange motto: "*Pro pelle cutem*"—"Skin for skin." These posts are sparsely scattered over this vast territory. They are like oases in the wilderness, generally having a patch of

ARRIVALS AT FAIRFORD, MANITOBA, FOR ANNUITY PAYMENTS.

cultivated ground, a garden of European plants and flowers, and all the material comforts of civilization.

Their social isolation is the most objectionable feature. At one which I visited the chief factor had just sent one hundred and thirty miles in an open boat for the nearest physician. Yet many of the factors are well educated men, who have changed the busy din of Glasgow or Edinburgh for the solitude of these far-off posts. And for love's sweet sake, refined and well-born women will abandon the luxuries of civilization to share the loneliness of the wilderness with their bosom's lord. One of the Hudson's Bay factors on Rupert's River wooed and won a fair Canadian girl, and took her back in triumph to his home. She was carried like an Indian princess over the portages and through the forests in a canoe, supported by cushions, wrapped in richest furs, and attended ever by a love that would not

> Beteem the winds of heaven
> Visit her face too roughly.

There, in the heart of the wilderness, she kept her state and wore her jewels as if a queen of society. In still more remote regions temporary hunting-camps are established.

Almost the sole method of exploring the great northern fur regions is by means of the bark canoe in summer, or the dog-sledge or on snow-shoes in winter.

Mr. W. A. Fraser, in two interesting articles in The Saturday Evening Post, graphically describes the romance of the fur trade. From these articles we quote as follows:

The fur winner is a picturesque character. His lines are cast in a

:ER ANNUITY PAYMENTS, TRADER'S TENT, LAKE MANITOBA RESERVE.

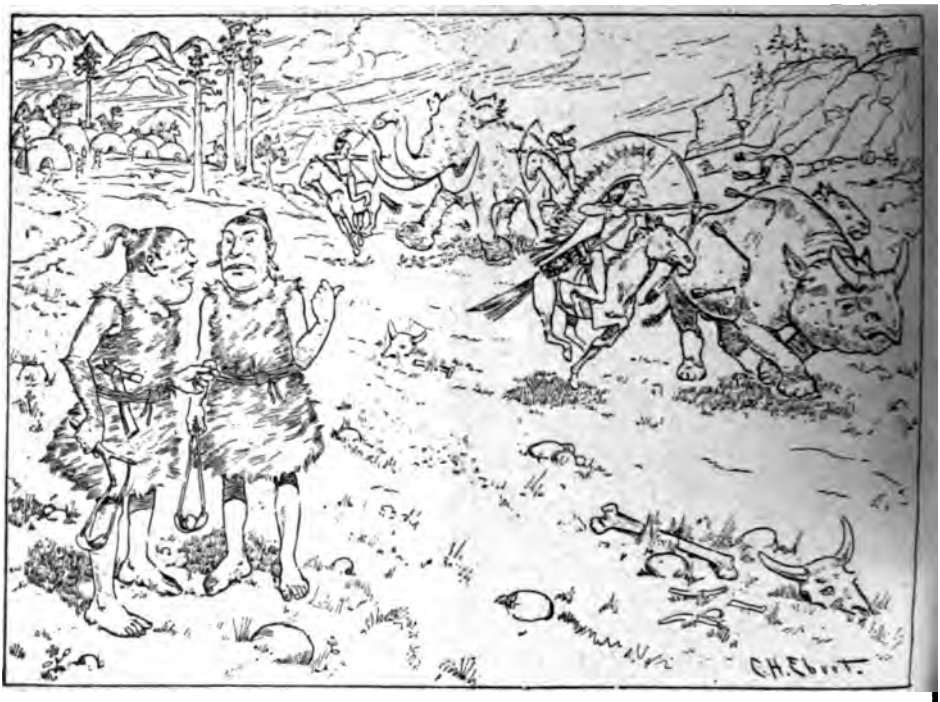
of the poetry of Nature. as, some three centuries hen at least half of the merican continent was the f his exploits. From New to the Arctic Circle he the furred denizens of the nd traded with the little ge human inhabitants. At of losing his scalp he navi- known rivers, trailed across :less prairie, and wandered the immense spruce forests orth.

udson's Bay Company was l in 1670. They made big n those days—twenty-five, ıd seventy-five per cent. on their coat of arms were vers, and the motto, "*Pro tem*"—"Skin for skin." s the keynote of their trad- cy—equity, and something thing.

In course of time the redmen came to understand this; and it has been a most important factor in the handling of the "Indian question" in Canada. There were individual cases of wrong—not many; the Indians well knew that what they were promised they got. If they bought cloth, they got good cloth; if they purchased tea with their furs, the tea was of choice quality; the sugar was of full weight; the powder would burn, and the guns would not explode. In an H. B. store one pays a fair price and gets the best that is manufactured.

Notwithstanding false impressions to the contrary there is not much duplicity in the Canadian Indian; a square bargain appeals to him as it does to the most honourable white man.

Under these conditions one may cease to marvel that for over two



PREHISTORIC AMERICA.

Mound Builder: "We will have to move farther west. The new-comers with their modern weapons are killing all our game."

centuries the fur traders and the fur winners have lived amicably side by side, far from the power of the sword.

In the West the air is full of mythical tales as to the purchase price of furs. A favourite one is that a trade musket, or long-barrelled shot-gun, was wont to be stood on end, and the purchase furs piled about it by the Indian until they topped the muzzle. That was the exchange value of the gun, according to this story. It makes a picturesque tale, I admit, but its historic value is utterly destroyed by the records of the H. B. Company, which show that the fixed price in fur for a musket was from ten to twelve beaver skins.

In those days the beaver skin was accepted as the unit of trade, practically representing two shillings, and all furs were valued at so many "skins." Even to this day in the far North-West the traders and Indians use the same term in fixing the value of furs—the skin representing fifty cents.

All the old Hudson Bay trading posts were log forts well stockaded; but most of the battles were due to the jealousy which existed between the different companies and traders. At times, it is true, a saturnalia did materialize about these forts when Indians arrived in large numbers with many furs, chiefly buffalo skins. One exchange price for a buffalo robe was a soda-water bottle full of spirits. A trade of this sort tended to excited bargaining, so the trader ensconced himself behind a small wicket in the log fort, and but one or two Indians were admitted within the

UGLY CUSTOMERS IN STORE AT TRADING POST.

stockade at a time. The Indian would pass his buffalo robes through the wicket, receive his liquor and be turned out of the stockade; then another would buy fleeting happiness in the same manner, and be quickly "fired."

It is an everlasting monument to the good sense of the redskins that there are no records of barbarous butcheries of H. B. men on their part. It is indeed a sad retrospect to think what the Indian nations might not have attained to had there been no fire-water—nothing but the otherwise fair dealing of the H. B. Company.

Sixty years ago and more mighty buffalo hunts were organized from old Fort Garry, which is now Winnipeg. A cavalcade consisting of hundreds of carts, accompanied by Indians, half-breeds, and white men, trailed to the West, two or three hundred miles, in midsummer, and when they came upon the herds of buffalo, they killed them with warlike industry. As many as a thousand animals were slaughtered in the course of one day. The robes and tongues were brought back, and also each cart carried its load of buffalo meat—a thousand pounds or so—to Fort Garry.

Even to-day the Crees and other Indians of the North are particularly honest. Very few unpaid debts stand on the Company's books against them. And as for stealing—there is hardly a known case in all the land of the Crees.

The giving of credit, or "debt," as it was called, was a necessary condition of fur trading. It is still in vogue. A small trader, Indian or half-breed, will get an outfit of goods from an H. B. factor in the summer, and go off into the wilds for six or eight moons. His usual mode of conveyance is his loved canoe. Up the Athabasca toward Lesser Slave Lake and the Peace River, or down toward Great Slave Lake, are favourite routes. He will trap, or "kill fur," as he calls it, and trade with the Indians; perhaps living all through the dreary winter months alone in a little shack constructed of small

A NATURAL AVENUE NEAR EDMONTON.

poplar logs, or even in a canvas tepee. The solitude has no terrors for him. He listens to the howl of the wolves, and their weird music speaks only of pelts to be obtained; the trail of the bear is a path to riches and fresh meat for his larder; with his snowshoes he skims lightly over the white waste and tirelessly walks down the long-legged moose. His traps are strung over a "marten road" of probably thirty miles. No sign-posts, perhaps not even a blaze on tree bark, marks the circuit of this long patrol; but he follows it as unerringly as a homing pigeon reaches its cote.

This path-finding is one of the marvels of the Indian's acquirements —it amounts to instinct. He carries no compass; Ursa Major shows him the north by night, and the sun locates the east by day. If storm-clouds intervene he climbs a tall tree and looks over the mighty spread of forest; in the aggregate the tops incline to the south—that is because of the persistent north wind—and on the north side of the tree-trunks the moss grows thick. On the darkest night an Indian will place his hand on the moss-blanket of a tree and locate the cardinal points. "The Dipper," as it swings in silent velocity around the North Star, is the redman's clock. Ask an Indian or half-breed in the depth of any forest where a certain place is that he has once visited, and he will with decisive certainty point his hand straight toward the spot.

The trapper has with him bacon, flour, tea, and, most desirable of all, tobacco. He mixes his flour with water, using his bag as a dough tray, and bakes a bannock in his frypan in front of a fire of red-willow coals. He fries his bacon and dips the plastic bread in the gravy. He will eat any animal but a wolf. Bear tastes like pork, and beaver is akin to beef—the beaver tail is a jar of jellied fat. To him, lynx is a delicate morsel with the full flavour of veal.

But his pipe is the trapper's fetich — his consolation in all troubles. Force him to give up one thing after another and his pipe will the last voluntary sacrifice.

The trapper may come out by dog-train in midwinter with furs, for running behind his dogs for fifty or sixty miles a day is nothing to him. The cold is nothing; he wears no

t. If the cold be intense, below, he may wrap duffel- bout his feet. When night he builds a fire, wraps him- one blanket (if he be a e, of luxurious habit, his may be lined with woven skins), burrows in the snow, rrounded by his dogs, sleeps abe in a warm nursery. The curl their big bushy tails eir noses to retain the animal ne trapper pulls his covering is head, and together they peace.

perhaps he may wait until and come out by canoe. His e will turn over to the factor tfitted him. The latter will im the current price in Ed- , deduct the amount of his t, and tell the fur winner his .

the picturesque childishness half-breed's nature will assert in an ever-recurring form. dden acquisition of wealth, a on the right side, will him sorely. He will sit the box stove in the H. B. store, smoke many meditative pipes of tobacco, which the factor has no doubt given him as a present, take furtive looks at the wealth of desirable possessions decorating the board walls of the shack—rainbow-hued silk handkerchiefs, tin caddies of tobacco, guns and ammunition, sugar and tea.

HALF-BREED TRAPPER AND "HUSKIE" DOG.

AN OLD-TIME BLOCKHOUSE.

Having the power to obtain these things for the mere pointing of a finger, he hesitates ; sits for hours thinking out the tortuous problem, and trying to tabulate the purchases that have possessed his mind during months of weary waiting. He acquires raiment, with thoughtful waits between purchases ; a blue and white striped sweater, gaudily-coloured undercloth- ing, and a suit of store clothes. Then he runs into nicknacks. A silk handkerchief and boots —not heavy, serviceable foot- wear, but boots for show.

A brief tally shows that there is still much money due. A silver watch with won- drous chain helps the prodi- gal out somewhat. Tinned

meats, tinned fruits, at exorbitant prices; tobacco, a pipe, and perhaps a gun; also steel traps for the next season's fur killing; all these he buys.

The drink money he will spend with prodigal velocity; at the bar everybody must drink. He compresses the expenditure of a year into a week, and in the end has a headache of as blaring a nature as his gaudy apparel. Then he longs for the hushed rest of the cathedral-like forest again; the ways of civilization have palled upon him; and he goes back to the haunts of Black Fox and Muskwa, and plays his strategy against theirs.

That is the way of a half-breed fur winner.

If the trapper be an Indian he will buy much bacon and two blankets; he will limit his personal decoration to sleigh-bells, silk handkerchiefs, and beads, and silk for moccasin working. If either of them has a wife she will come in for her quota of cloth, with perhaps a checked shawl. The Hudson's Bay Company has many trading posts in the far North, dominated from the central office in each district. The Saskatchewan, Athabasca, and Mackenzie River country is governed by a chief factor at Edmonton; and he, again, is subordinate to the Commissioner, Mr. Chipman, at Winnipeg.

On the Athabasca and Mackenzie are large flat-bottomed steamers which carry the trading goods down the rivers, even to "the land of the midnight sun," and bring back the furs.

No liquor is allowed to pass into the Athabasca region—this is a Dominion law. A detachment of mounted police is stationed at Athabasca Landing and Grand Rapids to enforce this. It was only during the past year that the Canadian Government made a treaty with the Indians of these wilds.

From Edmonton large "free traders" outfit, men who bring in their ten or twenty thousand dollars' worth of furs in one lot, arriving back from their year of trading in late midsummer.

When the trader returns to Edmonton, his furs, owing to a custom which is really a law, are put up to be sold by sealed tender from the different buyers. They are open to inspection for several days; the buyers from St. Paul, Minnesota, the Hudson's Bay Company, and free traders resident in Edmonton examine them and put in their sealed tenders. These are opened on a certain day, and the highest figure takes the furs. They are baled in Edmonton, and shipped either to St. Paul or London. If shipped to London they are sold at the great semi-annual fur sales.

The buyer does not get his returns until they are sold in England, and in the interval fur may decline or advance. For the past five years marten has steadily gone upward.

CARNIVAL IN THE NORTH.

Arm in arm, their branches twined,
Tall maples drink the mountain wind
Reach out with eagerness to seize
Flagons of cool October breeze.

Bravely decked in yellow and red,
Maples stand at the bright throng's head,
And summon the firs to give their aid
To make this forest masquerade,—
Summon even the solemn firs
To join the ranks of roisterers!

Spruceland woodsmen, Pierre and Jean,
Now with your gayest songs lead on!
Join in the revel the trees make here,
For woods will be sad for half a year;
Riot a little,—summer is spent,
And all the winter the woods keep Lent!

—*Francis Sterne Palmer.*

GLIMPSES AT THE MOON.

BY A. D. AUSTIN.

VIEW OF THE MOON NEAR THE THIRD QUARTER.
—From a Photograph.

THE moon is our celestial next-door neighbour, and in comparison with the other heavenly bodies is very close to us indeed, its mean distance being 238,000 miles. One of the ocean liners to the Australasian colonies travels about this distance in ten round rneys to the antipodes and back, l an express train at sixty miles an hour would do the distance in about 166 days if no stoppages were made. Such distances as these are readily grasped by the mind, but when we deal with distances of the stars we are overwhelmed, as a similar train to the above would require no less than forty-seven millions of years to reach Alpha Centauri, the nearest known "fixed" star.

The moon is the only heavenly body with whose surface we are at all well acquainted. Mars indeed presents some features that can in-

distinctly be seen, but the so-called canals are extremely doubtful, although some of these markings are conceivably strips of irrigated land. As to the probability of exchanging signals with its inhabitants, if such exist, we may, in the present state of our knowledge and resources, safely relegate all such ideas to the regions of romance and dreams. Our satellite is 2,160 miles in diameter, and weighs about seventy trillions of tons. It is difficult to form any clear idea of such numbers as billions and trillions, but some facts showing what a trillion really means may here be given. The total wheat crop of the world is estimated at 2,500 millions of bushels annually, and it would take the world's wheat supply for 640 years to amount to a trillion *grains* of wheat of average size and weight!

The visible sailing of the ponderous globe of the moon round the earth produces a grand effect upon the thoughtful mind, and should leave a deep impression of the mighty power and consummate wisdom that ordains its undeviating course from age to age. It is, of course, retained in its orbit by the marvellous balancing of the centripetal and centrifugal forces, but these forces are further complicated by the attractions of other heavenly bodies, which make the moon's actual motions extremely complicated and involved, calling forth for their investigation the highest powers of the greatest mathematicians of modern times. Notwithstanding all these disturbing factors, the moon preserves the even tenor of its way with the utmost regularity and precision.

Magnifying powers of 6,000 diameters have been applied to telescopic observations of the moon, and this means that the views of the lunar disc then obtained are the same as would be seen with the naked eye by an observer placed forty miles distant from the moon's surface. These high magnifying powers can only be successfully applied to telescopes such as those of the Yerkes and Lick observatories in America, and to two or three others in other countries. Were an observer placed within forty miles of the moon he would see the mountains and other features in much detail, and the great telescopes mentioned give nearly similar results.

The laws that govern matter and motion must act uniformly throughout the universe, or the whole creation would fall into dire confusion; in short, we should have not an ordered cosmos, but a chaos. If the moon were always at the full, the glorious display of the host of heaven and the magnificent galaxy that spans the sky would scarcely be seen, as every one must have noticed how few stars are seen during full moonlit nights.

The walls of the cup-like crater of Copernicus are fifty-six miles apart, rising to an altitude of 11,000 to 12,000 feet. It has several cones in the centre, one of which is 2,500 feet high.

The large dark areas on the moon were formerly considered to be seas, and they still bear the name. It is not improbable that they are beds of former seas existing at very remote periods of the moon's existence. These *maria*, as they are termed, are now dry, level plains similar to deserts on the earth.

It has long been held that the moon has no atmosphere or water, and consequently no vegetation whatever, but this conclusion is by no means considered final. Professor Pickering arrives at the conclusion that the moon has a slight atmosphere, and that there are indications that water has not yet probably disappeared. He speaks of "rills" and of "river-beds," and enumerates thirty-five of the latter. It is improbable that the moon was

er a world teeming with vegetable d animal life like our own globe, t probable that it was always, even its best days, a comparatively rren and arid waste. Looking, wever, to the marvellous adapta- n of life to its environment at we find on the earth that we e upon, under conditions pre- ously considered impossible, we ay reasonably infer that life, at ast in lowly forms, in both animal d vegetable kingdoms would be und on the moon.

LUNAR CRATER "COPERNICUS," AFTER SECCHI.

Professor G. H. Darwin has in cent years made a special study of lal friction, by which it would ap- ar that the tides act as a kind of ake on the revolution of the earth i its axis, thus gradually lengthen- g the day and the month, and owly repelling the moon from the rth. It follows that in the past e moon was much nearer to the rth than it now is, and that the tion of the tides was consequently eater. It is estimated that the earth falls behind a true clock about twenty-two seconds in one hundred years. It is considered that the earth at an early stage of its existence was a semi-solid, semi-fluid, plastic mass, revolving six to eight times as fast as it now does, and that a wave produced by the action of the sun went round the earth in about three hours. Now if this wave each time it returned received the attraction of the sun, it would be increased in size, and as the earth was spinning at a great rate, the result would be that parts of it would fly off like the rim of an overdriven fly-wheel, and one or more of these fragments formed the moon. The newly-formed moon would continue to revolve with the earth, but rather slower than when it left it. During the countless ages since its birth it has been going farther out, and this is what it is still doing. After a long interval there will be another change, and the moon will again approach the earth. These changes,

however, will take enormous lengths of time to bring about. How marvellous is the infinitely complex system of nature! what delicate balancing of forces, what adaptation of means to ends!

The whole surface of the hemisphere of the moon that is turned towards the earth is more or less covered with the singular mountains, upwards of 33,000 of which have been actually mapped. Although we never see the other hemisphere, there can be but little doubt that it is in all respects very similar. What a scene of desolation the moon presents, and what an inconceivable chaos it must have been when the craters were in full activity, belching forth lava, scoria, and ashes in all directions!

We have not anything on the earth on the same scale as these craters. The craters on the Sandwich Islands—Kilauea and Haleakala, the one a fused, the other a consolidated lake of lava with small cones ejecting cinders and ashes—afford, however, an analogy. Haleakala is oval in form, about thirty miles in circumference, and about 2,000 feet below the summits of the mountains that surround it.

"Although we are in the habit," says Prof. Geare, "of regarding some of our volcanoes as immense affairs, even the largest of them, as already indicated, pales into insignificance before many of these lunar craters. Thus the ring of Tycho is fifty-four miles in diameter, while the crater Clavius, lying to the south of it, is more than 140 miles in diameter. There are still larger ones apparently, for says Ranyard, if the lunar Apennines and the other mountains forming a broken ring around the Mare Imbrium (Sea of Rains), are the remnants of a crater, it must have had a diameter of over 600 miles. By way of contrast, it may be added that our largest terrestrial craters are not more than fifteen or sixteen miles in diameter. So from this it will be evident that such volcanoes as Vesuvius would appear as insignificant hills if dropped into the centre of the crater of Tycho, whose ring-wall towers to a height of 17,000 feet above the plain which it encloses."

The numerous changes in the moon's surface, observed largely by means of photography, suggest that an evolution has taken place, as marked as on our own planet. It is even claimed that plain manifestations of the circulation of water, of vegetation, and of life at one time, are not wanting. Several theories accounting for the formation of lunar craters have been advanced. One is that the lunar surface consists entirely of ice and that the craters and pit-like depressions are due to the action of hot springs, the water of which melted the ice above the vent. Another writer says that there is nothing incredible in the supposition that they were due to the meteoric rain falling when the moon was in a plastic condition.

We have been viewing the Queen of Night from the realistic or scientific standpoint. Disenchantment frequently dogs the steps of science, and poetry is apt to flee away. Campbell well says—

> "When science from creation's face
> Enchantment's veil withdraws,
> What lovely visions yield their place
> To cold material laws."

The moon majestically sailing through the starry skies must always, however, be an object of supreme beauty to mankind, and no critical scrutiny or cold analysis can ever seriously detract from her charms.

'HE FUTURE OF THE AMERICAN NEGRO.

BY BOOKER T. WASHINGTON,

Principal of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, Alabama.

T is a deep-seated belief of a large and influential section of the American people that the destiny of the negro element of the citizenship must necessarily be different from that of other elements of the population. This belief disclosed itself in the very earliest of Colonial life, after the unte introduction of African , in 1620, and in one form other it has made itself felt ard in all departments of the life of the nation. Indeed, derable body of such literas we have evolved is based upon this phase of the

American Colonization , established in the early of the Republic, and with have been associated some of t and ablest public men of ntry, such men as Benjamin in, Henry Clay, and others al reputation, was the direct rth of this sentiment. The ic of Liberia, on the West f Africa, grew out of the idea pagated by the American ation Society. But in spite fact that this society and the e founded and fostered by it teadily declined in prestige, a that the black and white annot occupy the same terri- equals without perpetual isms, remains strong.

Henry W. Grady, of Georgia, st eloquent apostle of the new South, was firmly of the that the Anglo-Saxon race

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

would always dominate the Afro-American race, while Mr. E. S. Simmons, a member of the North Carolina bar, has just issued a book in which he insists that race separation is the only safe and possible solution of the race problem; and, failing to effect this separation, he thinks "the pages of the future historian will be marred with strife between the races, riotous outbreaks, civil war, Southern soil again drenched in blood, not in a conflict of arms with other sections, but among and between the inhabitants of our own fair southland." "Separate the two races," Mr. Simmons

insists. "Cause the negro to move to the land set apart for him, to plant his own vine and fig tree, and the whites living upon the same soil to move out, and make room for his uninterrupted course of self-government."

But the idea that the races cannot live together as equals on the same soil is by no means confined to the Anglo-Saxon people. In this country the idea is entertained by Bishop Henry M. Turner, who has a large following, and in Africa the idea is almost as general. There Dr. Edward W. Blyden, of Liberia, perhaps the best informed man of his race anywhere, leads the thought and advocates segregation as the only possible and safe solution of the race problem. But how this segregation is to be effected, even in Africa, where the European whites have appropriated by far the larger part of the territory of the blacks, bringing the latter into subjection and contact with white colonists, just as they have done in the United States and the West Indies for two centuries, does not appear to worry in the least either the black or the white advocates of the idea. Although the whites have from the very beginning, even unto the present, forced themselves into contact with the blacks, and are doing so to-day more than ever before, the black and white advocates of the policy of separation lose nothing of their cheerfulness and persistency in keeping their idea where it can be seen and heard. They at least deserve credit for sticking to the theory when nothing but the theory remains to them.

But there is another class of people who have a theory that God permitted the Africans to be brought here and undergo a long period of bondage, in order that they might fit themselves by Christian civilization to eventually return to their native land, and help to redeem the millions of their race from paganism and savagery. This view of the matter was long a conviction of the leading denominations of the United States, and is largely entertained now. It deserves more respect than any other view of the matter which has ever appealed to me, as a pure matter of speculation, a theory. There can be no question about it in the mind of any Christian that as a missionary field Africa is one of the most inviting to be found anywhere, and that it should appeal more strongly to the American negro than to any other race of our population. It seems reasonable to suppose that a large percentage of the young negro men and women who have been graduating from our schools and colleges for a quarter of a century, 25,000 of whom are now engaged in the work of teaching in the public schools of the South, would have turned to Africa as the most inviting field of labour, if the theory that the race was brought here by Divine Providence for the purpose of preparing itself to redeem their brethren from moral and spiritual death in Africa is to hold good. This should be the proper and sufficient test of the theory from any point of view.

It would be personally gratifying to me if a large number of these graduates had in the past quarter of a century gone into the African missionary work, or if a more general spirit to do so had been shown, as the evangelization of Africa, or of any other people outside the Christian fold, must appeal strongly to all of us who hope for the winning of all mankind to the true faith. But no great number of them have done so, and no general disposition to do so has been shown. So far, the work of evangelizing Africa has been left almost entirely to the white Churches of America and Europe. White men and women have thus far responded to the call for mis-

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:ks of the United States and
ıt Indies has been of the most
aging character, and the fin-
upport which negro Churches
ven to further the work has
: like character. The advo-
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, but the enthusiasm has al-
ıeen short-lived. Reports
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wave of the enthusiasm of
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to this country, have always
ıch as to discourage others
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ıther." Indeed, it has been
ing conviction among the
of our race in this country
eir condition and opportun-
e vastly better in the United
than in Africa, or anywhere
believe this to be the case.
further believe that the con-
will grow stronger with the
as European subjugation of
shall proceed and develop up-
lines that it has long pro-
and developed upon in the
Islands, in Australia, and in
st Indies.

this is true because the Afro-American race has been so long removed from the African fatherland, and become so imbued with American civilization, that it has at most but a sentimental interest in Africa and the African people. In their language and religion and customs they are American, as much so as the Europeans who have come here from the earliest days to the present time. As a matter of fact, the African has become as thoroughly engrafted upon American life as the European, and loves his country with equal devotion, and clings to it with equal tenacity, and resents as promptly any insinuation that he is an alien, an intruder, and that he should return to Africa or anywhere else.

The Europeans came to America of their own determination, at great personal and financial sacrifice; but the African came here *by special invitation,* in ships provided for him, and in the early stages of his residence here, down to 1860, he was forcibly restrained in any desire he may have had to return to his fatherland. Indeed, he was considered so valuable a personage that it was long a difficult matter to restrain white men from adding indefinitely to his numbers by force and fraud. Up to 1860 no considerable number of people advocated that the African was an alien, an intruder, here and should be made to go back to his home beyond the seas. He represented nearly $4,000,000,000 of wealth as slave property; he was the basic industrial force in eleven of the richest agricultural States in the Republic. He was regarded as the best and safest labour force in the world, and perhaps he was.

It required an agitation covering a period of sixty years and a bloody civil war to kill him as a slave and to recreate him as a freeman; and it was only after this was done, after he was made "a man and a brother," that it was discovered that he was

an alien, an intruder, and that he should go back to Africa. It was all right for him to remain here as a slave, but it was all wrong for him to remain here as a free man! It was all right for him to remain here as a degraded creature, without morality, without family ties, barred out of the Christian Church, but it was all wrong for him to remain here as a Christian, with home ties and growing stronger and stronger every year in moral force! All this reasoning has had the changes rung upon it in all departments of discussion since slavery was buried beneath a monument of black and white bayonets on a hundred battle-fields. It is very strange reasoning, all must agree.

But there is still a third class of persons, by far the largest and most influential, who have not worried at all over the speculative theories of the possible inability of the races to dwell together harmoniously and upon terms of equality, and upon the possible purpose of God in permitting the race to be brought here and enslaved in order that it might the better fit itself to return to Africa and take upon itself the work of evangelizing its people. These good people had no pet theory about the matter. They belonged to the great Christian army who believed, as William Lloyd Garrison expressed it, that slavery was "a league with death and a covenant with hell," and who buckled on the armour of righteousness and created the sentiment that led to the abolition of slavery and the enfranchisement of the freeman. When they had accomplished this much, instead of resting from their labours, they recognized that the late slave population must be fitted for good citizenship, and that this could be done only at the expense of a great deal of personal sacrifice and financial outlay. The missionaries who laid the foundation of the educational work among the freedmen of the South, were no less heroic than the brave men who followed Grant and Sherman to victory. Indeed, these missionaries only continued the work where the disbanded armies of the Republic laid it down at Appomattox.

These missionaries were not concerned about the speculative questions that beset the race problem. They had a condition and not a theory to deal with, and right nobly did they deal with it. We shall search the history of philanthropic and missionary effort in vain for a parallel to the response which the Christian men and women of the nation gave to the cry for help that went up from the Southern Macedonia immediately after the war. Men and women and money poured into the Southern States, so that of a truth might it be said that a school-house was planted upon every spot where a slave auction block had stood. And the splendid Christian sentiment which grasped the practical and pressing need of the moment, and planted these schools of learning in all the Southern States, has sustained them with lavish expenditure of personal service and money for a quarter of a century, so that to-day they represent a greater outlay than that which is contributed for the support of educational and evangelical work in any other quarter of the globe. It is impossible to estimate the value of this work upon the future of the negro race, because it has made any reasonable future possible. Without it all the dark forebodings of those who "see through a glass darkly" would have been possible. The church and the school-house have made the future of the negro race identical with that of every other race element of our population.

It has been with an abiding faith that the negro has an honourable future in this country and that that

e depends almost entirely upon church and the school, that I sought to make the school and hurch as strong in mental and l force as the conditions would it, and to do what I could to the race as strong as possible her directions necessary to suc- ul manhood and citizenship. I been unable to reach the con- on that the Afro-American has ure in this country in any way ent from that of any other of nany race elements that go to up our heterogeneous popula- Hence my thought and effort been directed to the supreme ess of preparing the race to the demands made upon them ie condition of freedom, de- ls essentially different from made upon them in the condi- of slavery; and it is gratifying encouraging to all interested in uture of the negro people that best sentiment of the Southern s has joined forces with the sentiment of the Northern s to sustain those engaged in necessary work of preparation. ie negro is not only given an rtunity to get a public-school academic education, such as was before given to a people in ar circumstances, but he has given advantages for material opment such as proves beyond adow of doubt that there are people in this country, in the h and in the South, who wish well and desire him to succeed there are who wish him harm lesire that he may fail. Indeed, ear much more in one way and ier about the enemies of the race than we do about its ds; but the fact remains that negro has friends and plenty of in all sections of the country, that if he should not succeed ly, it will not be because oppor- y was denied him, but because nature withheld from him the elements of character that make for success.

I think I understand the needs and limitations of my race, and am not given to drawing a picture of what it has accomplished, which would not stand the severest test, or of underrating what it needs to accomplish; with the facts of the situation before me, I am convinced that the race will continue to grow in mental, moral, and material force with the years, and that it will become a valuable and indispensable factor of the American citizenship. When all the facts of the race's condition at the close of the war are considered, it must be conceded by all candid men that in the condition of freedom it has not failed at all, but has made splendid use of the opportunities it has enjoyed, and that, having laid in some sort a foundation in the first quarter of a century of its freedom, so that everywhere it is a self-depending and self-supporting race, in the next quarter of a century it is fair to conclude that it will make better use of those opportunities, so that more and more it will justify the expectations of those who have stood by it in the sunshine and in the shadow, in the calm and in the storm of life's struggle.

The future of the negro race depends more upon the negro himself than upon any other agency. He was brought to this country to serve a purpose, and he will serve it, in the time and in the manner which God designed. When the negro has changed his condition, as he is doing, from one of ignorance and poverty to one of general intelligence and wealth, his colour will cut a much smaller figure than it has done in the past, in affecting him in all directions in his manhood and his citizenship.—*Missionary Review of the World.*

JERRY McAULEY'S PRAYER-MEETING.

BY GEORGE KENNAN.

THE LATE JERRY M'AULEY'S MISSION, NEW YORK.

ON a recent Sunday afternoon, in the old mission-house on Water Street, in the lower part of New York City, several hundred persons assembled to commemorate, by means of appropriate services, the twenty-eighth anniversary of the founding of Jerry McAuley's prayer-meeting. As I read in The Sun to-day a report of the proceedings, I could not help wondering whether, among the people who thus met to do honour to Jerry and his work, there were any of the men and women who helped him to carry on that work in the early days, and who bade me welcome when, attracted by curiosity, I strolled into that mission-house for the first time, one close, warm evening in the summer of 1876. Does "Happy Charlie" still meet incomers at the door with a face aglow with friendliness, helpfulness, and love, as he once met me, or has he given place to other and later converts? I have not had an opportunity to visit the Water Street mission since Jerry McAuley's death; but I still vividly remember the impression that it made upon

n he conducted it, and I am
f opinion that, regarded
as a psychological and spirit-
nomenon, it was one of the
markable things to be seen
time in the City of New
in any other city.
rpose to write, from notes
t the time and from recol-
a brief sketch of it as it ap-
to me in 1876, and as I saw
ort intervals thereafter until
ew York in the fall of 1878.
oint of view at that time, in
s matters, was the viewpoint
ubter, if not a confirmed
and I was attracted to the
Street mission, not by interest
ious or philanthropic work
but by simple curiosity. I
this fact merely to show
vas not then in a state, men-
emotionally, to be carried
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ism and excitement.
rst visit to the mission was
t the invitation of an artist
amed Metcalf, who came to
a in the University Building,
rm evening in the summer
, and said: "George, I want
go with me to-night to Jerry
y's prayer-meeting."
yer-meeting!" I repeated in
; "I don't go to prayer-
s."
now you don't," he replied;
r do I, as a rule; but this
common prayer-meeting—
y McAuley's."
had never heard of Jerry
y, the fact that it was his
neeting meant nothing to
atever; but, knowing that
visited a lot of queer places,
asionally discovered people
s that were worth seeing, I
vith languid interest: "Who
McAuley, and how did he
have a prayer-meeting?"
s a thief and river-pirate,"
tcalf, cheerfully, as if this
re a sufficient recommenda-
tion. "Two or three years ago, after he got out of Sing Sing, he was converted, and since then he's been running a prayer-meeting."

"I don't feel much interest in prayer-meetings," I said, "and still less in river-pirates and thieves; but if you say it's worth while, I suppose I'll have to go. Where is the prayer-meeting?"

"Over in Water Street, next door to Kit Burns's rat-pit," Metcalf replied, coolly.

"That's a nice, cheerful place to go at night!" I remarked.

"There's nothing the matter with the place," he said. "It's safe enough—women go. Take off your watch-chain and put on an old suit of clothes, and nobody'll pay any attention to you."

"All right!" I replied, "I'll go; but I give you due notice that I don't take any stock in the cheap clap-trap of your revival meetings. They work up a lot of excitement, but it doesn't last, and what's the use of it? Character isn't made or changed in that way."

"Isn't it?" he remarked, drily. "Perhaps Jerry'll give you some new points on character-changing. Anyhow, if you can stand one of his prayer-meetings, you can stand anything."

Fifteen minutes later we were on our way to the place. It was not yet entirely dark, but the Bowery, into which we turned at Houston Street, was already brilliantly lighted and crowded with people. The concert-halls were all in full blast; the "Volks" and "Atlantic" beer-gardens were rapidly filling up with pleasure-seekers; and here and there, on the street corners, might be heard the peculiar, mournful summer cry of "Ho-o-ot co-o-orn!"

At James Street we left the Bowery and crossed over into Baxter Street, which runs through a densely populated and very low part of the city. Great changes have doubt-

less taken place in that region since 1876; but at the time when I first made its acquaintance it was one of the filthiest slums on the East Side.

As we approached the East River and turned into Water Street, a short distance north-east of the pier of the Brooklyn Bridge, we found ourselves in what was then, perhaps, the lowest haunt of vice on Manhattan Island—a foul, neglected slum made up of low tenements, "sailors' homes," run-shops, gambling-hells, panel-houses, and dance-cellars of the worst possible description. Everything was "wide open;" there was an ever-increasing din of cries, oaths, and laughter, mingled with the discordant notes of drums, horns, violins, and frantically turned hurdygurdies; and when we passed Roosevelt Street and approached the scene of Jerry McAuley's labours, we seemed to be entering a perfect pandemonium.

I could not understand, at first, why this particular slum should be so much worse than other slums in point of noise, tumult, and disorder. We saw two fights—or sham fights—in as many minutes; and the scraping, tooting, and banging of musical instruments, in the immediate vicinity of the mission, were at times almost deafening. I subsequently learned from Metcalf that a concerted and organized effort was being made, by the rum-sellers and dance-house keepers of the neighbourhood, to break up Jerry McAuley's prayer-meeting by overwhelming it with noise, and frightening decent people away from it. But the effort, thus far, had evidently failed; because just after passing Roosevelt Street we heard distinctly, above the blare of horns and boom of drums, the familiar strains of the Moody and Sankey hymn—"What a Friend We Have in Jesus!"

Strange enough seemed the contrast between the plaintive appeal of the sacred melody and the vicious snarl of the strident hurdygurdies—between the words of the Christian hymn and the foul language of the street-walkers around us. "I'll bat ye in the snoot ef ye call me 'Bob'!" shrieked a thirteen-year-old girl from the doorway of a dimly lighted saloon, and then, with a fierce outburst of personal abuse and profanity, she rushed across the narrow street in pursuit of another girl as dirty and ragged as herself. But high above the oaths and cries, the charivari of the discordant instruments, the shuffling of feet in the sailors' dance-houses, and the varied noises of the crowded slum, we could faintly hear twenty or thirty blended voices in Jerry McAuley's prayer-meeting, singing in unison the familiar words:

> Have we trials and temptations?
> Is there trouble anywhere?
> We should never be discouraged:
> Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Near the intersection of Water Street with some street or lane whose name I cannot now remember, we entered a door which opened directly from the sidewalk, and found ourselves in a large room, or small hall, which would hold perhaps two hundred people. It was plainly furnished with wooden benches, a reading-desk, and a small cabinet organ; its walls bore a few illuminated Bible verses, on cards or in simple frames; and it looked, generally, like the Sunday-school room in a country church.

Just inside the door, Metcalf, who was evidently well known to everybody, introduced me to a blue-eyed, light-haired young man—apparently a German—whom he called "Happy Charlie." What his real name was I never knew, although I met him there afterward three or four times a week. He was one of Jerry's first converts, and "Happy Charlie" was the name by which he seemed to be generally known. He did not ap-

o me to be a man of much edu-
ı or culture; but in his face,
at rest, there was a peculiar
ssion of contentment and
ty, as if he had found the
that passeth understanding,
ras happy because he couldn't
t. I did not then know what
d, practical good sense he had,
hat depths of affectionate sym-
and fraternal helpfulness
were in his warm-hearted,
ughly sincere nature; but I
his face and I liked his man-
ınd when Metcalf told me that
s one of Jerry's chief assistants
o-workers, I felt more hopeful
ɜ prayer-meeting.

noment later, while still stand-
t the door, I was introduced to
McAuley himself. The only
s about him that I liked were
ɛindly, steady eyes and his
htforward, simple manner.
ɛer a moment's conversation,
)py Charlie" showed us to seats
e side of the room, and while
er Moody and Sankey hymn
)eing sung I looked over the
ace. I could see at a glance
t was recruited from the slum.
four of the men present had
ıppearance of gentlemen, and
)f these were helping Jerry in
ork. Scattered here and there
: the room were a few men and
ɔn whose bright faces and clean
ɛel indicated recent conversion
ɛecovered self-respect; but even
were denizens of the slum, and
ecently come up out of the gut-

The rest of the audience was
osed, apparently, of sailors,
lores, coal-heavers, poor me-
cs, drunkards, loafers, tramps,
-walkers, and plain, simple
ns." A more hopeless and
)mising representation of the
merged tenth" I had never

the end of the hymn, one of
our well-dressed gentlemen—a
who looked as if he might be a
Street banker—read a chap-
ter from the Gospel of St. John, and made a short prayer. Jerry McAuley then took charge of the meeting, and talked to that audience, for five or ten minutes, very much as one man would talk to another on a serious matter of business, in an office or bank. His language was simple and not always grammatical; his figures of speech were homely and drawn from every-day experience; his manner was quiet, but animated enough to engage and hold the attention of the most indifferent listener; and he was in dead earnest.

"Why do you come to this prayer-meeting?" he asked that crowd of criminals and outcasts. "Is it to thank God because you're happy? No! You come here because you're wretched and miserable. You know you're living in the gutter, and you know it's your own fault. God didn't put you in the gutter—you went there of your own accord. You gave yourselves up to the service of the devil, and you've got his wages. How do you like 'em? Is he a good paymaster? Are you satisfied? Of course you're not! I know, because I've tried the devil's service myself. I've been a thief—I've been in jail—I've played checkers with my nose on a prison grating, just as some of you have. I've been as low down as any man or woman in this room. I crawled up out of the gutter at last, with God's help, and now I want to get you out. You feel that you're sinners. You feel, deep down in your hearts, that you're low, miserable, and degraded; and I tell you that you'll never feel any better, or be any better, until you stop sinning and come to Christ. Now, if there is any one of you who has manliness enough left to say to me, to this company, and to Almighty God, that he's going to try to stop sinning and live a new life, let him get up and say so."

Before the last words were fairly out of the speaker's mouth, two or

three men were on their feet; and then began one of the most extraordinary and thrilling "experience meetings" that I had ever seen. In less than ten minutes I had forgotten who I was, how I came there, what I thought about religion, and what had been my attitude toward prayer-meetings. I forgot all my scepticism; surrendered my judgment; and finally lost all consciousness of myself in the absorbing interest of the proceedings. I had brought along a note-book and pencil, with the intention of getting material for a description of a revival meeting in a Water Street slum; but I forgot all about that, and was surprised, an hour later, to find my note-book lying on the floor at my feet.

Every man who took part in that prayer-meeting was stirred with emotion to the very bottom of his heart; and he spoke, not only with frankness, but with the fiercest, most impassioned sincerity. For the first time in my life, I saw human souls naked; and if there be anything more interesting, on this round globe of ours, than the self-revelation of a human being who has forgotten all conventionalities, abandoned all pretences, and lost all self-consciousness in a fiery, passionate impulse to do right and speak the truth, I have yet to discover it.

Thirty or forty men and women, many of them criminals or reclaimed criminals, rose, one after another in quick succession, and either described what that prayer-meeting had done for them, or asked, in voices shaken with sobs, for the sympathy, the help, and the prayers of those who stood a little nearer than they to God. Only one minute was allowed to each speaker; but in that one minute many a wretched outcast managed to set forth, with the most graphic realism, the tragedy of a whole life. It was extraordinary to see how much a man could get into two hundred words when he let everything go except the most significant, telling, and vital facts.

"If you'll only *look* at me," said an elderly man with dishevelled iron-gray hair and a refined but worn and dissipated face, "if you'll only *look* at me, you'll see all I want to tell you. I am a confirmed drunkard. I have lain out all night in the gutter. I have spent for drink all I had in the world. My wife died of a broken heart. I have sunk to the lowest depths of degradation. God help me!"

His voice choked with sobs, and for a moment he stopped; but recovering control of himself, he said: "A week ago last Tuesday night I came to one of these meetings—and since that night not a drop of liquor has passed my lips. Only God and myself know what I've suffered!"

Here he broke out into passionate weeping, like a great child, and in an entreating voice broken by gasping sobs, exclaimed, "Help me! Pray for me! I'm afraid I can't hold out. I suffer the tortures of the damned without liquor. I will try to be strong—if God will only help me—if—if—"

He could say no more for sobbing; although he still stood there, with an expression of terrible struggle and agonized entreaty on his face.

In an instant "Happy Charlie" was beside him, with one arm around him, and Jerry McAuley, rising at the desk, said quietly: "God *will* help—and *we* will help. Let us first ask the pity and the help of God." Then, in a few simple words, he prayed the Heavenly Father to strengthen and support this weak, tortured man in the fight that he was making for freedom, for manhood, and for righteousness. That was all of the prayer; but it was enough. The confirmed drunkard, still sobbing, sank into his seat, with "Happy Charlie's" arm around him; another man rose; the curtain went up on another human tragedy; and with wet eyes I listened to the

help of another drowning
It was pitiful, it was painful,
s it was almost unbearable;
ras interesting and absorbing
anything that I had ever
r witnessed.
'e I went to Jerry McAuley's
neeting, I might have asked,
in Maeterlinck's words,
can my soul possibly have in
ı with the soul of an East
hief, of a confirmed and de-
inebriate, or of an abandoned
from the slums?" And
emotions that lived and died
Water Street mission more
y stir my heart, even now,
ıy royal tragedy ever repre-
ɔn the stage or recorded in
ory of humankind.
t half-past nine Jerry Mc-
losed the meeting with a few
ıate words of sympathy and
gement for those who were
ıg a "new life;" and then,
g in our places, we all sang
':

:h me! O blessed thought!
t with heavenly comfort fraught!
I do, where'er I be,
God's hand that leadeth me.

g for a moment to speak to
nfirmed drunkard" with the
y hair—just to show him
had touched my heart and
d my sympathy—I followed
out of the room. As we
into the street, I became sud-
ɔnscious of the charivari of
horns, and hurdygurdies. I
it had been in progress
out the meeting; but I could
nember having noticed it.
e turned into a quieter street,
o Metcalf: "You have ap-
been there a good many
vhy didn't you tell me about
e?"
don't know," he replied,
fully. "I wasn't quite sure,
that you'd be interested in

erested in it!" I echoed,
indignantly. "Who wouldn't be interested in it? It's the most interesting thing I ever saw. The mere revelation of human character would interest me, even if I didn't believe anything from the roof up."

Metcalf laughed and said: "If you like it, you'll have plenty of chances to see it. It's open every night."

"All right," I replied. "I do like it and I will see it. Do you want to go there again to-morrow night?"

"I don't mind," he said. "I generally go two or three times a week, anyway."

We went the next night, the third night, and many other nights. In fact, during the remainder of that summer I was more often to be found at Jerry McAuley's prayer-meeting than anywhere else. Apart from the moral uplifting that it always gave me, I became so interested in certain individuals, and in certain particular cases of sin, suffering, and repentance, that I couldn't stay away. I wanted to know what happened to the "confirmed drunkard" with the iron-gray hair—whether he fought his way up to self-respecting manhood, or went back into the gutter. I wanted to know what became of half a dozen other men and women, whose inner lives I had seen laid bare, and whose personalities had become profoundly interesting to me.

Of course, to such a prayer-meeting, in such a place, there came all sorts of people. Some, even of the denizens of the slums, were men and women of education who expressed themselves fluently in forcible and idiomatic English. Others were illiterate waifs and strays of half a dozen different nationalities, whose attempts to describe spiritual experience in a language which they had only half learned, or to express religious emotions in the vocabulary of Water Street, would have been irresistibly ludicrous if they had not been so tragically pathetic.

When an old German woman, with desperate earnestness, told us in queer broken English how she had kicked her kitchen stove because it wouldn't bake, and then thrown a lighted kerosene lamp at her husband because he laughed at her, or when a Water Street "tough," whose face was wet with tears and convulsed with emotion, tried to describe in graphic but inappropriate slang the awakening of his dormant moral nature, I hardly knew whether I felt more like laughing or crying. Many of the auditors and spectators did both; but in the laughter as well as in the tears there were comprehension, sympathy, boundless pity, and infinite love.

I hope I have not failed to make it clear that the keynote of Jerry McAuley's prayer-meeting was sincerity—not ordinary sincerity, not a mere formal correspondence of the statement with the fact, but an impassioned outpouring of the whole soul in speech, without concealment, evasion, reserve, self-consciousness, or pretence. Unless a man was ready and eager to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, he had no business to get on his feet there. And even the truth was not enough—it must be truth white-hot from a flaming heart. Unless you understand and realize this, you can form no adequate conception of that prayer-meeting. The proceedings were never outwardly demonstrative, and there was never any attempt to "work up" the feelings of the unregenerate by revival methods. If a man said what he meant, and meant with all his soul every word that he said, the more quietly he behaved the better; but he *must* feel deeply, and he *must* express his feelings honestly.

More than one prosperous, self-respecting, self-satisfied Christian gentleman from up-town, moved by rumour and attracted by curiosity, strolled casually into that prayer-meeting, watched and listened for an hour or an hour and a half, and then went out of it with a broken spirit and a contrite heart.

One Sunday afternoon in the winter of 1876-7, as I sat in the mission room, watching the people assemble, my attention was attracted by a good-looking, rather portly, fashionably dressed gentleman, about forty-five years of age—evidently a stranger to the place—who came in with an air of some embarrassment, as if ashamed to find himself in such company, looked about for a moment, apparently in expectation of being shown to a reserved seat, and finally took a chair, apart from the audience, near the little cabinet organ. In the language of Water Street, I "sized him up," and mentally classified him as a gentleman, a church member, a good husband and father, and a most worthy and estimable citizen. He belonged, I thought, to that class of complacent Christians who do business honestly, attend church regularly, pay their pew-rent promptly, go to prayer-meeting occasionally, contribute to foreign missions liberally, and think they have done their duty fairly well to God and man.

The meeting happened to be an unusually interesting and absorbing one, and when the outcasts and drunkards began to speak I forgot all about this visitor from up-town, and never even looked his way. At the end of an hour there was a momentary lull in the proceedings; everybody seemed to be waiting for something; and when I turned toward Jerry McAuley's desk, I was surprised to see the portly, fashionably dressed gentleman on his feet. His eyes were red and swollen, and, although he had a handkerchief in his hand, he had forgotten to use it, and his face was streaming with tears. He evidently intended to speak; but he seemed wholly unable to get control of himself, and for half a minute he stood there, with quivering lips and tear-wet face, a

most striking and pathetic figure. But at last the words came.

With the directness and simplicity of the Water Street method, he said: "My name is Richard Roe. I am a deacon in the Rev. Dr. John Doe's church on ———ninth Street. I came down to this meeting out of curiosity, and because this afternoon I had nothing else in particular to do. Now, I want to confess, in the presence of Almighty God and this company, that I am a liar and a hypocrite. I have pretended to be a Christian—perhaps sometimes I thought I was a Christian—but now I see that the truth was not in me. I have had my lesson, and I am going back to my church. With God's help, I will say to them what I have just said to you. Pray for me, that I may have courage enough and strength enough to show to them there the honesty and sincerity that.I have learned from you here. So help me God, I will henceforth live the real Christian life if I can!"

That, as nearly as I could afterward remember it, was the whole of his speech. Jerry McAuley made no comment, but simply asked all present to join him in praying God to strength and confirm the purpose of "this our brother," and to keep him always a Christian in spirit and in truth.

The meeting was then dismissed; the deacon in the Rev. Dr. John Doe's church went back to his place of duty, and I saw him no more. Whether he made confession to his church or not, I never heard; but I do know that in the Water Street mission he learned the difference between profession and practice—between mere assent to a Christian doctrine and sincere imitation of the life of Christ.

In point of doctrine, Jerry McAuley's prayer-meeting always seemed to me orthodox but liberal. It did not bribe sinners with promises of heaven, nor frighten them with threats of hell; but it taught the efficacy of Christ's love as a redeeming, uplifting, and ever-acting force, and it insisted strenuously on personal effort in the culture of self, and personal sacrifice in the service of others, as the only acceptable proofs of a saving faith.

The drunkard or thief who got on his feet in that mission and expressed a desire to become a follower of Christ knew very well that, instead of having "naught to do," he had *everything* to do. The sincere penitent was well aware that new life would be a life of constant struggle for his own salvation, and self-sacrifice for the salvation of others. It was touching, as well as inspiriting, to see the eagerness with which new converts would throw themselves into the practical work of the mission, and the unwavering persistence with which they would follow it up—regardless of time, money, comfort, and personal convenience. One man for a whole year had been coming down to that prayer-meeting from One Hundred and Ninth Street; another was coming there every night from Staten Island; and many more were devoting every hour that they could steal from sleep and labour to the Water Street mission and its work.

One of Jerry McAuley's specialties was the saving of inebriates; and he had a small corps of reformed drunkards—"Happy Charlie" was one of them—who gave themselves up, almost exclusively, to the rescue and redemption of that unfortunate class. When a man like the "confirmed drunkard" with the iron-gray hair, of whom I have already spoken, rose in the Water Street mission, and said he was going to try to live a new life, he didn't have to live it alone. Some of Jerry McAuley's young men were always at hand to cheer and strengthen him in his hours of depression and temptation, and they watched him,

by turns, until he had conquered his appetite and was qualified to become a rescuer himself. And not only that; they often fed him and clothed him as well.

Of course the drunkards who came to the Water Street mission were not all rescued; neither were all of the sinners and criminals converted. So far as a year's observation enabled me to judge, the men and women who reformed in Jerry McAuley's prayer-meeting were all men and women who had had good mothers, or who, at some time in their lives, had been subjected to good influences. I doubt very much whether any hereditary criminal—any man from such a family as that of the Jukes—who had been conceived in sin and nurtured in vice, ever got on his feet in the Water Street mission and asked for prayers. Such men doubtless straggled in there occasionally, to see what it was like; but they were not the men who became converts.

The moral natures of the Water Street outcasts had been shadowed and choked by the dense, rank growths of sin and vice; but deep down in their hearts were the dormant seeds of a better life, in the shape of a good inheritance, the memory of a Christian mother, or the unobliterated impressions of an innocent and happy boyhood. And, as in a codex palimpsestus the verses of an old Greek love poet were often revived under the darker handwriting of a mediæval monkish chronicle, so in Jerry McAuley's prayer-meeting the hopes, beliefs, and aspirations once inscribed on the "sweet-scented manuscript of Youth" were brought out faintly from under the later and blacker record of temptation, passion, and crime.—*The Outlook.*

TO THOSE IN THE VALLEY.

BY A. J. WATERHOUSE.

Not to the world-crowned heroes
Who list to a people's praise;
Not to the ones whom pleasure
Has led through the joyous days;
Not to the men whose treasure
Gives power to gladden or blight,
Nor to those whom the nations cherish,
Would I sing a song to-night.

But to those who toil in the valley
Afar from the hills of peace;
Whose lives are an endless struggle,
Whose labours may never cease;
To those who are stunted and driven
By the day's recurring care,
Who deem that their God forgets them
Nor heeds their pleading prayer;

To the weary, weary toilers
Who work with a purpose dim,
Not knowing that, through the darkness,
The way leads up to Him;
To these—who are still my brothers
Though they walk afar from light—
I would sing, were the singer worthy,
A song of cheer to-night.

Oh, for a song whose music
Might gladden some heart of care,
Bringing one moment's blessing,
Cheering some soul's despair!
Oh for that song!—Though, stricken,
My hand should no longer write,
I would know I had served the Father
And my heart would rejoice to-night.

E APOSTLES OF THE SOUTH-EAST.

BY FRANK T. BULLEN.

Author of "With Christ at Sea," etc.

APTER XXVIII.

UL COMES HOME.

E must now return to where Saul is patiently doing his duty on board the "Colorado" in Manila harbour. After a fortnight's uninterrupted peace in Manila, during which time, as the shipment of the hemp only demanded six of the ship's company, the rest of the work of stowage being done by Filipinos and Chinese, the whole ship was overhauled and 'e arose a longing on the najority of the hands for a hore before the long pas-)egan.

ain Peck had made a wise) benefit of all hands, to ıt he could be interviewed ıg at eight bells, when he 'd, by any member of the ıny, either for complaints

And this effectually pre- .ole-and-corner work, since)t listen to anything but erson directly concerned. ing a huge Austrian, de- s comrades, slouched aft inted hour and proffered quest to the steward that) the captain. This being asked for a day's liberty f himself and the crew. k listened in patience un- ınished speaking, then re- : "Certainly not. You'll ally in N'York, not before. se ?"

looked non-plussed for a hen muttered surlily : · no given leava, Capana ? plenta work alla time, drinka, that time fineesh leetla drinka." He was, 'e explained, from Trieste. ıswer the captain pointed ht hand to the fo'csle and : "Go forrard. And tell your shipmates not to h any such request to me." ouched off, black rage in ıd as soon as he reached the fo'csle began to detail all sorts of imaginary insults hurled at him by the skipper. As most of the palaver was in foreign speech, which Saul did not understand, its import troubled him not at all. But during the next few days he could not help noticing that something was afoot that seemed to menace the peace and safety of the whole ship.

Before he had time to realize what it was going to be the storm burst. A large quantity of liquor suddenly made its appearance, and passed freely from hand to hand, refused, of course, by him, but making him marvel mightily from whence it had been obtained. Then, to his horror, he heard muttered outlines of a plan to murder all the officers, fierce recallings of the way in which, during the early days of the voyage, they (the speakers) had been drilled into submissiveness, and their sluggish intelligences quickened by brutal application of force, for all of which things they would now exact the utmost reparation.

Saul's mind was quickly made up. As a keen watch was being kept lest any one should go aft, he lit his pipe and strolled carelessly up on to the fo'csle head. There was no one watching there, so he slipped over the head, down the cable, and swam aft to the accommodation ladder, up which he ran, and presented himself, breathless, at the door of the mate's berth. That officer listened gravely to Saul's warning, then, disregarding his dripping condition, led him before the skipper, who as quietly thanked him and offered him a loaded revolver. Saul refused the weapon, thanking the captain for his confidence, but saying that while he would do all that two honest fists could do to maintain order, he did not feel like taking life; he would rather lose his own. The captain looked at him pityingly, as one not understanding such a condition of mind at all, and was just about to discuss the matter with him when a patter of bare feet, a smothered oath, and a crackle of revolver shots announced that the threatened upheaval had begun.

Saul and the captain rushed up the companion, hoping thereby to gain the upper ground so as to have the ad-

vantage over their assailants. But they were met by the big Austrian and two other men, who had dodged past the officers in the struggle on deck, hoping to take them in the rear. Mattei, the Austrian, flung himself at the captain, his uplifted knife gleaming in the moonlight, and had it not been for Saul there is no doubt the old man would have been slain. But, quick as thought, Saul's left arm flew across the captain's breast, receiving the vengeful downward stab right through the fleshy part, while his right fist shot out like a catapult, taking Mattei on the point of the chin and breaking his jaw. Down fell the big man like a log, and across his prostrate body the skipper and Saul fought shoulder to shoulder against not only the two who had accompanied Mattei, but reinforcements that had arrived from below. But no valour, however fired, can make head against firearms in the hands of men unafraid to use them, and in a very few minutes the discomfited crew were being driven "forrard" like a flock of sheep, all save the luckless ones who lay groaning and bleeding on deck.

The "Colorado" was a good ship, had been made so indeed by the unremitting efforts of the officers at the commencement of the voyage, and only a sudden upheaval of tigerish lust, induced by drink, had led to what might, but for the courage and energy of Saul, have ended in a most terrible tragedy. When the last of the wounded had been attended to, and all those of the crew who could stand were perched aloft in various uncomfortable positions, Captain Peck and his chief officer interviewed Saul and decided that he must be the bo'sun—that is, if he would accept the office. His wages were at once increased by ten dollars per month, and he was given plenary powers of dealing with any man who should perchance meditate revenge.

Saul, however, was no coward, and, moreover, he had so pleasant a way with him that it was almost impossible for a man to be under his orders and not come to like him. And when that motley crowd realized what a splendid specimen of mankind they had got over them; when they found how utterly incapable he was of bearing malice, or of abusing his position in order to pay them out for what they had done, they altered their bearings towards him, and no longer thought, as at first they did, of stabbing him in the back and dumping him overboard the first chance they got. They grew to love him as well as admire him, and before they were round the Cape he could do anything with them; it was admitted by all the officers that a smarter crew or a better bo'sun it would be almost impossible to find.

The "Colorado" made a wonderful passage home, and came into port looking like a new pin. As the ship was towing up the East River, the captain sent for Saul, and told him that if he would only stay with him in the ship he should be kept on full pay while in harbour, and anything in reason in the way of wages should be his for the next voyage that he liked to ask for. Moreover, he (the captain) would make it his special care to teach Saul navigation, so as to fit him for taking the post that he so richly deserved, and for which he was so pre-eminently fitted. But even as he talked, the captain could see that all his kindly efforts would be in vain. The man before him had his face steadfastly set in one direction, from which nothing earthly that he could overcome would turn it. And when the captain had finished, Saul answered him, saying:

"Captain Peck, you've done me a great deal of honour talkin' to me as you have. I've only done what I ought, but I shouldn't ha' been able to do it but for the continual help of God, given to me without any deserving of my own except a deep sense of my utter helplessness 'athout it. But I can't help feelin' too, sir, that I haven't been faithful as I ought to have been aboard here. I 'aven't preached as well as practised. By the help of God I 'ave practised Christianity, but somehow I 'aven't felt able to do as I did on board the last ship I made a voy'ge in as bo'sun. An' it weighs on my 'art very heavy, I assure you. As to your offer, sir, I can't accept it, anyhow. I was just married before I came away. I was wrecked only a few days out of port, picked up and carried off to China. An' I've never heard of her since, and don't know whether she's heard of me or not, although, of course, I've sent on all the money I could get to her from Hong-Kong. But," and here the poor fellow's eyes shone with entreaty, "do please let me know as soon as you can whether there's a letter waitin' here for me. Excuse me troublin' you, sir, but I am almost sick with anxiety, and I have to keep on prayin' to God to keep me from worryin' myself into another brain fever."

dear fellow," answered the hard put to it to keep the m his eyes, "count on me to can for you. I'll not say anord about your coming with ir duty's at home, and to get ith all possible speed. And our letter, I'll do all I can to f to you at once. I'll send a nessenger with it if it's there." ough or ever the ship was a messenger brought Saul which had been lying in the office for two months.

dear husband" (it ran) "I ese few lines hoping they will quite well as I am happy to eaves me at present. I have rry ill and very pore, for rned me out almost as soon vas gone. If it had not been doctor I should have died and it would have been a good hought you had got tired of gone away for good, for I rd that a sailor has a wife in rt, and when the months went I heard nothing of you I felt should never have seen you When I went up for the sec-pay they told me at the office e ship was recked and I t get any more money I n the office. But they didn't nothin' an' I was out of work was owin'. And I was livin' nyself in a room at Islinton didn't know nobody though s lots of lodgers in the place I lived I can't tell you.

one day, oh months after, I I'd go and see Carrie and she ter for me from you with four n it and oh it was a godsend. ned almost everything but stood upright in to get food rent for work's been awful on since you been away I've chinist in quite a smart dress-at ten shillin' a week and o death almost at that. You ld me ware to write to in that er but I give Carrie my ad-e was that horrified to see I was looking and she sent nother letter about a month th about four pounds and I hinks I things is lookin' up n he's remembered me at last. u give me a adress and I set d wrote this letter and I'm w at 14 Bertha Street Upper lington. Now——"

must not give any more of er. In any case, the latter sacredly private, as well as tside the pale of the story.

Poor Saul, who had never had but one letter before in his life, did not know what to make of it. He read and re-read it until his eyes burned in their sockets, but the more he read it the less satisfactory did it seem. At last, with a deep-drawn sigh he folded it up and put it away, and sprang into violent energy, packing his belongings for shore. The mate came and found him thus employed, and begged him as a special favour to stay on board that evening and talk with him, pointing out that in any case he could not go home until the ship was paid off, and he would be far better off aboard than ashore. Saul consented, only stipulating that he should go and ascertain when the first steamer left for London. Having found that there was one going in two days' time, and securing a steerage passage in her, Saul came back and was at once invited by the mate into his berth.

When two men get together like Saul and Mr. Fish the relations that have subsisted between them take some little time to get broken down and a condition of equality set up. But the mate was most pathetically eager to learn the secret of Saul's efficient happiness, and Saul was equally eager to tell it, so that in far less time than usual they came to closest quarters over the one eternal question of man's salvation. Here, however, all the conditions were favourable. Tested to the utmost, Saul's Christianity had proved its value, so that all he said came with tremendous force. He was no mere theorist or hireling, who did not believe practically one of the truths he was enunciating. Nor was he actuated by any other motive than that inspired by the great Friend of man, the making of another man into a more perfect pattern of what a man should really be, the image of God, for his own greater happiness and the eternal benefit of those with whom he should come in contact.

Before they parted for the night Mr. Fish had stepped out of his old self, had thrown in his lot with the people of God. And Saul, in spite of his gnawing desire to get home, was comforted.

Wednesday morning saw Saul on the deck of one of the liners homeward bound, his passage having been paid by the grateful captain, who never could forget that but for Saul he would have died in Manila. Moreover, there had mysteriously appeared in the handful of bills the skipper handed Saul as his pay one

for a hundred dollars, which seemed to Saul to have got there in error. When he pointed this out the skipper curtly told him that the money was all right; *he* never made any mistakes in money matters. And Saul's keen wit saw at once that this was just a kindly, unstrained way of making up to him his great loss. He was very grateful, feeling almost guilty at leaving so splendid an opening for good; but nevertheless his heart was like a hound straining at the leash. Oh, but he was eager to be gone! His ship steamed eighteen knots, very much faster than he had ever travelled in his life before, but to him she seemed to crawl. Nor did all the many ways in which he contrived to make himself useful on board do much to shorten the time for him. The last day seemed a month long.

It was over at last, and sobered down now at the nearness of the realization of his long-deferred hopes, he ordered a cab and drove to the address his wife had given him—4 a.m. on a bleak morning in February, but to him it might have been the balmiest day in June for all the heed he took to the weather. The cab drew up at the door, and as luck would have it, to speak popularly, just as Saul was about to knock the door was opened, and out came a railway guard going down to join his train. He stared at Saul wonderingly as he courteously gave him good-morning and asked if he was right in assuming that Mrs. Andrews lived here. "Yes; second floor back," replied the guard, and was gone, for he had no time to waste in conversation. It was enough. Bearing his chest as if it had been a bandbox, Saul stepped lightly up the stairs, tapped at the door, and whispered: "It's me, dear."

"Come in," said a faint voice, and he entered, to find her he sought well and strong. . . .

The misery of that room—nothing in it but the barest necessaries—troubled him not at all. Like a boy he bounded downstairs, gave the cabman a sovereign, and returned, springing like a young hart upon the mountains of Bether.

There was much to tell on both sides, but whereas he had no reservations, all that was in *his* heart came forth as crystal clear, so happy was he in being able to tell all his adventures, his hopes and fears, his long waiting in utter ignorance of what had befallen his dear one. With native art she drew such moving pictures of her loneliness, of her utter helplessness, of her nearness to starvation in the midst of mountainous plenty, that at last Saul was fain to implore her to spare him. As he truly said, he could not see how he was to blame in any way except in marrying at all, yet he could not help feeling that he was. But he could not help asking, why didn't she go or send to the mission friends. Then, feeling that she had no real reason to offer she accused innocent people. All the ribald gossip of the streets she reproduced as if it were attested evidence, and, not content with that, she suggested falsehoods and suppressed truths until Saul, grieved beyond measure, sat and wondered what manner of woman it was that he had linked his life to.

Presently he said: "Well, Lizzie, dear, I'm terrible sorry to hear you talk like that, because I know you are saying what isn't true, although I don't believe you know it. Don't, don't for heaven's sake say such things unless you know they are true. You don't know what harm you may do, not only to the people you are talking about, but to others who trust them and to those who hate them also. Lizzie, dear, let's kneel down and ask God to keep us just and true to Him and all His servants.

But she would not. She said he thought more of the dirty old mission lot than he thought of her, and much more in the same strain, which it would be painful to repeat, and I fear useless also. However, its effect upon Saul was very serious. He went out after breakfast an altered man. He saw a cross ready for his bearing that he shrank from, but to his honour be it said he determined to take it up, in all confidence that sooner or later it would be the great blessing to him that every other trial had been since he had known the Lord.

It was his intention to go down to Rotherhithe and see Jemmy at once, but before he had been out of the house ten minutes his heart smote him for leaving his wife, who had been left so long, and he returned, saying brightly, as if nothing had happened: "Wouldn't you like to have a little outing, dear, this fine bright day? Let's come and do some shopping."

Oh, wise sailor! His invitation was irresistible, for his poor wife really was badly in want of clothes, and it was so long since she had been in the possession of any money to spend on what was not bitterly necessary. So she brightened up, made the best she

could of her appearance (and it is truly wonderful what some young women can do with very little in the way of clothing), and presently they both went out, the passing cloud having apparently quite disappeared.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Of course, any reader who has followed my story thus far will fully understand that it was perfectly unthinkable that Saul should remain for any length of time away from the mission. Much as he loved his wife, he was quite shrewd enough to see that her jealous aversion to the mission was a bad thing for him to defer to, and he did not for one moment propose to himself the possibility of his doing so. Therefore, one of his earliest visits paid alone was to the place of his soul's birth, to the people whom he loved. He was sorely tempted to conceal his destination when he set out, feeling certain that his wife would not only disapprove, but would show her disapprobation strongly. But he was not the man to be overcome by such a temptation as that, and so he said: "Lizzie, dear, I'm a-goin' down to the mission this evenin'. Wouldn't you like to come?"

"I wonder how you can ask me," she replied tartly. "You know I don't hold with their rantin', hypocritical ways. But you go if you like. Never mind about me. You've only been home five minutes, and you're wantin' to get out of my reach an' back t' your mission again. People like you've no business t' get married; you're too fond o' gaddin' about an' hearin' yourselves talk——"

Why proceed further with the poor tortured woman's reproaches. She knew that she had no cause of complaint; she was quite aware that her animadversions upon the mission folks were utterly unfounded. But beneath all was the consciousness of a moral condition that, until her heart was cleansed, rendered her quite unfit for the company of Christians, that had made her nag her husband incessantly, while he was at home, and then, after shadowing him at the meetings as long as she could do so unobserved, she hurried home and awaited his return, when, by every means that a fertile brain could devise and a fluent tongue put in action, she endeavoured to wring from the harassed man an angry word. When she succeeded (and as the days wore on she succeeded, alas! only too often) she felt a perfectly diabolic combination of delight and remorse that it is not possible to explain, but that every one who has ever suffered in this way will immediately recognize.

Meanwhile, unknown to her, Saul had been striving with all his heart and soul to obtain work ashore. Many will think that, having obtained such an insight into the life he was likely to lead with his wife if he persisted in following his Master in the way he felt led to, he would have been anxious to get to sea again. Besides, he was never a man who hated his career, as do the majority of seafarers until they get supreme command. But no, he was so perfectly saturated with the desire for justice that it had become the strongest need of his life. And he felt that it was such a terrible injustice to subject his wife again to the chance of what she had already undergone that he left no stone unturned in his efforts to obtain a shore berth. Day by day his money dwindled, and fainter, apparently, became his prospects of attaining his object. But he prayed continuously, and had strong assurance that he was to be answered in the way he desired.

At last, when his stock of cash had dwindled to a solitary pound, he met one day in the West India Dock Road with his old skipper, Captain Vaughan. Their greeting was most cordial, and turning into the captain's house, which was close at hand, they enjoyed a long, long exchange of experiences since last they had parted. And presently it came out that Captain Vaughan had retired from the sea, and was now the overlooker of a line of ships. When Saul told him of his earnest wish to get a job ashore he was at first disinclined to further Saul's wishes, alleging as his reason that such a man as Saul ought to remain at sea in view of the good that he could do there, far more in proportion than he could do ashore; for Captain Vaughan was convinced of the fundamental truth that the place to missionize Jack successfully is at sea.

However, when Captain Vaughan heard Saul's side of the matter, and considered it fully, he altered his mind as far as Saul was concerned, and almost immediately got him a berth as a foreman rigger, a post he was eminently qualified to fill.

Saul went home quietly, feeling glad indeed that he had been answered by God, although his gladness was of a sober quality, since he could not help feeling that now the real battle of life

was about to begin for him. When he told his wife she was almost delirious with delight. Undoubtedly the uppermost sensation was genuine gladness that she would not again be exposed to the vicissitudes of a lonely life in London ; but she made a mental reservation that she would not, could not, go with him to the mission. She had nourished that unreasonable dislike of hers to the mission people until it was something not far removed from hatred, and the fact that it was unreasonable, that it had no basis whatever, was, I dare say, one cause of its fierceness.

Saul soon settled down to shore life, for sailors are the most adaptable of men. His help, now regularly given at the mission, was a most blessed boon to them. Thrice on a Sunday and twice in the week he gave up an hour or so to the work of God among them, and all the rest of his time he spent at home when not at work. Also out of his wages, which averaged forty-five shillings weekly, he set aside five shillings for the mission. They were now indeed a stalwart band, doing a splendid work in the midst of their own people, a work that certainly could not have been done so well by any other organization whatever. And any one of the principal workers was a host in himself.

Jemmy, mellowing from day to day under the sunny atmosphere of his transformed home life, was noticeably less insistent upon the eternal damnation of literal fire awaiting those who did not come to Jesus while here below. He gave his loving humanity a chance, and began dimly to recognize the great fact of the pre-eminence of love over fear. This reacted healthily also upon his treatment of those Christians who differed from him on minor points of doctrine, softened the asperities that often disfigure the character of the most godly men when discussing the things that do not matter. Brother and Sister Salmon remained, as they always had been, the peaceful light-shedders of the little band, looked up to and most tenderly loved by all the rest.

But Maylie, Paterson, and Harrop were the wonders of the place. Their gifts were so very remarkable, their power over the people among whom they lived and worked so great, that it was no wonder overtures were again and again made to them to get them away into larger spheres of work. Again and again they were told that they were burying their talent in the earth, that they were wasting golden opportunities, and so forth. No such arguments moved them one jot.

Maylie, especially, although he was rising steadily to the head of affairs in the great firm where he earned his bread, and was now in a position that would have made him a decided acquisition to the roll of officers of any great church, treated any suggestion that he should go up higher in the world of Christian work as a joke. He would quietly say to any of his friends outside when they in all seriousness remonstrated with him for still remaining in such a company:

"It's not of the slightest use talking to me. I could not be happy anywhere else. I believe that the work God has given me to do here is exactly what I'm fit for. I feel as if nobody could do it better than I can. And I feel, too, that it is a good thing in Christian work to keep low down. I'll stick to the old mission until God himself shifts me out of it."

Pug and Jack Maskery still maintained their free-lance connection with the mission, Pug being exceptionally happy and contented there, especially as the boy whom he had rescued from the prison-gate had turned out all right, and a great comfort to him in his fast-increasing decrepitude. He had got the lad into a large shop close by the court in which they had lived, where he was always handy, where his hours were good, and he was greatly esteemed. And poor old Pug was never tired of quoting that sublime line: "At eventide it shall be light."

Woody, whose withered old frame seemed to have in it something of the gnarled and knotted fibre of the oak logs sawn from broken-up ships that he sold, still went on his way rejoicing. Never a member of the mission —that is to say, inscribed on its books—he nevertheless came and went freely and much more frequently than anywhere else. He was always most heartily welcome, for he always brought with him a sense of power that lifted whatever was being done at the time on to a still higher plane.

I have before mentioned that Saul, at the cost of very much home trouble, persisted manfully in his connection with the mission, giving up to it a percentage of his time as he did of his money. That proportion, however, could certainly not with any reason be called a large one—say, one hour on Sunday morning for prayer-meeting, two hours for breaking of bread,

hours for Sunday-evening work
ımmer and two in winter, two
on Thursday, and one on Sat-
. Ten hours weekly as a max-
ı. It must be remembered, too,
to get his wife to come with him
these meetings, Saul would have
fully made great sacrifices. That,
ver, she would not only not do,
by every artifice that cunning
devise or fearless unscrupulous-
carry out, she tried to prevent
from going. Occasionally she
ı burst into such a whirl-
of passion just as he
setting out for the meeting
he felt it unwise to go and leave
ınd he had the miserable alterna-
of sitting at home listening to
railing at all the people at the
on, himself principally.
was in evil case, for he could
;o anywhere out of her way. A
man would have thrown up the
gle and gone to sea, or thrown
ıe mission and gone to the pub-
ıuse. Saul did neither. Occa-
lly, invited by a friend, he went
ıend a quiet hour at some hap-
home than his own, but his
ı of friends was very limited, and
his wife had come and, in vul-
parlance, kicked up a row once
ıvice, his friends fought shy of
ompany at home for fear of the
equences. Yet he stayed with
and tried to read while she
d upon him by the hour, using
r taunt, every unkind and untrue
ıation that her fertile imagina-
suggested to her. Yet all this
served to harden his moral fibre,
iffen his back, as it were, while
tenderness and open-heartedness
ined as before. What his poor
suffered herself will never be
rn.

At length, in a time of severe ill-
ness, she reached a saner condition
of mind. In an agony of contrition
she flung herself at his feet and im-
plored his forgiveness for the way
she had been treating him, promising
vehemently that she would never,
never behave so again, acknowledg-
ing that in his behaviour to her he
was far, far too good to her, and so
on.

Putting both his arms round her
neck, he said: "My poor, help-
less darlin', of course I forgive you."
Then peaceful, happy tears rolled
down her wan face, and holding her
hand in his she slept. The danger
passed away, and, the happy mother
of a beautiful boy, she was soon about
again, a veritable sunbeam in the
house. Very beautiful, very touching
was her devotion to her husband.
Occasionally she would forget and
break out into sharp words; occasion-
ally she would allow herself to speak
uncharitably of those about whose
motives and of whose services she
could not know very much. But that
is only saying that she was, like all
the rest of us, not yet made perfect.

Years have passed away, but Saul
and his wife, hand in hand, are still
treading the way of righteousness.
Here we must leave them, still plod-
ding along peacefully and patiently
in the work of the mission, still doing
that which they believe to be the will
of God, in a quiet and unostentatious
manner; poor as regards what the
world values, but rich in the love and
ever-growing esteem each has for the
other. A family is growing up around
them, youngsters whom they fondly
hope will in God's own good time take
their places, and take up their work
as another generation of the Apostles
of the South-East.

THE END.

SEA IN AUTUMN.

I know how all the hollows of the land
  Are bright with harvest; how with every breeze
  Her largesse autumn scatters from the trees,
And how the sheaves are piled on every hand.
Basks the brown earth; her toil hath brought her ease.
  Here is the lesson, plain to understand;
  Yet there remaineth somewhat—pace the strand,
And watch awhile the vast, the infertile seas.

Deeper than earth's their calm; from marge to marge
  Wide stretched they lie, untroubled by the need
  Of any fruitage; barren and content,
They know the secret of a hope more large
  Than earth has guessed at; them a richer meed
  Than toil can win th'inscrutable heavens have sent.

—*C. A. Price.*

YON STOUT MAN.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SANDY SCOTT'S BIBLE CLASS."

REMEMBER one night when Jamie Stewart (for he was a surly character) literally growled out:

"I dinna haud wi thae 'vangelistic meetings."

"Na, lad?" said Sandy. "What ails ye at them?"

"What ails me at them? A'thing ails me at them. Gin folk maun hae 'vangelistic meetings they should keep to Bible ways wi' them."

"Nae mistak' but they should keep to Bible ways. Ye've a right to complain, Jim, gin they dinna keep to Bible ways. But we might hae a look at what ye would ca' a 'vangelistic meeting in the Scriptur', and syne we'll ken how to do.

"In the fifth chapter o' Luke, near half-roads through the chapter, we hae a sight o' a great muckle 'vangelistic meeting. It's no like ane o' thae meetings at Inchraig, but an awfu' crowd o' folk, and a' the big folk at it. Pharisees and Doctors o' the Law sitting by frae ilka town far and near. The streets is black wi' folk, gentry and lairds and lawyers and a heap o' ministers forbye.

"And here's a man in a gey awkward fix. He's down wi' the palsy, and isna fit to stir; it's plain he canna get to the meeting. But it's no easy making things plain to some folk, for some o' his friends they've determined to carry him down. Four o' them's bargained to gie him a lift, so after their work's through they mak' themsel's snod, and gang up-bye to his house. And the wife she comes to the door, and she doesna ken what to think. She's used wi' them coming ane or maybe twa at a time to speir after her man and gie him the news, but when she sees the four a' at ance she's some put about, for there isna nae mair than the twa chairs in the ben room. They might hae let her ken their errand aforehand, but they didna, for whiles when folk ken things aforehand they're ready to raise objections. But the wife she sees a kind o' twinkle in their een, and says she, 'What's ado the night?'

"And ane o' the men, he would be a short, stout man, says he, 'We've been scheming to tak' James down to the Master.'

"'James!' cries the wife. 'The doctor tell'd me it would be the death o' James to shift him off o' his bed.'

"'Likely enough,' says the stout man; 'but it would be the life o' James to hae him down to the Master, and we was thinking to tak' bed and a', and to hap him weel up.'

"'Bed and a'!' says the wife, 'you're no blate.' But after she thinks owre it a wee, says she, 'Na, it'll no do, for it's no the best bed he's on, and I wouldna like to be put to shame afore folk.'

"So the stout man cries to the tither three, 'We'll awa hame then, lads. It doesna do for folk to be put to shame afore folk.'

"But they hadna gone nae distance when the wife she cries to them to halt, and says she, 'It's maybe mair shame to let James bide. I hae a right fancy cover that would set that bed fine, and if ye would pay partic'lar attention to keep it aye well happit, the bed wouldna be muckle noticed. And see and no let the cover draggle in the mud.'

"'Oh,' says the stout man, 'but we'll pay attention to that, and we'll study a'thing.'

"Says the wife, 'But James is a' to be redd up yet, it's a pity ye hadna tell'd us at dinner-time.'

"Says the stout man, 'We're no in nae hurry. Mak' ye a'thing snod, and we'll bide or you're through.' And says he to the tithers, 'The meeting doesna commence or half-eight, so we hae plenty time. Ye hae aye to mak' allowance for women folk.

"And after maybe a twenty minutes the wife comes out and bids them come ben for she has a'thing in order. And the stout man he tak's the west

* The accompanying Scottish version of the story of the healing of the paralytic, who was let down through the roof into the presence of our Lord, is from that clever book, "Sabbath Nights at Pitcoonans," (American Tract Society, New York).

o' the head o' the bed, and a
ier man the east side, and the
twa's at the foot. And al-
h the Scriptur' doesna mention
wouldna be surprised but that
ife hersel' put on her things and
the road ahint them, for she
be down to hear the upshot.
it when thae four men gets
iand the town they're terrible
)ointed, for the streets is throng.
ane o' the four, 'A rat couldna
ze through that, let alone a
and he sets his end o' the bed
wi' an ill-tempered jerk.
'anny, lad, canny!' cries the
man, and they shift corners, and
:out man gangs to the front.
s no an easy job, but the stout
ias a kind o' a way wi' him that
folk's fancy, and where ither
:ouldna win bye themsel's he
bye wi' the bed. And syne they
p to the door, but the meeting's
The polis has orders no to
nae mair to come ben, and the
maun aye be respec'it. The
man, he's considering what's to
ne, when the lad that gied the
:ries out, 'A' our labour for
in', that's the end o' it.'
t's no the end o' it,' says the
man, 'for gin we dinna get
to the Master we be to carry
iame again.'
it the stout man he makes the
intance o' ane o' the polis, and
is there no nae possibeelity to
ı. And the polis he says, 'Ye
try by the close off the nether
And so they're off wi' their
gain, and when they get round
tither side the crowd slackens,
here's no nae folk in the close.
Ve'll try the roof,' says the
man, and up they gang. But
he has a' his plans laid he
on his promise to the wife no
the bed be seen, so he tak's
pieces o' cord and binds the
cover fair owre it. Syne he
thought o' how the meeting'll
ranged, and whereabouts the
r Himsel' would be. And when
onsidered it a', says he to the
ı, 'We'll lift the tiles canny off
and syne we'll set James down
ı front o' the Master.'
id ane o' the tithers would say,
hae to gang down wi him and
ı the natur' o' his complaint.
he stout man says, 'Na, we're
to explain the natur' o' his
iint, and we might mak' a
:'. There's mair the matter wi'
folk than folk ken, but the Master kens the natur' o' a' complaints. We're safe to trust James wi' Him.'

"But gin we're to hae a right sight o' it a', we maun leave thae folk on the roof and gang round by the door and win ben inside, polis or no. And as we win in, the folk's a' looking to see what's ado wi' the roof, and after maybe a minute or twa here's James let down on his bed! The folk dinna ken what to think, but the Master kens, for the Master kent he was coming. And when He looks up to the four keeking down frae the roof, and sees their satisfied look, as though they would say, 'James'll be a' right now,' He sees they had confidence in Him, and to them that hae that He aye comes up to their expectations. A'body's looking, and ilka ane says to himsel', 'Pay attention now for it's gaun to be a miracle.' But na, it's an awfu' disappointment, it's no nae miracle ava', for the Master just says to the man, 'Thy sins be forgiven thee.' It's an awfu' disappointment; it wasna for that they carried him a' the road. But the man wi' the palsy he doesna look nane disappointed, it's miracle to him. Ye would think he would be like to greet that he's no to get healed after a', and ye would think his face would be black wi' shame to hear his sins spoke about afore folk. Ye would think he would cry to his friends on the roof, 'Haul awa' up, lads, for I'm no to lie here and hae my sins cracked about.'

"But patience, patience a wee, for we haena gotten a right look. Yon's him lying wi' a face like to laugh, and so far frae being shamefaced he's like as he had something to be proud o'—'glorying in his shame' as ye would say. But na, that's no the right sight o' him yet. He's lying yonder and he's like to laugh, and he doesna heed wha sees or hears; he's like as he had been left a fortun'. Ay, that's the truth o' it, he has been left a fortun', for he's gotten the receipted accounts o' a' he was due, and nae wonder he canna look glum. A' the time he's been ill he's been sair troubled about his sins. When he hadna naething to think upon, they were aye there forcing themsel's forrit to his mind, whether he be willing or no. It's an awfu' job to lie on your bed gin your sins bena forgiven, ye canna escape the thought o' them. Gin ye be weel ye mayna tak' time for thought, and Satan aye keeps his folk at the trot for fear they get sight o'

their sins. But set ye a man that hasna got his sins forgiven, set ye him for an hour or twa where he canna work, and canna read, and canna crack, and bid him think about himsel'; he would gie a' he possessed to win out, for there's naething mair fearsome to folk than themsel's. Them that ken what it is, ken what yon palsied man felt when he heard his sins was forgiven. It was a'thing to him and muckle mair than a'thing. It would tak' him a' his time no to sing out in the midst o' them a'. He would aye keep running owre to himsel', 'Thy sins be forgiven thee! Thy sins be forgiven thee!' It's the brawest news he's heard yet, for the Master's settled up a' that was due, and He mak's owre the dischairged accounts. A body can haud his head gey high when he has the dischairged accounts."

"It was grand," said Dave Paterson.

"Nae mistak' but it was grand, and gin I had been yon palsied man I would hae been like to cry to them on the roof, 'Haul awa up now, I can thole the palsy now.' But he had mair patience than me, and it was just as weel. You're never wise to hurry awa when you're near-hand the Master, for ye never ken how muckle mair's to come. So syne he gets healed o' the palsy as weel, for the Master has power to do onything and a'thing. It aye pays to gang to the Master."

"I would hae liked fine to hae been yon stout man," said Tom Duff.

"Plenty folk would like to hae been yon stout man, but it's no ilka ane would hae ta'en as muckle pains to gie a neeber a lift to the Master, or would hae haen as muckle patience. Patience is needed as weel as pains."

"But ane canna redeem his brither," said Dave Paterson.

"Na, ane canna redeem his brither, but maist o' folk can gie their brither a lift gin they're fair determined on it. Ye mind the impotent man lay thirty-and-eight year afore he got onybody to gie him a lift, and that was a gey disgrace to folk. He didna need nae mair than a lift to the pool, but naebody offered it. There's whiles a scarcity o' lifters. It's astonishing how a body can help a body."

"But folk arena aye very willing to tak' help, and it's no an easy job to compel them," said Dave.

"An easy job!" said Sandy, "I'm sair mista'en gin yon stout man had an easy job, for gin ever a body had the door slamm'd fair in their face it was yon stout man. He might hae said it wasna the will o' providence for James to get to the Master, and he might hae said it ten times owre, for naebody would conterdic'; but folk dinna aye read providence right. And gin ye want easy jobs ye've ta'en the wrong trade, Dave; but I ken ye better than ye ken yoursel', for ye're no the lad to stick at a stiff job."

"A body would hae mair heart til it, gin it was intellec'ual difeeculties they was ca'd upon to help. That lifting o' folk's mair machine work. Onybody can do it."

"Onybody canna do it, and what's mair, onybody doesna do it. And gin we're to pick and choose, folk'll be like to speir 'Wha's master?'"

"A body would do their endeavour to get folk down to meetings or ony place where the Master was, gin they kent it would do ony good, but there's heaps o' folk gang to kirks and meetings, and yet they're no nane the better."

"Man, Dave, it's a pity ye hadna been yonder to tell a' that to yon stout man. Ye would hae saved him his labour."

"Na, ye ken fine, Sandy, I would be the first to do it gin I thought it would do ony good."

"I ken that weel, but the fau'ts wi' ye in no thinking it would do good. Yon stout man was positeeve it would do good gin he ainee had James to the Master. Be ye positeeve that it will do good, gin ye get folk to the Master, and wha kens but ye may hae as braw returns as yon stout man himsel'? Dinna be blate to let the Master ken ye're there, and that ye've somebody wi' ye. And there's this, yon stout man hadna nae notion that James was troubled about his sins. There's folk ye ken, and ye think they've never thought about their sins, but tak' ye them down to the Master and ye'll mak' this discovery, that a' their thoughts was about them. Ye think they're heedless, but they're no, for there's twa kind o' hypocrites. There's them that profess to heed about their soul's concerns when they dinna, that's the ae kind, and there's them that professes no to heed when they do, that's the tither kind, and it's no the kind there's fewest o'. Mak' ye up your mind, Dave, that a' 'ill be weel wi' your friends gin they ainee come in contac' wi' the Master. Mak' ye it

your business to hae them where the Master is, He'll mak' it His business to heal them. Dinna believe it possible they'll hae to be carried hame again gin they're aince aside Him. Expec' a'thing and ye'll win a'thing. Expec' things that ye canna expec', for He's the God that does wonders, and wonders are the things folk canna expec'. Yon stout man expec'it wonders, and he got them, too. He's wondering yet he got as muckle.

"But, bairns, there's this, I'm thinking the Almighty wonders at ye and me. He's waiting us wi' His hands fu' wi' blessings, and He's wondering why we dinna come. The wonder is no that He's willing to gie so muckle, though the very angels wonder at that, the wonder is that we're no willing to gang for it. There's muckle cause for wonder."

"Thae Bible meetings wouldna hae been nae mair to my liking than the Inchraig anes," said Jamie Stewart, as we went home.

"Then where does the fau't lie, Jim?" said Tom. "Is the fau't wi' the Bible or wi' your liking?"

Jim did not reply, and the rest of us were quiet. Some of us were wondering who it was whom we should lift to the Master, for we must needs lift some one.

TRANSLATED.*

BY E. J. A.

He was Nature's ardent lover,
Hand in hand they trod,
He heard her softest whisper
And felt her great pulse throb,
From morn 'til eve he wooed her,
Nor spurned she such an one,
But led him to her Father
And to His blessed Son.

A prince she fain would make him,
And he strove to win his crown,
Nor heeding worldly flatter,
Nor daunted by a frown.
When the mountains rose before him,
And the sky grew black o'erhead
He stole away to Jesus
Who e'er his footsteps led.

Earth's laurels lay before him,
Her honours at his feet,
When he caught a fairer vision,
Of the Holy City street.

Then earthly grandeur faded
As he beheld that sight;
He crossed the stream with Jesus,
And gained the Crown of Life.

His comrades whispered "Failure,
His work on earth is done!"
But Jesus answers, "Never!
His work has just begun."
His prayers for every classmate
Still come before the throne,
Oh! hear his gentle pleading,
As he beckons you, come home!

A father's sole companion,
A mother's only boy,
Five sisters loved him dearly,
Our home was filled with joy;
But gladly will we suffer
And smother every groan
If by our loss some other boy
Will gain that Heavenly Home.

*In loving memory of Robert T. Anderson, drowned in Georgian Bay, June 16th, 1903, while collecting for Biological Station, Victoria University.

WESLEY'S DOCTRINE OF CHRISTIAN PERFECTION.*

BY THE REV. N. BURWASH, S.T.D., LL.D., F.R.S.C.,
Chancellor of Victoria University.

II.

T each of the Conferences during the three years following the subject was considered. There is evidently difference of opinion as to the possibility of being "saved from all sin before death." It is equally evident that they have also before their minds the testimony of persons who are living in the enjoyment of a most vivid consciousness of present salvation from sin. The grace which they enjoy Mr. Wesley wishes fully to recognize. The objection raised is one of definition. On this point he is quite willing to suspend judgment, holding that such suspense is no sin till we have full and strong proof. With Mr. Wesley's high ethical ideals he readily recognized the force of the objections of those who disliked the term, "sinless perfection." In keeping with these conversations at Conference is another fact of this date. In 1748 Mr. Wesley published his second volume of sermons. In the very forefront of this volume he placed the sermon on the Circumcision of the Heart, preached before the University of Oxford in 1733. We have already noted the fact that this sermon contains the finest ethical description of inward holiness in our language outside the Bible. This high ideal of pure intention, full consecration, perfect love, making God the supreme centre of all our inward as well as outward life, he still holds fast. But, in the meantime, he has learned the supreme importance, for its attainment, of the definite experience reached by an act of faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. A general faith he had already included in his description of the perfected life, "which is an unshaken assent to all that God hath revealed in the Scripture," and in particular to the fact of the Atonement. But now he adds the following, drawn not from theology, but from the evangelical experience: "The revelation of Christ in our hearts, a divine evidence or conviction of his love, his free, unmerited love to me, a sinner; a sure confidence in his pardoning mercy, wrought in us by the Holy Ghost; a confidence whereby every believer is enabled to bear witness, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' and that I have 'an Advocate with the Father,' and that 'Jesus Christ, the righteous,' is my Lord, and 'the propitiation for my sins.' I know that He hath 'loved me and given himself for me'—He hath reconciled me, even me, to God; and I have 'redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins.'"

Thus, through the first ten years of Mr. Wesley's evangelical experience and work, we have two distinct but not antagonistic or contradictory elements in his ideal of Christian perfection—a theological and ethical conception, formed from his earlier life through his studies of Taylor, Law, a-Kempis, and Scripture, and which he at first expected to reach by a process of growth in the use of means and religious exercises, and by the power of sacramental grace, and by diligent attention to all moral and religious duty—and, added to this, a conception drawn from a distinct religious experience (his own and that of others), of the love of God shed abroad in the heart, an experience reached by faith in the atonement, preceded by deep conviction of sin, and followed by the fulness of a divine assurance. Those who viewed the subject from the side of conscious religious experience and emotion used very strong terms; and, feeling conscious of overflowing love and joy, and of the absence of the old struggle with sin, had no difficulty in speaking of a full salvation from the guilt, the power, and the indwelling of all sin. In the midst of the glorious experience of ten years of revival power, Mr. Wesley was drawn more and more to this view of subjective

* A paper read before the Theological Union of the Bay of Quinte Conference, June, 1903.

ence, and recognized its full sig-
ıce, even from the theological
of view. It formed the very
and strength of young Meth-
. But under the pressure of the
ion and theological controversy
he guarded himself against all
ne forms of expression, and
st a hasty approval of all who,
the ardour of a glowing experi-
and sometimes without the
st moral judgment of themselves,
f their own life, made very high
ot insincere professions.

ɜ, we think, expressed his posi-
ıp to the end of the second de-
of the Methodist revival. In
ıe writes: "I rejoice that that
ɜ always happy in Christ, always
f prayer and thanksgiving. I
e that he feels no unholy tem-
ɔut the pure love of God con-
ly. And I will rejoice if sin
pended till it is totally destroyed.
Is there no danger, then, in a
being thus deceived?

Not at the time that he feels
n. There was danger before,
here will be again, when he
into fresh trials. But so long
feels nothing but love animat-
all his thoughts, words, and
s, he is in no danger; he is not
ıappy, but safe under the shadow
he Almighty. And, for God's
let him continue in that love as
as he can; meantime, you may
ell to warn him of the danger
vill be, if his love grow cold and
vive, even the danger of casting
hope, and supposing that be-
he hath not attained yet, there-
ıe never shall.

But what if none have attained
? What if all who think so
ɛceived?

Convince me of this, and I will
ı it no more. But understand
ght, I do not build any doctrine
is or that person. This or any
man may be deceived, and I am
ıoved. But if there are none
perfect yet, God hath not sent
preach perfection."

se are important words. They
clearly that Mr. Wesley placed
confidence in the testimony of
pirit in the hearts of believers,
n the work of the Spirit in re-
s experience. It is through this
of the Spirit in conscious experi-
ɔy faith that perfection of Chris-
ɛharacter is attained. On this
he was very clear. "It is re-
by faith." But his definition
fection was still an ethical char-
rather than a conscious religious
experience. But it was an ethical character reached through conscious experience, and of which the conscious love of God and the cessation of sinful desires and tempers were the characteristic elements. He now also begins to speak of this character as being attained in a moment by an instantaneous experience. This experience he compares with that of conversion, and describes in these words:

"When, after being fully convinced of inbred sin by a far deeper and clearer conviction than he experienced before justification, and after having experienced a gradual mortification of it, he experiences a total death to sin, and an entire renewal in the love and image of God, so as to rejoice evermore, to pray without ceasing, and in everything to give thanks. Not that to feel all love and no sin is a sufficient proof; several have experienced this for a time before their souls were fully renewed. None, therefore, ought to believe that the work is done, till there is added the testimony of the Spirit, witnessing his entire sanctification as clearly as his justification."

We may add to this the presentation of the doctrine contained in Sermon XLIII., published in 1750. In this sermon he clings to his favourite designation of religion as "Salvation by faith." But this salvation is, first justification, then sanctification. Justification is pardon attested by the witnessing Spirit as the peace that passeth all understanding. And at the same time that we are justified, yea, "in that instant, we are born again," and "in that very moment sanctification begins." "From the time of our being born again, the gradual work of sanctification takes place." "As we are more and more dead to sin, we are more and more alive to God." "It is thus that we wait for entire sanctification, for a full salvation from all our sins, from pride, self-will, anger, unbelief, or, as the Apostle expresses it, go on to perfection."

But this salvation, in both its aspects, is received by faith; and he thus describes the faith by which "we are sanctified, saved from sin, and perfected in love." After describing the continuance in good works and the higher repentance which follow justification, and which prepare the way for this higher faith, he says:

"1. It is a Divine evidence and conviction that God hath promised it in the Holy Scripture. Till we are

thoroughly satisfied of this, there is no moving one step further.

"2. That what God hath promised He is able to perform. 'With men it is impossible, but with God all things are possible.'

"3. It is a Divine evidence and conviction that He is able and willing to do it now. And why not? Is not one moment to Him the same as a thousand years? He cannot want more time to accomplish whatever is His will. And He cannot want or stay for any more worthiness or fitness in the persons He is pleased to honour. We may, therefore, boldly say, at any point of time, Now is the day of salvation."

"4. To this confidence, that God is both able and willing to sanctify us now, there needs to be added one thing more, a Divine evidence and conviction that He doeth it. In that hour it is done. God says to the inmost soul, According to thy faith be it unto thee! Then the soul is pure from every spot of sin; it is clean from all unrighteousness. The believer then experiences the deep meaning of those solemn words, 'If we walk in the light as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ, his son, cleanseth us from all unrighteousness.'"

Wesley has written nothing on the subject of an instantaneous experience stronger than this. And in reviewing this teaching, some years later, he says, "Both my brother and I maintained:

"1. That Christian perfection is that love of God and our neighbour which implies deliverance from all sin.

"2. That this is received merely by faith.

"3. That it is given instantaneously in one moment.

"4. That we are to expect it not at death, but every moment, and that now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation."

If any further evidence of the Wesleyan teaching were needed, we might quote Charles Wesley's hymn, No. 525, in our Hymn-book:

"Father, I dare believe
Thee merciful and true;
Thou wilt my guilty soul forgive,
My fallen soul renew.
Come, then, for Jesus' sake,
And bid my heart be clean;
An end of all my troubles make,
An end of all my sin.

"I will, through grace, I will,
I do, return to Thee;
Empty my heart, O Lord, and fill
With perfect purity!
For power I feebly pray;
Thy kingdom now restore,
To-day, while it is called to-day,
And I shall sin no more.

"I cannot wash my heart,
But by believing Thee,
And waiting for Thy blood to impart
The spotless purity.
While at Thy cross I lie,
Jesus, Thy grace bestow,
Now Thy all-cleansing blood apply,
And I am white as snow."

It was when his teaching had reached this point that the second great outpouring of spiritual power in the Methodist revival took place. This began in London in 1762. Mr. Wesley says: "There was a great increase in the work of God. Many were deeply convinced of their lost estate. Many found redemption in the blood of Christ. Not a few backsliders were healed. And a considerable number of persons believed that God had saved them from all sin."

The outpouring of blessing which thus began in London spread over the whole land, and continued for several years. Mr. Wesley in one place speaks of it as greatly helpful to his own soul. Its effect upon his teaching of the doctrine of Christian perfection was twofold.

1. He was more than ever established in the importance of presenting it as a definite and instantaneous experience of a conscious salvation from all sin, received by faith, and attested by a full assurance of the Spirit. He had now the opportunity of examining carefully many hundreds of witnesses. There was, it is true, much chaff among the wheat. There were in London, especially, many enthusiasts who were carried away with various delusions. Some believed they would never die. Others predicted the end of the world to be at hand. Others thought Mr. Wesley could no longer be their teacher because he did not make profession of a second blessing, as they did, and called him "Blind John." Others began to refine upon their frames and feelings by describing various kinds of higher blessings which they had received. Others looked upon themselves as infallible, both morally and intellectually. They were directly taught of God. But Mr. Wesley was enabled, in the provi-

of God, to pass through all this
ıt either being imposed upon by
ıthusiasm of the deluded, or, on
her hand, losing his faith in the
ıe and scriptural work of the
Spirit. His confidence in the
witness of the Holy Spirit as a
ground of assurance was un-
ı. But he insisted more than
upon the fruits. He was not
ed either to sympathise with or
to the wise critics who assumed
:titude of cold scepticism toward
ıo made an earnest profession of
alvation. In one place where
und thirty or forty who were
.tly under enthusiastic delusion,
ınd several hundreds whom he
led as genuine witnesses to the
ng of perfect love. A finer
ıle of sanctified wisdom and
ation can scarcely be found than
played during this trying period,
some of his most trusted and
sful preachers were carried away
thusiastic delusion, and became
s of secession. Thomas Max-
was a conspicuous example of
In spite of all this, he did not
r his judgment that perfect love
eived by faith, that it is given
ıoment, and that we should look
now—and especially that it is
ed by the direct witness of the
Spirit. But this trying experi-
ed him to review the whole pro-
of the inner life with the most
l scrutiny, comparing all things
he language of Scripture, and no
of Mr. Wesley's writing on this
t is more valuable, especially in
ay, than the part of his "Plain
nt" written after this date.
ore summing up our study of Mr.
y's views on this subject, another
demands a moment's attention.
Wesley never denied that Chris-
erfection might be gradually at-
. In answer to the question,
his death to sin gradual or in-
neous?" he answers, "A man
ɔe dying for some time, yet he
not, properly speaking, die till
stant the soul is separated from
ody; and in that instant he lives
fe of eternity. In like manner,
y be dying to sin for some time;
e is not dead to sin till sin is
ıted from his soul. And in that
t he lives the full life of love.
ıs the change undergone when
ody dies is of a different kind,
nfinitely greater than any can
ve till he experiences it; yet he
rows in grace, in knowledge of
, in the love and image of God;
and will do so, not only till death,
but to all eternity."

Again, in 1764, he says: "An instantaneous change has been wrought in some believers; none can deny this. Since that change they enjoy perfect love. They 'rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in everything give thanks.' Now, this is all I mean by perfection; therefore, these are witnesses of the perfection which I preach. 'But in some this change was not instantaneous.' They did not perceive the instant when it was wrought. It is often difficult to perceive the instant when a man dies. Yet there is an instant in which life ceases. And if even sin ceases, there must be a last moment of its existence, and a first moment of our deliverance from it.

It is evident from these passages that Mr. Wesley regards the essentials of the way of holiness, whether attained in a supreme moment of wonderful conscious experience, or by such gradual steps that the supreme moment cannot be distinguished, as still the same for all. Perfection is in every case reached, not by a process of education or natural development, but by the exercise of faith in Christ, in answer to which the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost given unto us. It is salvation from sin through faith in Christ. The probability is that Mr. Wesley himself never had the marked second experience which he witnessed in so many of his people. He has at least never recorded any such; and if it had come to him, his emphasis of his first experience makes it very likely that he would have told us of the second. We have seen that this fact led some of his enthusiastic followers to despise him and call him "Blind John." There was perhaps a slight tone of regret in the words, when, about 1750, he wrote: "Perhaps it may be gradually wrought in some; I mean in this sense, that they do not advert to the particular moment when sin ceases to be. But it is infinitely desirable, were it the will of God, that it should be done instantaneously, that the Lord should destroy sin by the breath of his mouth, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye. And so he generally does, a plain fact of which there is evidence enough to satisfy any unprejudiced person." But in his own case either the full salvation came to him on that ever memorable 24th of May, 1738, or he was one of those in whose heart love was unfolded

and sin destroyed so gradually that he was never able to advert to the precise moment, or to speak of it with the strong assurance of a direct witness. And yet few would say of him that the fruit of holiness in his life was less perfect than in any of his followers. In conclusion, we may say that Mr. Wesley's doctrine of Christian Perfection lies at the very heart of the great religious movement known as Methodism. Justification by faith was the watchword of the Reformation, and was not a theological symbol, but a new spiritual life, a gospel of grace to the nations. Mr. Wesley's mission was to enlarge that gospel to a free, full, and present salvation by faith attested by the power and full assurance of the Holy Ghost. Under the Roman Church, the penitent sought forgiveness of sins at the hand of the priest, and his faith, if faith he had, was veiled under the sacramental act of confession and absolution. Luther brought faith out into distinct consciousness, but it was faith for the forgiveness of sins. Wesley, led back again into the twilight of sacerdotalism, through the teaching of the High Church mystics, was led to feel the need, not of forgiveness alone, but also of a new heart and a holy life, and when, by the leading hand of God, he discovered the way of faith, it was as the way, not to pardon alone, but to regeneration, and sanctification as well. He had sought perfection in holiness by sacerdotal and sacramental acts, and ascetic exercises. Now he was led to seek it by simple faith. His age was, thanks be to God, an age of strong, clear, distinct, religious experiences, and out of those experiences came the doctrine which we have endeavoured to place before you. Wesley could point to instances of full salvation by faith wrought in a second experience as distinct as of justification by faith wrought in the first. Both became daily occurrences in the great work of which he was the instrument. The evidence of them was abundant. They distinguished Methodism from an objective, educational, formal Christianity; and if Methodism to-day is to maintain her original distinction, her need of abundant evidence of the second blessing is quite as great as of the first. The heart of each is a clear, strong, Divine assurance of salvation by the present indwelling of the Holy Ghost.

THE VISION OF THE SOUL.

BY IAN MACLAREN.

Author of the "Bonnie Brier Bush," etc.

THERE were many modest homes in the Glen, but the humblest of them all was that of Bell Robb, where she lived with Jean her sister, and blind Marjorie. It had only one room, and that had only one window. A tall man could stand upright only in the centre, and the hearth was so near the top of the chimney that it was a fight in the winter time between the fire and the snow, and the snow used to win the battle before morning. There was a box bed at the back of the room where Bell and Jean slept, and the lowliest of little beds just below the window had been Marjorie's home night and day for many a long year, because she had not only been blind from her birth, but since middle age had also been paralyzed. There was a table and two chairs, and a dresser on which the humble stock of crockery was carefully displayed. From above the fireplace the humblest of oil lamps, called a cruzie, projected; but the cottage had two brass candlesticks which were never used, but were polished like unto fine gold and were the glory of the home.

If Providence had been unkind to any person in the Glen it was to Marjorie, for her birth had been a tragedy, and the helpless child, blind and feeble, had been flung upon the world. She had never known father or mother; she had never seen the primroses in the Tochty woods when spring made her first visit, nor the purple of the heather in autumn time, nor the golden corn in the field before her door, nor the sunshine upon the burn down below. She

kinsfolk to take charge of her, no claim upon any one except r law authorities, and had she rn into a parish like Kilbogie khouse had been her only asy-

t was a kindly little world into this poor waif and stray had world which had not many nor much money, whose ways rious and whose manner was but whose heart was big and Drumtochty had its laws of policy which Government itself ver able to override, which an and woman in the Glen set ves to enforce. And one was native of the Glen should ever to the coldness and bondage of house; that, however poor he be and however long he lived, t be kept in the shelter of our oods, where he could see the run. As a matter of fact, this t so great a burden on the neigh- for Drumtochty folk had a objection, which not even the spirit creeping up into the Glen vercome, against being paupers nding on any person save on lves and God. Drumtochty had for wastrels and very little hy with shiftless people, but le, poor Marjorie, she had the to work—we judged she had the highest spirit in the Glen— at could she do without sight th her trembling hands? So n adopted Marjorie, and de- in wayside talk and many a rd conference that she had given nore than they had ever given

Robb and Jean, her sister, their living by hoeing turnips, potatoes, binding at harvest and ing the stones off the field— were ever coming up to the sur- our poor, thin soil—and they between them on an average, January to December, nearly shillings a week. They declared eing two solitary women, Provi- had intended they should have ie; and now for thirty years d been with them, and they upon her twice as much as they d in grants from the parish in- , and declared with brazen ery that they were making a ortune out of her.

also gave sixpence a month to stentation fund of the Free Kirk, shilling at a great collection, and e was any little presentation in en they had a shilling for that also. How they did those things was only known to God. Their faces were lined by labour and burned brown by the sun, but they looked well in the light of the Sacrament, for they were partakers of the Lord's Cross; their hands were rough and hard with field labour, but very gentle and kindly when they waited upon Marjorie. And when Marjorie began to relate the catalogue of her blessings she always put next to her Saviour, Bell and her sister Jean. The two sisters have had their humble funeral years ago, and their tired bodies with Marjorie's body of humiliation were laid to rest in the old kirkyard and theirs was then the reward of Him who said, "I was a stranger and ye took me in."

Drumsheugh, returning from Muirtown market one afternoon by road, dropped in to pass the time o' day with Marjorie—leaving half a pound of tea upon the dresser—and was arrested by the humility of her bed. He was overheard saying "Sall" to himself as he returned to the main road with the tone of a man who had come to a resolution, and next Friday he drove up from Muirtown with a small iron bedstead, arranged in parts over his dogcart, while he sat with dignity upon the mattress. The installation of Marjorie into her new couch was the event of her life, and for weeks the Glen dropped in, partly to see Drumsheugh's amazing gift, but chiefly to hear Marjorie on his unparalleled kindness and its unparalleled splendour. She had felt it over, inch by inch, and knew the pattern to a turn, but she was chiefly concerned that her visitors should observe and appreciate the brass knobs at the four corners.

"Drumsheugh micht have got an ordinary bed for half the money, but naething wud sateesfy him but brass knobs. Ye may say that I canna see them, but I can feel them, and I ken that they're there, and the neighbours see them, and to think o' that I'm lying here like a queen on a spring bed with four brass knobs. And me that has no claim on Drumsheugh or any other body, juist crowned wi' loving kindness. I'll need to ask grace to be kept humble."

According to Marjorie, indeed, her whole life had been arranged on the principle of Drumsheugh's giving; instead of iron, she had received brass, yea, much fine gold, and all things had worked together for her good. When her minister, Carmichael, forgot himself one day and pitied her for her af-

flictions, she was amazed, and had to remind herself that he had only come to the Glen. For was it not her helplessness that had won her so much love, so that from high Glen Urtarch down to the borders of Kilbogie, every man, woman, and child was her friend, dropping in to see her, bringing her all the news, and making her so many little presents that she was "fair ashamed"? And she reminded John Carmichael that if she, Marjorie, had been an able-bodied woman, he would not have paid her so many visits, nor told her so many "bonny stories."

"Mr. Carmichael, I'll have much to answer for, for I've been greatly blessed. I judge masel' the maist priveeleged woman in Drumtochty." And then Carmichael, who had his own troubles and discontentments, used to go away a wiser and a better man.

Marjorie saw the hand of an all-wise and all-loving Providence in the arrangements of her home. For one thing, it faced south, and she got the warmth and the shining of the sun through her little window, and there was an advantage in the door opening straight from the garden into the room, for the scent of the flowers came in to her bed, and she knew when the wallflowers had begun to bloom and when the first rosebud above the doorway had opened. She would have liked very well to have gone to the kirk with a goodly company, but lying alone on her bed through the hours of service she had time for prayer, and I have heard her declare that the time was too short for her petitions.

"For, ye see, I have sae mony friends to remember, and my plan is to begin at the top of the Glen and tak' them family by family till I come to the end of the parish. And, wud ye believe it, I judge that it takes me four complete days to bring a' the fowk I love before the Throne of Grace."

As for her darkness of earthly sight, this, she insisted, was the chief good which God had bestowed upon her, and she made out her case with the ingenuity of a faithful and contented heart.

"If I dinna see"—and she spoke as if this was a matter of doubt and she were making a concession for argument's sake—"there's naebody in the Glen can hear like me. There's no a footstep of a Drumtochty man comes to the door but I ken his name, and there's no a voice oot on the road that I canna tell. The birds sing sweeter to me than to onybody else, and I can hear them cheeping to one another in the bushes before they go to sleep. And the flowers smell sweeter to me—the roses and the carnations and the bonny moss rose—and I judge that the oatcake and milk taste the richer because I dinna see them. Na, na, ye're no to think that I've been ill-treated by my God, for if He didna give me ae thing, He gave me mony things instead.

"And mind ye, it's no as if I'd seen once and lost my sight; that micht ha' been a trial, and my faith micht have failed. I've lost naething; my life has been all getting."

And she said confidently one day to her elder, Donald Menzies, in the tone of one voicing for the first time a long cherished secret:

"There's a mercy waitin' for me that'll crown a' His goodness, and I'm feared when I think o't, for I'm no worthy."

"What iss that that you will be meaning, Marjorie?" said the elder.

"He has covered my face with His hand as a father plays with his bairn, but some day sune He will lift His hand, and the first thing that Marjorie sees in a' her life will be His ain face."

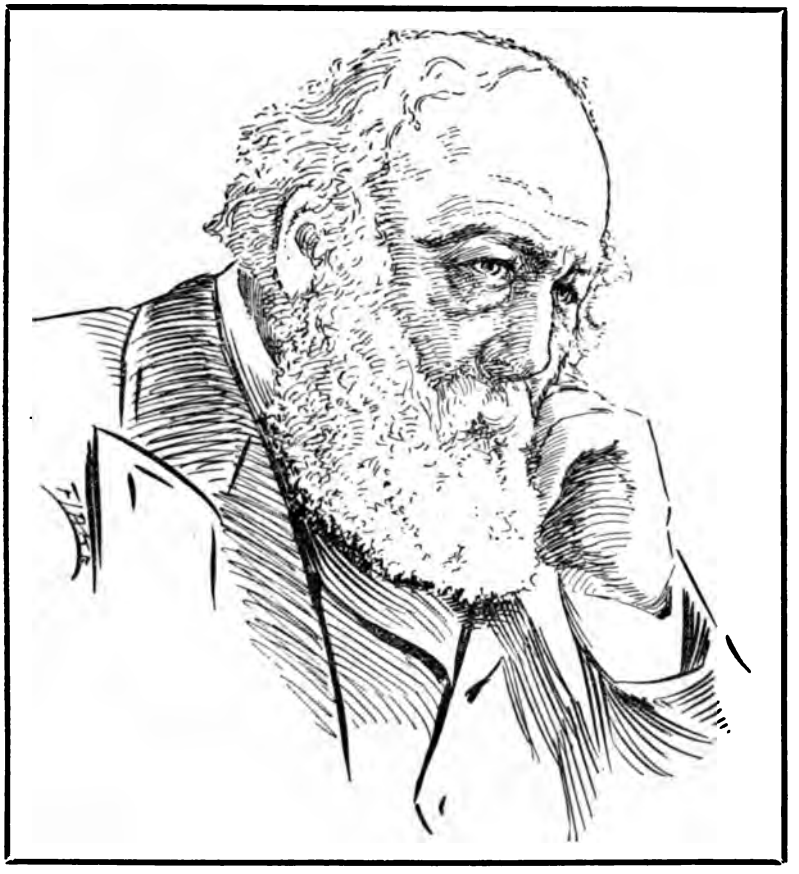
And Donald Menzies declared to Burnbrae on the way home that he would gladly go blind all the days of his life if he were as sure of that sight when the day broke and the shadows fled away.—Frank Leslie's Monthly.

INCOMPLETENESS.

I wonder if ever a song was sung but the singer's heart sang sweeter!
I wonder if ever a rhyme was wrung but the thought surpassed the metre!
I wonder if ever a sculptor wrought till the cold stone echoed his ardent thought!
Or if ever a painter with light and shade the dream of his inmost heart portrayed!

I wonder if ever a rose was found and there might not be a fairer!
Or if ever a glittering gem was found and we dreamed not of a rarer!
Ah! never on earth do we find the best, but it waits for us in the land of rest:
And a perfect thing we shall never behold till we pass the portals of shining gold.

DEATH OF LORD SALISBURY.



THE LATE ROBERT TALBOT GASCOYNE-CECIL, THIRD MARQUIS OF SALISBURY.
Born February 3rd, 1830; Died August 22nd, 1903.

In the evening of the day that marked the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance upon the stage of public life, the Marquis of Salisbury passed unto his reward. In her late premier England loses one of her most remarkable statesmen. Undoubtedly he has had his enemies. Undoubtedly there are those who carry memories of his keen and biting sarcasm. But even among these none can say he was the servant of time and of men. He lived and died faithful to the high ideals that beckoned him upward and onward.

Born in Hatfield in 1830, educated at Eton and at Oxford, a second son of his house, he found himself at an early age facing a world in which it was required of him to carve his way. Then began that training in the school of life's difficulties that was to fit him to be a leader of men. One period of his youth was spent among the cattlemen of New Zealand. Then the Australian gold-fields beckoned him and he worked his claim and lived in a rude shack like other miners. In 1853 he returned to England and was elected to Parliament from Stamford. A few years later he displeased his family greatly by his marriage with the daughter of a judge. Thus cast upon his own resources, he turned to journalism for a livelihood. He con-

tributed to The Saturday Review, The Quarterly, The Morning Chronicle, and The Times.

In 1865 he became Viscount Cranbourne at the death of his eldest brother, and in 1868 he succeeded to the Marquisate. He was three times Premier of Great Britain, during most of these periods being Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs as well. And it was with the foreign affairs of England he was mostly concerned. He it was who determined the boundaries of the various European possessions in Africa and settled the supremacy of England in Egypt. His services in connection with the Berlin Congress, the Fashoda incident, and South African affairs will not be forgotten. He retired from public life in July of 1902, but his influence was felt to the last.

His private life was one of the happiest, and the death of the Marchioness some few years ago was a blow from which he never fully recovered. Much of his time was spent in the pursuit of science and literature, both of which he dearly loved. He was a strict but somewhat narrow churchman. In Hatfield, where he lived, he was regarded with the utmost devotion. Gruff and cynical as he could be at times to the outer world, he was all kindness and love to the people of his native place. The humble folk have many a story of his generosity and kindness. His own words at the death of another a few years before are applicable to himself.

"When a man has done his work, and those whom he loves pass one by one behind the veil," said the aged statesman, "there is nothing better for him than to die as our friend has died, full of years and leaving behind him a memory fragrant with good deeds. He should be able to say in the words of an obscure but beautiful modern poet:

"'When my last hour grows dark for me,
I shall not fear
Death's dreaded face to see,
Death's voice to hear.
I shall not fear the night
When day is done;
My life was loyal to the light,
And served the sun.'"

NOT COMFORTLESS.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Lo, I am with thee! Ere I left Mine own
I promised to return and comfort them
With My abiding presence. And for thee
This word is true—since not with them alone,
But through all time, with all believing souls
I do abide.

And I am with thee now;—
Not visibly, for once beholding Me
Thou couldst not turn again to aught of earth;
Yet I—Myself in very truth—am here,
Close, close beside thee. Never grief doth draw
Her blinding veil of mist before thy sight,
But I, so near, do mark it; and Mine eyes
Mingle regretful tenderness with love
In every look; the while I think how thou
Must tarry, even yet, a little space,
Where tears are shed. No lonely, longing hour
Thou dost encounter, but I bend more near
Above thee; and My brimming heart well-nigh
O'erflows; so strong its yearning to reveal
All that it holds in store for thee beyond
These days of waiting. Not to thee there comes
A time of suffering, but I do long
For that glad day, when these, Mine arms, spread now
Beneath and round thee, swift shall raise and bear
Where pain is not.

And even now thou shouldst
Arise with Me were not My love for thee
Strong as 'tis tender, so that it can choose
Thy present sorrow, knowing this doth tend
To future happiness. The waiting time
On earth not fully told, e'en heaven itself
Would lack its fullest bliss. Thou read'st not now
This mystery aright; but thou shalt read
Hereafter. And, meanwhile, with patient heart
Sure thou canst wait; for lo, I wait with thee
Unto the bright, bright end.

Toronto.

Current Topics and Events.

THE BALKAN PENINSULA.

ime when all eyes are directed the Balkan peninsula, it may to look behind the scenes, and ething of the conditions that ren birth to all this turmoil. ent issue of The Congrega- and Christian World con- excellent article by the Rev. House on conditions in the st.

principality of Bulgaria and gdom of Servia have made growth and progress along l lines since they gained in- nce under the Treaty of Ber- But Macedonia has been left n the rear. The Christian of the Moslems feel them- in the most galling bondage. ue the Turkish Government is olerant of religious beliefs in ins who submit and pay Nevertheless, when one looks e iniquities of the courts, of tation system, and other like ons, one does not wonder at ondage outcry."

The Court and Prison Evil.

ie courts the testimony of a an does not count as against a Mohammedan. The accused ed as guilty until he can prove ocence. The arrested may be prison an indefinite length of vithout a trial. Thus a man nprison his enemy for a con- le period by simply bringing a charge against him. Neither ie accused receive any redress s injustice when he proves his nce. One path to freedom is oing his keepers. Even before nany culprits are freed in this Thus the Turkish officers of w are intent on multiplying of arrest by which to increase ncomes. To be sure, imperial icy may be trusted to greatly n the term of imprisonment of ndemned. Neither is imprison- considered the disgrace there is in our own land.

The Taxation Evil.

ther great evil is the taxation l. The taxes are auctioned off highest bidder. Often he pays than their value, and then pro- ceeds to get back his own with a goodly usury. The tax is nominally a tithe, but it may be anywhere up to a half. An apple-tree that bore a crop last year may be taxed for the same amount this year, though it does not produce an apple.

Other Evils and the Outcome.

Of these taxes, however, only a small percentage reaches the Government, which is heavily burdened. But worse than the evils of taxation is the preying upon communities by underpaid officials, and, worse still, the danger to the honour of their women from the Turkish policemen and soldiers.

Nor does even Christianity mean to these poor Christians what the name implies to us. The Eastern Orthodox Church has but a barren formalism to offer her children. The liturgy is in the Slavic tongue, not understood by the people. The prayers to the Virgin are longer than those to the Creator. Evangelical sermons are not permitted by the bishops. Nevertheless these children of the East cling tenaciously to their Church.

From such a nursery numbers of Macedonians have fled to Bulgaria. Many were educated there, and it is they who have instigated revolution. They collected funds. They roused the people. The cry for the freedom of Macedonia became popular to Bulgarian ears. And now all eyes are turned toward the ever-eventful scene of the struggle.

THE KING AND IRELAND.

There may be a cynical few inclined to assert that the warmth of King Edward's reception in Ireland was largely superficial, a simple manifestation of the Irish character, and otherwise belittle the affair. But the fact remains that King Edward has manifested a warm interest in the welfare of Ireland, and that her people are not behindhand in their appreciation.

Since the Act of Union between England and Scotland, early in the eighteenth century, British sovereigns have seldom interfered to affect legislation, even when it applied exclusively to Great Britain. King Edward, in his "command" to the Prime Minister announcing to Parlia-

ment his endorsement of the Land Bill, has adopted a course for which we must look far back in history for a precedent. It is not to be wondered at that his tour through Ireland was a veritable triumphal progress. The strains of "Come Back to Erin," when the royal yacht was leaving for Cowes, were expressive of the true feeling of Ireland. It is cheering to all lovers of peace to see England's growing friendship with the people of Ireland, France, and the United States.

BROTHER JONATHAN SPENDS SO MUCH TIME FIXING HIMSELF THE OTHER FELLOW MAY WIN HER.

—The St. Paul Pioneer Press.

The American Review of Reviews says: "It is hard to see why anything important should stand in the way of a serious and good-tempered effort to draft a mutually beneficial reciprocity treaty. One may venture to guess that it will be a long time, indeed, before Canada will get any practical results from the proposal to provide protective markets for her products in Great Britain; but it is among things easily possible that Canada might within a year or two find a great outlet opened to her products by virtue of an arrangement with her nearest neighbour and her natural commercial partner."

The Fate of Chinese Reformers.

The Empress-Dowager of China is again strengthening her claims to be classed as one of the cruellest women of history. The path of the journalist in China who would speak the truth fearlessly seems to be often the path of the martyr. Our readers will recall the terrible fate of Shen Chien, the reformer-journalist, who was put to death on July 31st by strangling, after having been beaten with rods for several hours. He was a young man of thirty-one, and of the highest attainments and connections.

The Empress-Dowager is again anxious to wreak her cruelty on the journalistic class. The victims on this occasion are the editor and staff of the Sufao, a Chinese reform organ at Shanghai, whose extradition is ordered on the ground of seditious utterances. Most of the foreign ministers, however, are unwilling to surrender the journalist-reformers. It is believed they would meet a fate similar to that of Shen Chien. But the easy accomplishment of the opening of the treaty ports seems to incline some of the ministers to grant the

request of the Empress. The better sentiment of Britain and America is however, strong against the surrender of the prisoners.

A School for Journalists.

Columbia University, New York City, has recently received a donation of $2,000,000 for the establishment of a School of Journalism. This fund is the gift of Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, of the New York World. The school will have from the beginning the advice of men like Whitelaw Reid, of the New York Tribune; Victor Lawson, of the Chicago News; Charles H. Taylor, of the Boston Globe; President Eliot, of Harvard University, and others. The course of study will be two years, and if after three years the school is in successful operation, Mr. Pulitzer promises a gift of another million dollars. Certainly the field of journalism is one of supreme responsibility and widespread influence, and a too conscientious training cannot be given those who are to shape so largely the thoughts and views of men.

Foreign Shipping of the United States.

The New York Board of Trade and Transportation have awakened with consternation to the fact that an ever-increasing fleet of foreign vessels is flooding American ports, and carrying more than nine-tenths of the imports and exports of the United States.

It is certainly remarkable that the United States of 1810, with only 7,000,000 inhabitants, owned more registered tonnage for over-sea trade than does the United States of 1903, with a population of 80,000,000. In 1810 the tonnage was 981,000, and it is now 873,000, an actual decrease of 6,000 tons from the year before. In 1810 91.5 per cent. of the ocean trade of that country was carried by her own ships, while last year only 8.8 per cent. was so transported. The United States pays over $100,000,000 a year to these foreign vessels, and in case of war most of them would be used against her. The wonder is that her people have not before been roused to discussion of the problem.

From New York to Paris by Land.

One of the most daring, and to some minds visionary, railroad schemes is that of the Trans-Alaska-Siberian railway. The plan is to connect the railroad systems of the eastern and western hemispheres, and provide an all-rail route from New York to Paris by means of a tunnel under Behring Strait. The plan is, of course, as yet a thing of the future, but for the past year or two it has received the careful study and consideration of Russian and French engineers.

They believe such a tunnel could be constructed at a cost of about $20,000,000. The Strait is about thirty-six miles wide from Cape Prince of Wales to Cape Nuniamo, in Siberia. Over most of the proposed line the water is not more than fifteen feet deep, and during nine months of the year it is solid ice. It is reported that Russian, French, and American capitalists are prepared to invest in the scheme. The difficulties are, however, various. Russia is concerned about the neutralization of such a tunnel in case of war. And there is no even approximate estimation as to the amount of produce and manufactures likely to be transported through such a tunnel.

A Statue of Washington in London.

An instance of the progress of civilization, and of the growing friendliness between England and the United States is the proposal by a committee of Englishmen to erect a statue to the memory of George Washington in London. The committee includes such men as the Archdeacon of London, and the assistant manager of The Times. The proposal is said to be as yet "embryonic," but all approached on the subject have manifested keen interest.

A Museum of Literature.

Mr. J. C. Young, of Minneapolis, has conceived of a unique plan for a library. He proposes to place under one roof in the city of Minneapolis all the best books of the living writers of every country, no matter in what language written. He will have every volume inscribed by the author in a characteristic manner. Mr. Young has now four assistants. He has devoted many of his best years to work and foreign travel for the purpose of adding to his collection. It will be a museum of literature rather than a library. The completion of the plan will depend on the prolongation of the life of its projector.

Religious Intelligence.

Methodist Affiliation.

The recent meeting of the joint Commission on Confederation of the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at Baltimore, says The Outlook, marked a long step in the direction of the closer affiliation of these bodies. It was decided to recommend the preparation of a common hymn-book, catechism, and order of public worship for both Churches ; that measures be taken as soon as possible for the joint administration of the publishing interests in China and Japan ; and that in foreign mission fields where both Churches are labouring co-operative administration is desirable as a means of lessening the expenditure of funds and preventing duplication and overlapping.

As the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, met in Dallas, Texas, on May 7th, and the report of the Commission came before it for consideration, it will devolve upon that body to say what the next step in the direction of federation with the Methodist Episcopal Church shall be. In view of the fact, however, that the relations of the two Churches have never been more cordial, and that a sincere desire for closer affiliation is growing in both bodies, it is altogether likely that the action of the Commission will be ratified, and that a brighter and better era will soon dawn for American Methodism.

The Measure of our Lavishness.

Appleton's Annual Encyclopedia, 1902, calculates that the amount of money given to religious, educational, and philanthropic institutions in the United States during the past year, in gifts of $5,000 or more, amounted to $85,000,000. Dr. Funk makes it $107,000,000. In 1901, it was $124,000,000. The enterprise of a Chicago journal which has kept a similar record is responsible for another computation which makes the total $77,397,167 in gifts of $10,000 or more. In both estimates no account is made of the ordinary gifts to churches or schools, or to the Methodist jubilee fund of $21,000,000, the collection of which has taken three years, although *just completed*. The distribution of the funds is significant : to charities, $36,519,894 ; to educational institutions, $28,150,803 ; to libraries, $4,970,800 ; to churches, $4,869,700 ; to art galleries, museums, etc., $2,886,000. Charity has one $4,000,000 gift, education several million and half-million gifts, but with the exception of Princeton Theological Seminary's bequest of $1,500,000, on its formal conventional side, religion does not now seem to have been remembered in any lavish way.—Congregationalist and Christian World.

Net Gains of the Churches.

The net gains of all denominations in the United States in 1902 were 720 ministers, 1,261 churches, and 403,743 communicants. These are much smaller than those reported for 1901, particularly of communicants. The increase of communicants in 1901 was 924,675, or considerably more than twice as great as that for 1902. The difference is not due to a decrease of prosperity in the Churches the past year, but to the abnormal increase credited to the Roman Catholic Church in 1901. Leaving the Roman Catholic Church out of the count, the increase for 1902 is wholesome and encouraging. The leading Protestant denominations all had a prosperous year. The Methodist Episcopal Church, which has passed the 3,000,000 line, had a net increase in the United States of 35,384 communicants, and in all the world of about 50,000. All Methodist bodies added over 98,000 to their membership. The Presbyterian Church (Northern) had a notable gain of over 24,000, and all Presbyterian bodies of about 30,000. All branches of Lutherans advanced 49,320, if the returns are not at fault ; the Disciples of Christ, 27,836 ; the Protestant Episcopal Church, 16,355 ; the Congregational denomination, over 13,000 ; the two branches of the United Brethren, over 10,000 ; the Baptists, more than 48,600. The large decreases which appear in connection with the Christians (12,071), the Communistic Societies (926), and the German Evangelical Protestant (16,500) are not the losses of one year, but are due to more correct figures in the first-named instance, and to a revision covering a period of years in the

The gain of churches—1,261
not speak of decline in popular
it. The inference often drawn
reports of church attendance,
he church service is losing its
iveness for the people, is hardly
out by the fact of continued
rise in building houses of wor-
Many of the new structures are
nd costlier than those they re-
Rarely or never does one hear
gregations building cheaper edi-
for the sake of economy, or
r edifices because of decreasing
ance. Every year the enormous
represented by church property
ses. If the heart of the people
in the Church, who do they put
treasure there ?—Christian Ad-

THE CENTURY OF MISSIONS.

e are a few of the more import-
gures, says The Independent:
ies engaged in Foreign Missions,
income, $20,079,698; mission-
18,682; native workers, 79,396;
ns occupied, 30,536; churches,
; communicants, 1,550,729;
ian community, 4,523,564. There
universities and colleges, with
pupils; theological and train-
hools, 375, with 11,965 pupils; in-
al schools, 179, with 9,074 pupils;
ntary schools, 18,742, with 904,-
upils, showing a total of 20,458
ls and 1,051,466 scholars. The
n presses and publishing houses
er 159, and there are 379 maga-
and papers, with a circulation
er 250,000 copies. The medical
l shows 711 physicians, 379 hos-
, 783 dispensaries, and 2,347,780
its. When we come to the gen-
eformatory work the figures are
er, but no less significant; 247
nages, 100 leper homes; 30
ls for the blind and for deaf
; 156 refuges for the victims
ce, opium, the insane, etc.; 118
ies for social reform, etc.

THE ST. LOUIS CAMPAIGN.

v. G. Campbell Morgan has de-
not to undertake the special
gelistic campaign at St. Louis in
ection with the World's Fair, as
formerly intimated. This is due
o lack of interest, but to a friendly
reement. At the final arrange-
s, Mr. Campbell discovered that
committee wished to confine the
to the churches, while he de-
a great auditorium to be erected
me central point. The committee also expected him to undertake the responsibility of raising the $100,000 essential as a solid basis of the work. He was unwilling to thus do the preaching and serve tables at the same time.

The St. Louis committee will, however, carry on the campaign under another leader or leaders. It will need a large financial outlay, and the strongest men the pulpit affords, to cope with the forces of evil that will be rampant in that city for the six months of the fair.

THE AMBITIONS OF THE VATICAN.

The beginning of a new reign in the Vatican has naturally directed the eyes of the world to that clutching after temporal power and temporal things that has ever marred and materialized the Roman Catholic Church. The reason for self-imprisonment in the Vatican, as asserted by the last two popes, is that as human affairs are constituted, the preservation of their temporal independency is necessary to the free and full exercise of their spiritual authority.

But the result of a temporal sway even in Rome itself would be more serious than might at first sight be supposed. If such a temporal power existed it would be in a position to meddle with every government on earth. As a temporal kingdom it could demand recognition that it would be difficult to refuse. Its representative would take his seat with the other diplomatic representatives in London, Washington, and every other capital. The ideal of Roman Catholicism would be "a Rome purged," as they would call it, of every trace of Protestant sects. But we rejoice that in the very shadow of the Vatican the voice of Methodism is heard unto salvation. A Church, in so far as it would prop itself on temporal things, must needs see its support crumble.

A JOINT HYMNAL IN JAPAN.

The first edition of the new Japanese hymn-book goes on sale this month. For the past three years a commission representing Methodists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Baptists, and Disciples has been at work preparing a joint hymn-book which may be used by these various denominations. The new book contains 450 hymns and is being issued from the Methodist Mission Press and a Japanese press in Yokohama.

Another Step Forward—Church Union.

People of broad minds and broad sympathies have read with pleasure of a sort of federation between the Congregational, United Brethren, and Methodist Protestant Churches of the United States. These Churches have for some time been considering terms of union. A joint committee, representing the three denominations, met recently at Pittsburg, Pa. A platform of union and a joint address were unanimously agreed upon. The union is not to be organic, but federative, though it may in time lead to something nearer. A common general council is proposed. The council will only have advisory power; but it will promote fellowship and coordination of activity. It will prevent the unnecessary multiplication of churches, and unite weak churches in the same neighbourhood. The basis of representation in the general council will be one for every 5,000 members. The Congregationalists number 659.327, the United Brethren 277.325, and the Methodist Protestants 184,097. They would thus have 132, 55, and 37 delegates respectively. In doctrine the three denominations are practically the same, and the differences in church government are not very marked.

Betterment of Fort Erie and Maisonneuve.

For some time Canadians have felt much indignation that professional sports from Buffalo and other points in the States were resorting to Fort Erie to follow the ring as the law would not permit in their own country. Law-abiding citizens on both sides of the line are gratified to know that the police magistrate has brought judgment against the manager of the International Athletic Club for promoting a fight a short time ago, and has stated his determination to see that the law is observed in future. Also at Maisonneuve, a suburb of Montreal, notorious in the same line as Fort Erie, the chief of the Provincial detective force has taken action to prevent further contests.

A New Educational Effort.

There is a new educational movement on foot in New England. Its object is to stimulate the people living in rural communities to studious work in some one line of a wide range of studies. The work will be directed by a central educational bureau, which will outline courses of reading and send lecturers to the local centres of literary activity. The methods will be closely akin to those of English university extension work. One of the pleasing features of our age is the increasing effort for the spread of educational opportunities in rural districts.

The work of Father Damien in Hawaii, of Mary Reed in India, and of other self-devoting spirits elsewhere, has been inaugurated recently in Surinam, South America, among the victims of the living death of leprosy, who there are numbered by hundreds. Near the Government asylum the combined Protestant Churches of Surinam established in 1899 a leper settlement possessing the attractiveness of a Christian home and named "Bethesda" (the House of Mercy). Friends in Europe and America have given aid, and a tiny village of little houses, each accommodating two patients in separate rooms, is now full. A young married couple, the Rev. H. T. Weiss, a clergyman of the Moravian Church, and his wife, with two deaconesses, Sisters Philippina and Martha, have devoted themselves to this charge, dangerous but divine, and to the naturally repulsive but humane services it requires.

Never was there so much money spent, says Harper's Weekly, for erection of new church edifices and all the apparatus of a modern church as was given last year by the church members of this country. Schemes are now under way by which it is planned to add $40,000,000 to the working capital of the several sects of the country. Methodists, Presbyterians, and Lutherans are especially vigorous in their plans for enriching the treasuries of their mission boards, colleges, and various denominational agencies.

Miss Sarianna Browning, only sister of the poet, died recently in Florence, where she lived with her nephew, the poet's son, at the latter's villa, La Torre all' Antella. Miss Browning had led a singularly unselfish life, devoted first to her mother, then to her father, and finally to her brother after the death of his wife.

Book Notices.

of Isabella Thoburn." By
shop J. M. Thoburn. New
ork : Eaton & Mains. Toronto :
illiam Briggs. Price, $1.25.

ing once taken the book up, it
d to lay it down. Miss Tho-
is a life over which one mar-
s one reads. In these pages
ve her early years, her Chris-
ome, her first successes as a
r, her launching forth into an
wn land and a then unknown
among young women. For it
e remembered she was the first
tee of the Woman's Foreign
nary Society of the Methodist
pal Church.
er it was given to establish the
irls' school in India, starting
ut six pupils. To her it was
to see this school expand into
nan's college of widely-known
She was pre-eminently a
r, but with her fine literary
she might easily have distin-
d herself as a writer as well.
ave seldom, if ever, found more
ating descriptions of India than
from her pen in these pages.
terms of service she was given
beloved India, there finally to
During her furloughs in Am-
she also did noble service in
ction with the opening up of the
ess work in Chicago and Cin-
i. Hers is the story of a life
s crowded, a hand never hur-
brow ever calm.

Hebrew." By John A. Stewart.
ondon : Hodder & Stoughton.
oronto : William Briggs.

s is a story of life in a London
"The Hebrew," Jacob Her-
was once a poor young Jew of
treets, but he had gathered to
lf with the shrewdness charac-
c of his race, till in our pages
d become a "slum-lord," man-
his estates through a heartless
and keeping their ownership a
. He moved in the best
y. In his final triumph he was
elected governor of the Standard
politan Bank. But all the
the tale of his oppression of
retched tenants is one of the
cold-blooded heartlessness. The
story is mostly concerned with the sorrows and degradations of these down-trodden lives. But it has at times a sprightliness in spite of its pathos. The writer, however, does not present English character in its most favourable light. We see the slowness of the English continually contrasted with the bright wits of the few wealthy Americans he portrays. But we are indebted to him for such characters as little "Peterj'n," the beautiful Rachel, daughter of the slum-lord, and the two devoted ministers who were toiling to uplift the denizens of Beulah Place.

"A Dream of Realms Beyond Us." By Adair Welcker. San Francisco : Cubery & Company.

This is an imaginative, dramatic poem in four acts. The announcement on the cover, "A book that in all parts of the world is giving to each man more courage to become his brother's helper than have any or all books of the past time," is certainly laying claim to too much honour for this little pamphlet. There are undoubtedly many books that have been productive of more good to more people. But the writer has, nevertheless, the high ideals of one who seeks the eternal before the perishable. He makes a vigorous protest against materialism.

"The Mettle of the Pasture." By James Lane Allen. Toronto : George N. Morang & Co. Price, $1.50.

The author of "The Choir Invisible" and "The Kentucky Cardinal" needs no introduction to the reading world. One is quite safe in prophesying a successful career for "The Mettle of the Pasture." It is one of the clever books of the day—a tragedy dressed in the bright, scintillating robes of wit. The author has given us his richest language, his most picturesque descriptions, his irresistible humour, his burning pathos. He has interpreted with a good deal of faithfulness the high ideals of the heroine, the honourable remorse of the hero, the worldly Mrs. Conyers still plotting and schem-

ing and hating at seventy, the good-souled Anna and the dear, quaint Harriet with her trials. One of the writer's little tricks of success is in letting the hero confess his sin to the heroine in the opening pages, but keeping the reader in the dark as to what that confession really was till near the end. Some critics have questioned the necessity of a confession that entailed so much suffering, but were more men of to-day honourable enough to make such a confession fewer men of to-morrow would be prone to commit such a sin.

"Plain Hints for Busy Mothers." By Marianna Wheeler. New York: E. B. Treat & Co. Price, 35 cents.

This is a little book of practical, common-sense advice to mothers of limited means as to the care of infants. It deals with the food, clothing, bathing, training of the child, and other such topics. Its author is the superintendent of the Babies' Hospital, New York. The book is bound in flexible leatherette.

"The Gospel in Miniature." By Alba C. Piersel. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. Toronto: William Briggs.

This little book is a rich and inspiring exposition on the Lord's Prayer, showing how this wonderful prayer contains the whole Gospel in miniature. It sets forth our relation to our Father and His Kingdom, and to ourselves and others. The book is filled with wholesome food for Christians.

"The Land of Faith." By James Mudge, D.D. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 25c. net; postage, 4c.

This is another of the little books on devotion. It is clear, concise, and forceful. There is beauty of language and thought, without waste of words—short, bright, crisp sentences containing the very meat of the Word. The book is divided into brief chapters on such subjects as, "Be Cheery," "Faith Mottoes," "Saintly Yet Sane," "The Best Armour," and others. The bright little book will do every reader good.

"The Christian Science Delusion." By Rev. A. C. Dixon, D.D. Boston: William Smith. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 10 cents.

In this little pamphlet is set forth clearly and concisely the facts and fallacies of Christian Science, the inconsistencies of Mrs. Baker Eddy and the attempts of her misguided followers to wrest the Scriptures. Much information along this line is to be had here in condensed form. The writer has common-sense views on the subject.

WAITING.

Do they deem it long, those spirits, waiting on the distant shore,
Gazing at the host still crossing, for a kindred face once more?
There a mother yearns expectant, holding out such eager arms,
For the babe she longs to comfort, shielding it from sinful charms.
Can she see her trustful darling, guide it by her prayers aright?
Can she watch its footsteps straying in the darkness of earth's night?
Father! mother! sister! brother! waiting patient all the day.
Can you feel for all our sorrows, sigh that death makes long delay?

Is the brightness of our gladness, sunlight glancing from that shore?
Does it mean that when united, joy shall reign for evermore?
Does it tell the heavy laden, by and by comes rest for them?
Bid sinners in this far dim world, struggle lest sin's waves o'erwhelm?
Do they sing sweet songs of triumph, as each pilgrimage is done,
As the hands that toiled are folded, through the Saviour having won?

—*J. S. C.*

ER AND DECEMBER NUMBERS, 1903. FREE to NEW SUBSCRIBERS

Methodist Magazine and Review

W. H. W[illegible], D.D.

NOVEMBER, 1903.

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Born February 3rd, 1830; Died August 22nd, 1903.

In Memoriam.

HE is gone in the fulness of years,
Who was king among rulers, and led
A great Empire through travail and tears
To the glory he saw loom ahead;
For he grudged not his talents, but gave
Of his utmost and best to the Land,
He descended the deeps of the grave
And returned with the marks of its brand;
But sorrow enriched him with might
And left wiser from suffering's lore,
While he reached to the Statesman's full height
From stern struggles before.

In the night when the heroes went down,
He was disciplined finely and wrought
To the grandeur that cared for no crown,
And for Truth and not victory fought;
He looked onward and round him, and chose
Not the honours stained grimly by strife,
But in services fair and white rose
Of unselfish and loftier life.
Above others he towered, and the Realm
Answered ready and quick to his call,
With that resolute hand on the helm,
Over rivals and all.

He is gone in the fulness of time,
And those fruits that he garnered for us
In his simple devotion sublime,
And the duties all sanctified thus.
Ah, he took not his splendour from rank,
Or the riches that lay at his feet;
He knew titles were blots or a blank,
Not ennobled by ministry meet,
And for him no ambition's vain thirst
After places and power, but he pressed
On his bosom our cares, to be first
Of our servants and best.

So he steered the great vessel of State
Past the shadows of ill and the shoal,
Despite whispers of fear and of hate,
To the Empire that grew as its goal;
Making history, he was a part
Of its blessing and beauty and sheen,
And the burden he bore on his heart
Was a love for his country and Queen.
With his peers and the princes of earth
Let him rest from Imperial sway,
He who brought to a goodlier birth
Our new Britain to-day.

—F. Harald Williams, in the Ladies' Pictorial.

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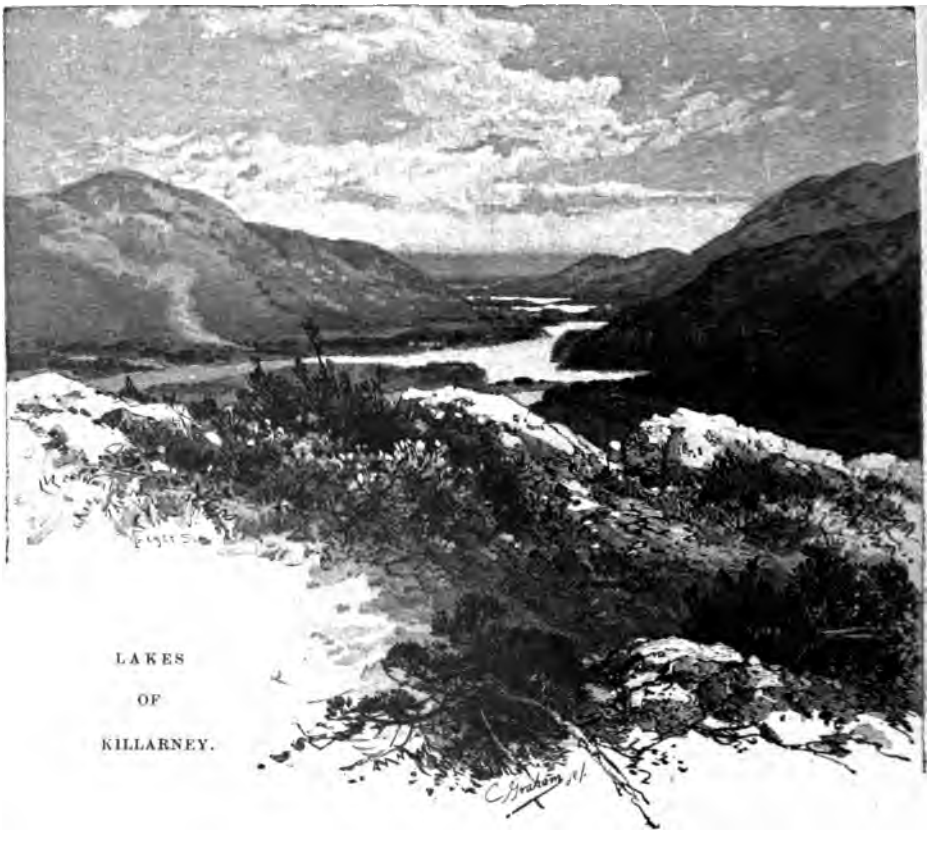
COLLEEN BAWN CAVES.



LAKES
OF
KILLARNEY.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

NOVEMBER, 1903.

PICTURESQUE IRELAND.

MANY hearts in Canada turn with peculiar fondness to that green isle of the sea, which for centuries has attracted the attention of Christendom for its picturesque beauty, its pathetic history, its political unrest and misfortune. There is much in its past to cause the thrill of patriotic pride. There is much in its sufferings to call forth the tear of sympathy. The home of wit and humour and eloquence, it has also been often the home of suffering and sorrow and poverty. Scourged by famine and by fever, its children have been exiled by thousands from its shore.

In speaking of Ireland one must bear in mind that it contains two races widely different in their characteristics. The Protestant minority are thrifty, industrious, and, on the whole, prosperous and contented. The Roman Catholic majority are restless, turbulent, poverty-stricken, and discontented. Canada and Canadian Methodism owe much to the Protestant emigration from Ireland. It was Barbara Heck, an Irish immigrant, who first brought Methodism to the New World, and to this northern land. And at the present day Canadian Methodism owes many of the brightest ornaments in its pulpit, and many of its most useful and prosperous membership, to the Protestant Methodist population of Ireland transferred to our shores. In this paper we do not propose to discuss the social or political status of the Green Isle, but to present illustrations of its beautiful scenery which shall carry back the thoughts of many of our readers to some of the most picturesque aspects of that lovely land that still haunt their memories with an undying spell.

Ireland is rich in ecclesiastical remains—abbeys, monasteries, and churches; for, in the earlier ages of Christianity in the west, she was indeed the "Isle of Saints." Her schools of theology were famous; to them men resorted from Britain and the Continent, and from them went forth great scholars, to teach and to preach, whose names are still commemorated in France and Switzerland and Germany.

That genial tourist, Mr. B. E. Bull, B.A., thus describes a visit to those loveliest of Irish lakes, the Lakes of Killarney:

"In no part of Ireland will the student in search of the grand and picturesque receive more ample reward than in the south-western portion of the island. Lakes, which in romantic beauty vie with the boasted ones of Switzerland; mountains, that for sublime grandeur might proudly rear their majestic heads in rivalry with Scotia's own 'Ben Lomond'; rivers and rippling streams, whose sylvan charms are as deserving the homage of the poet's pen or the painter's brush as the more favoured banks of the classic Tiber or the grand old

TYPICAL IRISH COTTAGE.

Rhine, continually surprise and enchant the wanderer through these lovely counties.

"But Killarney, the beautiful queen of the southern beauties, sits enthroned in rural verdure, and demands the homage of every pilgrim in search of the sublime and beautiful in nature. That homage would I pay, not by attempting to describe her enchanting loveliness, but merely in offering a devout tribute at her feet in the shape of a brief outline of what I saw, and the impressions I experienced when wandering through her lovely dells, or skimming o'er her placid waters.

"It was raining, of course, when we reached Killarney; in fact, if my memory serves me, it rained every day we were in Ireland. I remember passing some remark in reference to the pluvial state of the weather to a Kilkenny native, who in a rich brogue replied: 'Och, shure, yer honour wouldn't call that rain, it's only parspiration from the mountains.' Killarney proper is a miserable town, noted for its uncleanliness, with a population of about 7,000. Its inhabitants gain rather a precarious livelihood from the thousands of visitors who annually flock to the beautiful lakes. Its streets are extremely dirty and very narrow, sufficiently wide, however, to accommodate the hundreds of youngsters who live, grow fat, and develop into Irish men and women on the public thoroughfare. The houses are chiefly built of small stones, plastered with mud, the majority of them very antiquated, and, of course, all of them most gloriously dirty.

"Here you see the Irishman in all his glory. Poor, so poor that the grim monster Hunger is continually hovering around his doorstep, yet withal happy as a lark—laughing, jovial—his ever ready wit continually boiling over with fun. Superstitious and bigoted, devoutly religious at church, yet swearing, drinking, and carousing whenever an opportunity offers; kind and generous towards his friends, yet vengeful and boiling over with bitter hatred towards his enemies, he presents an anomaly difficult to understand.

"We mounted a jaunting-car, and after a lovely drive, during which we

passed several fine ruins of ancient strongholds, and some beautiful modern country-seats, we reached the entrance of the Gap of Dunloe. We were at once surrounded by about twenty men and boys, mounted on the most dilapidated specimens of horseflesh I have ever had the misfortune to see—each offering the services of the miserable rack of bones he called a horse, to convey us through the pass, and each expatiating loudly on the many excellent qualities of his own Bucephalus, who formerly inhabited the same cottage.

"Through the whole of this pass we were accompanied by about a dozen women and girls, with bare heads and bare feet, who keep us in constant roars of laughter with their sparkling mirth, pungent witticisms, and quick repartees. At length we reach an elevated point on the Purple Mountains, and suddenly there bursts on our enraptured gaze a lovely view of the Upper Lake, and the rich scenery in its neighbour-

MAKING PEAT IN IRELAND.

and holding up those of his rivals to ridicule and contempt.

"In addition to these were girls and women of all ages, many inviting us to partake of a nectar they called 'mountain dew,' being a mixture of goat's milk and whiskey, all begging, blarneying and addressing us in tones cheerful or doleful, as best suited their purpose—that purpose, of course, being to catch a few pennies. Here is the mud and stone hovel of the granddaughter of 'beautiful Kate Kearney, who lived by the lakes of Killarney,' and

hood. Beautiful, indeed, is the prospect before us. Rapidly descending a winding path, in a few minutes we are at a ruin called Lord Brandon's Cottage, where we dismiss our horses, thankful that their bones have not collapsed during the journey.

"The Upper Lake of Killarney, on which we now embarked, is two and a half miles long by three-quarters of a mile broad. Its wild grandeur strikes the observer with feelings of awe and admiration. It combines the softer beauties of wood

and water with the stern sublimity of mountain scenery.

"Its mountain cincture imparts a solitary beauty and intensity of interest to be found in neither of the other lakes. Nature here sits in lonely and silent grandeur amidst her primeval mountains. The very solitude and stillness seem to proclaim that here God sits enthroned in the majesty of His own works. Passing Arbutus Island, we enter the Long Range, and come upon the Eagle's Nest—a rugged, cone-shaped mountain, 1,100 feet high, clad on its base with luxuriant verdure, but perfectly bald on its peak. Here the eagles have for centuries built their nests, hence its name. It is remarkable for its echo. A bugler, who always accompanies the parties, sounded a single note: the effect was wonderful—the solitary note rebounded from peak to peak, cliff to cliff, mountain to mountain, and finally died away in the distance with a soft, incomparable melody that challenges language to describe. Then he sounded a succession of notes. Instantly the mountains, like a huge orchestra, pealed forth. The numbers

"Now louder and yet louder rise,
And fill with spreading sounds the skies,
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
In broken air trembling the wild music floats,
Till by degrees remote and small,
The strains decay and melt away
In a dying, dying fall.

"About a mile further down, our boatmen ship their oars, and we are shot like an arrow down the rapid current of the stream, under the old Wier Bridge, into the Middle Lake. The Lower Lake is the largest of the three, being five miles long by three broad, and studded with about thirty islands, and is noted for the glorious softness of its scenery. The two largest of its islands are Ross and Innisfallen. On the former stands the picturesque ruin called Ross Castle, formerly the stronghold of O'Donoghue, 'The King of the Lakes.' Immediately under the ivy-mantled walls of the castle is the famous echo, 'Paddy Blake,' which, on being asked, 'How d'ye do, Paddy Blake?' at once responds, 'Mighty well, I thank ye.'

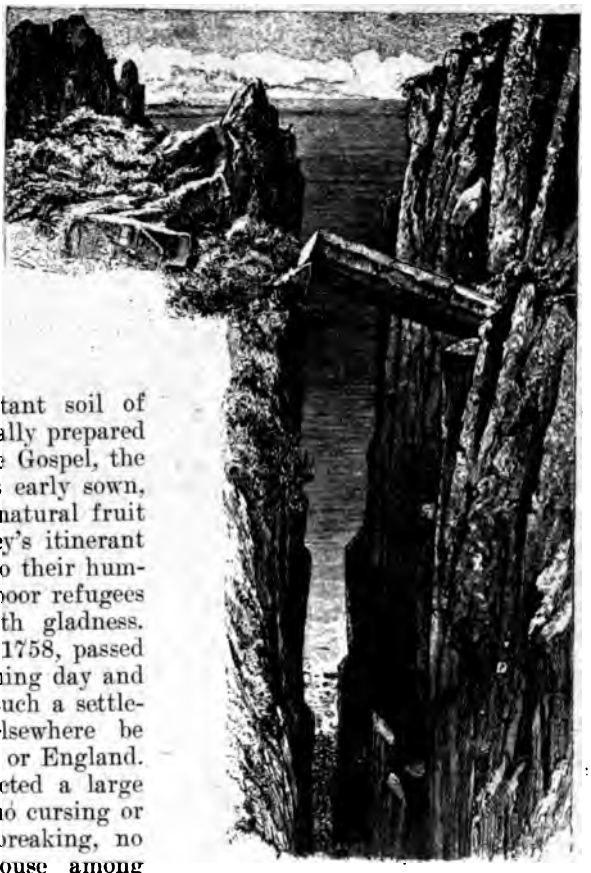
"This castle, in 1652, was garrisoned by Irish troops, and was the last place in Ireland to yield to the forces of Cornwall. As we approached it, we asked our boatman what ruin it was. 'Ross Castle,' said he. 'Oh, that's where Cromwell made things pretty hot for you Irishmen, is it not?' 'He did that,' was the reply, 'but you may depind on it he's payin' up for it *now*.'"

The county of Limerick, traversed by the winding Shannon, is one of the most fertile in Ireland, especially the beautiful region known as "The Golden Vale." The city of Limerick is one of great antiquity and of much historic interest. The Protestant part of the city is thrifty and clean; but just reverse must be said of the Roman Catholic portion. It is situated about eighty miles from the mouth of the Shannon, and has an active foreign and coasting trade. It has two fine cathedrals, Anglican and Roman Catholic, and many of the older houses are in the Flemish style.

In the county of Limerick, near Rathkeale, was the settlement of Palatine refugees, among whom some of Wesley's earliest converts in Ireland took place.

In a contemporary list of these "Irish Palatines" occur the names, afterwards so familiar in the United States and Canada, of Embury, Heck, Ruckle, Sweitzer, and others. They are described by a historian of their adopted country as frugal and honest, "better clothed than the generality of Irish peasants. Their

houses are remarkably clean, beside which they have a stable, cow-houses, and neat kitchen gardens. The women are very industrious. In short, the Palatines have benefited the country by increasing tillage, and are a laborious, independent people, mostly employed on their own farms."



THE GREY MAN'S PATH.

In the good Protestant soil of those hearts, providentially prepared for the reception of the Gospel, the seed of Methodism was early sown, and brought forth its natural fruit of good-living. Wesley's itinerant "helpers" penetrated to their humble hamlets, and these poor refugees received the Word with gladness. When John Wesley, in 1758, passed through Ireland, preaching day and night, he records that such a settlement could hardly elsewhere be found in either Ireland or England. The Palatines had erected a large chapel. "There was no cursing or swearing, no Sabbath-breaking, no drunkenness, no ale-house among them. They were a serious, thinking people, and their diligence had turned all their land into a fruitful garden. How will these poor foreigners," he exclaims, "rise up in the Day of Judgment against those that are round about them!"

In this remarkable community was born, in the year 1734, the child destined to be the mother of Methodism in the New World. The family seem to have been of respectable degree, and gave the name, Ruckle Hill, to the place of their residence in Balligarrene. Barbara Ruckle was nurtured in the fear of the Lord, and in the practice of piety. She grew to womanhood fair in person, and adorned especially with those spiritual graces which constitute the truest beauty of female character. In her eighteenth year she gave herself for life to the Church of her fathers, and formally took upon her the vows of the Lord.

In 1760, in the twenty-sixth year of her age, she was united in Christian wedlock to Paul Heck, who is described as a devout member of the Teutonic community. Ireland then had scarce begun to send forth the swarms of her children who afterward swelled the population of the New World. Only her more adventurous spirits would brave the perils of the stormy deep and of the untried lands beyond the sea. It is, therefore, an indication of the energy of character of those Irish Palatines that about this time a little

CLARE ISLAND, CLEW BAY.

company of them resolved to try their fortunes on the continent of America.

"On a spring morning of 1760," writes one who was familiar with the story, "a group of emigrants might have been seen at the Custom House Quay, Limerick, preparing to embark for America. At that time emigration was not so common an occurrence as it is now, and the excitement connected with their departure was intense. They were accompanied to the vessel's side by crowds of their companions and friends, some of whom had come sixteen miles to say 'farewell' for the last time. One of these about to leave -a young man with a thoughtful look and resolute bearing– is evidently leader of the party, and more than an ordinary pang is felt by many as they bid him farewell. He had been one of the first-fruits of his countrymen won to Christ, the leader of the infant Church, and in their humble chapel had often ministered to them the Word of Life. He is surrounded by his spiritual children and friends, who are anxious to have some parting words of counsel and advice. He enters the vessel, and from its side once more breaks among them the Bread of Life.

"And now the last prayer is offered; they embrace each other, the vessel begins to move. As she recedes, uplifted hands and uplifted hearts attest what all felt. And none of all that vast multitude felt more, probably, than that young man. His name was Philip Embury. His party consisted of his wife, Mary Sweitzer (remarkable for her personal beauty, and recently married, at the early age of sixteen, to her noble husband), his two brothers and their families, Paul Heck and Barbara his wife, and others. Who among the crowd that saw them leave

thought that two of the little
destined, in the mysterious
of God, to influence for good
ıyriads, and that their names
› long as the sun and moon
'et so it was. That vessel con-
lip Embury, the first class-
local preacher of Methodism
erican continent, and Barbara
mother in Israel,' one of its
ers, the germ from which, in
ovidence of God, has sprung
ıdist Church of the United
Canada, a Church which has
: its influence about seven
the germinant mind of the
eming hemisphere!"

ıg the wild north coast the
left its way between the
ving deep fissures which
he cliffs. One of the most
of these is on the west of
l, known by the name of
ıy Man's Path." It is a
l chasm, which strikes one
ling of awe almost amount-
ror, dividing the headland
n over two hundred feet.
side of this chasm is a
which, if adventurous
ou may descend to the base
ff. One of those massive
lars, in ages too remote
ry or tradition, fell across
ther side, and rests by a
ender that it enhances the
character of the place,
lmost ready to fall down;
›king up from below, it
t were the huge lintel of a
'-case.

.les to the west of the city
in a valley where two
ıeet, is the little village
y with its castle, whose
despread. For high in the
ern side of that castle is a
l he who is adventurous
› reach it, and has faith
› kiss it, will be sure to
ɛnceforth a gift of marvel-
cy. Honeyed words will
his lips; persuasive power
on his utterances; he will
ray everywhere and with
everybody; and, when mankind, and much more womankind, are taken captive by the witchery of his tongue, they say, "He has kissed the Blarney Stone."

There are two stones which each claim to be the real talisman—one on the north side of the castle, being about two feet square, with the date of 1703; the other, that which records the date of the building, 1446. Any one may kiss the former. To kiss the latter the votary must be let down twenty feet by a pulley and tackle. Try the first. If it works the charm, well; if not, let no amount of "blarney" induce you to attempt the other.

What is the origin of this imputed virtue is lost in the mist of antiquity. There is a legend that a certain lord of Blarney, who was required to show his loyalty by delivering up his castle to the English, always expressed his readiness so to do, but contrived to amuse the Queen's representative by plausible excuses; and so the word blarney came to mean something very like humbug. But Blarney Castle is itself an interesting object. It is on the south of the village, and rises precipitously from a limestone rock. A strong castellated pile, four-square and high, rising one hundred and twenty feet, it is described as "composed of four piles joined together, having walls eighteen feet in thickness." Attached to it is a mansion of more recent date. The whole forms a highly picturesque feature in a district which has many beauties. The stronghold was built in the fifteenth century, as appears on the stone already mentioned.

About midway between Cork and Dublin is the city of Kilkenny, in the heart of the fertile county of that name. It is rich in historic associations. The glory of Kilkenny is its Cathedral of St. Canice. It stands on an eminence, and commands a fine view. There is a steep

ancient street, and its flight of steps, called "St. Canice's Steps," that leads through an archway into the churchyard. Let us go up and look at the church and the round-tower beside it. It was founded in 1202, and affords a good and chaste example of a pure and beautiful period of the early English style of Gothic architecture not surpassed by any cathedral of the kind existing. The

BLARNEY CASTLE.

round-tower is one hundred feet high, and forty-six feet six inches in circumference at the base, and the conical cap has been restored.

Before taking our leave of this beautiful but in large degree discontented and unhappy island, let us look for a moment at its social condition, and the causes and possible cure of its poverty and discontent. One prime factor of the poverty of Ireland, we think, is, without doubt, the Roman Catholic religion which seems to sap the habits o thrift and industry of any people Account for it as you will, you ca tell when you pass from a Protestan to a Roman Catholic part of th country, by the wretched cabins, th rags, and wretchedness of the villages. What a contrast the wealth and intelligence of Belfast and Londonderry present to the squalor and misery that abound in Cork a Kerry. So also you can tell i stantly when you pass from a Pro estant to a Catholic canton in Swi zerland.

Another cause of the poverty Ireland is its enormous drink ta Previous to the great Temperan Reform led by Father Mathew, th yearly home consumption of whisk in Ireland was 12,248,000 gallons Through the Temperance Reform

years it was reduced to
)0 gallons, representing an
saving of over £2,000,000
. Although the revenue fell
ı single year £300,000 from
:eased consumption of liquor,
ıcreased £690,000 from other
—in consequence of the in-
thrift and industry of the
ion. If the dreadful drink-
Ireland, of England, of Can-
ere but removed, poverty
e but a rare occurrence.
to be fair, we must include
cause of Irish misery. Fifty
go John Bright said, "The
use of Ireland's calamities is
eland is idle; therefore she
Ireland starves; therefore
ds. We must choose between
and anarchy. But the idle-
the people of Ireland is not
their own fault; it is for the
ırt a forced idleness."

That the Irish nature, even in its most untutored type, is amenable to reason, sensible to kindness, and capable of high moral virtues, which by evil influence have often been turned into vices, has plainly been proved. Also, that it is possible to expend capital in Ireland without hopelessly losing it. No doubt the Celtic race is a difficult one to deal with. You must take it by its heart rather than its head, its emotions rather than its self-interest and worldly prudence.

The recent agrarian legislation with respect to Ireland will remove a burden which has long pressed like an incubus upon its prosperity. The cordial reception of the King during his recent visit shows how loyal Irish hearts respond to the touch of kindness, and is an augury of brighter days for dear old Ireland.

THE SEA OF FAITH.

BY FREDERICK LAWRENCE KNOWLES.

Have you lifted anchor and hoisted sail?
Does your ship stand out to sea?
Have you scoffed at peril and dared the gale
Where the waves and the winds are free?

Is safety a thought that you count disgrace
When duty or danger call?
Would you stand on the deck with a smile on your face,
And perish the first of all?

Is your old sail salt with the frozen foam,
And gray as a sea-gull's wing?
Do you never long for land and home
When the great waves clutch and cling?

O, the Sea of Faith hath storms, God knows;
And the haven is very far,
But he is my brother-in-blood who goes
With his eye on the polar star,

With his hand on the canvas, his foot on the ropes,
His heart beating loud in his breast,
With deathless courage and quenchless hopes
And the old divine unrest!

The swift keels chafe in the Harbour of Doubt;
They were built for the glorious blue,
Where the stout masts bend and the sailors shout,
And the wave-drench'd compass is true!

Then here's my hand, O lad of my heart,
O dauntless spirit and free!
The tide is high! They strain, they start!
The ships of the infinite sea!

—*Christian Endeavour World.*

AN ECCENTRIC ARTIST.

JAMES ABBOTT M'NEILL WHISTLER.

THE recent death of this distinguished artist * calls attention afresh to his genius and eccentricities. He was born in 1834 in Lowell, Mass., and studied for a time at West Point, but he had no inclination for military life, or his father's profession of engineer, and about 1855 began to study art in Paris. His work, says The Independent, as a painter was so unconventional that it was for years rejected by the Paris Salon and the London Academy, and his daring experiments in colour aroused the opposition of the critics. On account of his caustic wit and erratic personality, he was engaged in numerous contests in law and in print. Despite the opinions of the critics most of his fellow craftsmen considered him the greatest artist in the world at the time of his death. Whether he will rank with the masters of the ages, however, we doubt. He was too erratic.

Mr. Whistler, says The Outlook, believed firmly in his "harmony of colour" idea, scoffed at all realism and what is called story-telling in painting, and undoubtedly took sincere delight in his caustic and witty retorts to scoffing critics. Whatever may be said of his more ambitious paintings, no one would now deny exquisite beauty of a unique order to many of his water-colours, while his etchings are eagerly sought by collectors and rank with with the best work of recent years. The appreciation of his ability came slowly, and

ETCHING BY WHISTLER.

existed in Paris and America bef it gained much ground in Engla The attack by Ruskin in 1878 led a libel suit; the trial was a sou of immense entertainment to art-loving public, and to no one m so, probably, than to Whistler hi self; the verdict was in Whistl favour, and the damages were sessed at one farthing! Whist was wont to describe himself a past-master in the gentle art of m ing enemies; but his fierce comb aways had something of the mo heroic about them; he was humo ist enough to laugh at himself well as others; and it is doubt whether he really left an ene behind him.

Whistler, says a recent critic, possessed of a sharp and bit tongue, and seemed utterly indif ent to the amount of pain his cau wit might inflict. His mann isms were so many, and his sup ficiality so apparent, that few peo could believe that beneath this ri ulous and offensive exterior there artistic talents of the very f order. And yet such was undou edly the case. Whistler might h

* He died suddenly at his residence, *Chelsea*, London, July 17th, 1903.

THOMAS CARLYLE.
From a painting in the Glasgow Gallery.

reckoned as an American, were
; for the fact that he regarded
'hole nation with such ill-con-
l contempt.
garded as a man, Whistler was
ilure: quarrelsome, conceited,
tric, one word alone can de-
: him. He was "impossible."
when we come to regard him as
tist, it is a very different matter.
, of course, too soon as yet to
n to him his proper position
ig contemporary artists; or to
n which of the two fields, of
ing or etching, he will be ac-
d the higher rank. Undoubt-
he was a wonderful portrait
ter. His portrait of Thomas
rle, and that *of his mother*, some
judges do not scruple to describe as being not only the finest portraits of the day, but the finest in existence. Had his claim to high artistic distinction depended on these two works alone, and on his etchings, he would certainly have gone down to posterity as one of the greatest portrait painters and etchers of his time. The unfortunate and strange thing, however, is that it is not by these gems that the artist is best known to the public. But it is with those weird landscapes, Harmonies and Nocturnes (or whatever other fantastic name he was pleased to give them), that his name is indissolubly connected.

Mr. Ruskin expressed his opinion

of the new impressionist master as follows :

"For Mr. Whistler's own sake, no less than for the protection of the purchaser, Sir Coutts Lindsay ought not to have admitted works into the gallery, in which the ill conceit of the artist so nearly approached the aspect of wilful imposture. I have seen and heard much of cockney impudence before now; but never expected to hear a coxcomb ask two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face."

His etchings and lithographs being more numerous, simple, and always exceedingly beautiful, are far more widely known than his paintings; and have exercised a profound influence on the modern art of illustration. Had he been less eccentric as a man, he would have been far greater as an artist. But now that he is gone, his little peculiarities will soon be forgotten, while all that is true and great in the man will survive. All his works bear the marks of great artistic individuality, and possess a charm peculiarly their own. They will always be regarded with interest as marking a distinct epoch in nineteenth century art.

Everywhere, writes Miss Jolliffe, in Acta Victoriana, his peculiar personality attracted attention. His general aspect is most grotesque. All the eccentricities of genius are developed in this little man of five feet seven. What an odd figure he is indeed; to attract attention he dresses most elaborately, and he has had his reward, for he is invariably followed by a suite of curious small boys. His hair hangs in separate curls, artistically arranged, and dyed jet black in colour, with the exception of one lock, which remains white, and which on very special occasions is tied with a ribbon. His eyes are glistening and peer like a serpent's in the grass, yet his face in repose is strong, masterly, and fine of feature.

Among men, he is the cheeriest, wittiest, and most sanguine of mortals. His laugh is most characteristic. Sir Henry Irving partly imitated it when he appeared as Mephistopheles; but the original is inimitable.

Numerous stories are told of his vanity and self-consciousness, which he delights to exhibit for the pleasure of startling his hearers. A friend wishing to pay him the highest compliment, once said to him: "Mr. Whistler, you and Valasquez are two of the greatest painters." The artist replied: "Why do you drag in Valasquez?" Again, while sailing down the Thames through one of Nature's gardens, a lady remarked to him: "Mr. Whistler, the whole trip is like a series of your superb etchings." "Yes, yes," answered Whistler, "Nature is creeping up."

Whistler's early productions were naturally characteristic of his youth, bespeaking the apprentice rather than the finished artist who was to produce later "The Rialto Steps." Yet even these early landmarks in his career give evidence of qualities which have made the masterpieces of Whistler the wonder of the artistic world. In his early works, "In the Music Room," "The Little White Girl," "The Gold Screen," and others, he substitutes for the conventional face, the variety and unexpected charm of nature and a relentless grasp of personal character. He is everywhere the artist, perfect in colour and detail. None of his external peculiarities appear in his works. He casts aside the outward life and seeks to reveal upon the canvas his ideal of truth and beauty.

The fine enamel of "The Falling Rocket" is perfect in form, exquisite in colouring. It is an instance of that peculiar triumph of execution which consists in the complete absence of all appearance of effort.

How beautiful is the "Nocturne in Blue and Gold—Battersea Bridge," or, "In Blue and Silver—Chelsea," painted in the serenity

WHISTLER'S PORTRAIT OF HIS MOTHER.

in the mystery of the blue
The whole soul of the
is in it—the whole spirit

trait painting Whistler is
ed. Perhaps the most
xample of this branch of
is the portrait of Carlyle,
resentation existing of that
er. The simplicity and
figure, the solid modelling
e, the characterization of
, are above praise. But he
e tenderest light of his
on the canvas in the por-
is revered mother. It is
iece. It was purchased by
h Government in 1891, and
-day in the Luxemburg.
exquisite colouring and
echnique, which nature
m so skilfully to employ,
l the radiance of his very
ing with love and rever-
er who loved him so well.

Whistler is also well known in the literary world where his criticisms and lectures on art have won him well-merited praise. His brilliant wit, his wisdom salted with paradox, his reason spiced with eccentricity have given him a style and a power peculiarly his own. Yet in all he bears a message to the present generation of students in art and letters. He seeks to show us a higher ideal of art and to lift our souls into a realm of truth and beauty.

Whistler has suffered much adverse criticism. He has stood alone and unaided—nay even opposed; but he has stood firm, and has wrung from the nation and the world an acknowledgment that his place in art is with the great for all time. England of the nineteenth century owes much of whatever enduring fame in painting is destined to be hers to the eccentric Whistler.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

BY E. M. GRAHAM.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

IN the hush that followed the soulful organ harmonies of Browning, when the Eolian harp of Tennyson had ceased to vibrate, there fell upon the air a new music, the music of the banjo and the bugle, the trumpet and the drum, the music of Rudyard Kipling—to some a pseudo-melody, which in scorn they likened unto the music of popular concert halls, but to others as irresistible as that of the pied piper, and they yielded to the spell of his magic and followed like the children of old.

And what a following he has! Never has an author during his lifetime been so widely read. As Sir Walter Besant puts it: "The people sit in a world-theatre of which the front seats are at the story-teller's feet, and the farthest twelve thou-

niles away. . . . From
ıd west, north and south,
r the Union Jack or the Stars
ripes may float, they flock
e vast auditorium to listen
ınd to a single voice, which
clear and distinct to the most
tier, where the white faces
ıd listen while the story is
And in this audience are
d all classes, the college don
day-labourer, scholarly and
e, young and old, for the
f the story-teller is the voice
people. No less wide and
is his range of subjects.

to admire and for to see,
to behold this world so wide,"

and has been his constant

while this cosmopolitan spirit
ome from sea to sea, it is in
hat we feel ourselves taken
e very heart of things, that
gic pen dips deep into the
nd laughter of that land of
e and mystery. And what is
ret of the magician's power
land? The sahib and Tommy
the coolie and the people of
country, is it not because he
d with these that the strong
s tremulous with unspoken
hy? Is it not because, as he
o this people,—

eaten your bread and salt,
ve drunk your water and wine,
aths ye died I have watched beside,
the lives that ye led were mine.

ıere aught that I did not share
igil or toil or ease;
y or woe that I did not know,
hearts across the seas?"

this strain of sympathy and
hood we find promise of in
story of the child Kipling.*

At the age of five, the little fellow, trudging over the ploughed fields near Bombay, his tiny hand in the giant clasp of a native husbandman, called back to his mother, "Good-bye, this is my brother." This is the key-note, sweet and strong, to the deep sympathy which permeates his portrayal of Hindu life.

And if his world is sometimes a rough world, and if not only matter, but method too, seems at times undignified and abrupt, all that Mr. Kipling asks of us is—

"Through the broken words and mean,
May ye see the truth between."

As the singer knew and touched it in the ends of all the earth, and truth, even in ugliness, is beauty. He does not dress out flimsy ladies and dapper knights to flaunt their little parts behind the footlights of an unreal stage, but in the light of day, under the hard pressure of no imaginary conditions, we have "neither children nor gods, but men in a world of men." Men as in "Soldiers Three," degraded, blasphemous and drunken, "rude figures of a rough-hewn race," but behind all their vices are the real men meeting their fate, living their life, doing their work. Underneath all is the spark of the Divine.

And of the jungle books, what shall we say? Other men have made animals talk, but never did they appeal to us as do "Bagheera,"

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lebrities," says an English writer, the Kipling family, and the poet ch to his early associations. Both lfathers were Wesleyan ministers, of them had three remarkable daughters, who became, in turn, Lady Burne-Jones, Lady Poynter, wife of the President of the Royal Academy, and the mother of Mr. Kipling.

"Mr. Kipling owes much to the Wesleyan ex-President. While staying in Burslem with his sister, Mr. Macdonald introduced her to a young artist named Lockwood Kipling, and one day at a little place called Rudyard, in the Potteries, the two became engaged. In due time they were married, and the son was born whose name—the name of the little village which figured in his parents' love story—is now known to the world. The boy Kipling thus came under the happiest home influences, coming in frequent contact with such men as Sir Edward Burne-Jones and William Morris."

"Akela," "Baloo," and "The Langurs." We forget, as we read, that we belong to a world of men. Our life is the jungle life, our friends are Mowgli's friends. We listen eagerly to their conversation, their jests, their disputes. In lines of swinging strength are set forth their laws, embodying the greatest wisdom of nations, for they are wiser than humankind in that they know the laws of the life of which they are a part.

"Now these are the Laws of the Jungle,
As old and as true as the sky,
And the wolf that shall keep them shall prosper,
And the wolf that shall break them shall die.
As the creeper that girdles the palm-tree,
The law runneth forward and back,
For the strength of the pack is the strength of the wolf,
And the strength of the wolf is the pack."

In the realm of poetry there is the same diversity of opinion with regard to Mr. Kipling's genius as in the domain of prose. Some declare him unhesitatingly the "unchallenged Laureate of Greater Britain," and without any sense of incongruity can use the phrase "from Chaucer to Rudyard Kipling," while others refuse to assign him even the obscurest corner in the Temple of Fame. To these last we can only answer in Mr. Kipling's own trenchant words:

"There are nine and-sixty ways of constructing tribal lays,
And every single one of them is right."

Mr. Kipling has done much to broaden literary taste and to bring poetry into every-day life. Others may seek their material in tropical gardens or star-lit heavens, but from the rough life of the barrack-room comes his prayer:

"It is enough that through Thy Grace
I saw naught common on Thy earth."

He has appreciation and praise for the "poor benighted heathen," Fuzzy-Wuzzy, and the loyal-hearted Gunga Din; it is his voice that pleads indignantly for the redcoat's place in society, and with his clear-sighted vision he sings with conviction of honour among thieves, and the incident of the border thief and the colonel's son in that most musical "Ballad of East and West" is used to flash forth his doctrine of the essential brotherhood of man:

"Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
Till earth and sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat;
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the earth."

The aim of all these ballads seems to be underneath the degraded exterior to show the touch of human nature, which makes the semi-savage "most remarkable like you."

An undertone of deep seriousness is felt throughout all his portrayal of Hindu life, as he explains to them:

"I have written the tale of our life
For a sheltered people's mirth,
In jesting guise—but ye are wise,
And ye know what the jest is worth."

This jesting guise is discarded in his later poems, so aptly designated "The Seven Seas." It is this book that has so deservedly won for him the title of "Poet of the Sea," and the book seems a vast sea-symphony, with orchestral harmonies of wind and wave. Where could we find a more majestic sea-dirge than the "Song of the Dead"?

"We have fed our seas for a thousand years
And she calls us, still unfed,
Though there's never a wave of all her waves
But marks our English dead:
We have strawed our best to the weed's unrest,
To the shark and the sheering gull:
If blood be the price of admiralty,
Lord God, we ha' paid in full."

r. Kipling is a master of mel-
ı all its variations. From
ɔw, measured drum-beat of
ier, soldier, come from the
; from the light, imitative har-
in the "Song of the Banjo,"
ı turn with unerring touch to
ep organ-anthem of "Reces-
" From the gay lilt of the
, he passes to the stately mea-
f "The English Flag" with
ɔ so perfectly imitative lines :

e the sea-egg flames on the coral and
the long-backed breakers croon
endless ocean legends to the lazy,
locked lagoon."

ther music sounds in the
nery-clanging chorus of "Mc-
w's Hymn," in which the poet
age of invention and material-
ngs the song of steam. The
has magnificent force and re-
e, and the metre ringing out
ınging beats and throbs proves
ipling a master of versifica-

nis poem we see Mr. Kipling
poet of a materialistic age,
ı another aspect we find him
nore conspicuously the inter-
of his age. He is the poet of
ialism, not the imperialism of
England—"a poor, little
bred people," but the imperial-
f Greater Britain, of the col-
including our own Canada,
he so picturesquely pledges in
Native-born" :

ıe far-flung, fenceless prairie,
ıere the quick cloud shadows trail,
ır neighbour's barn in the offing
d the line of the new-cut rail.

ıe plough in her league-long furrow,
th the grey lake-gulls behind—
ıe weight of a half-year's winter
d the warm, wet western wind."

Mr. Kipling's imperialism,
ed with the glory of unselfish-
f we may again quote Sir
: Besant, he says: "He has
ıt home to the most parochial
tle Englanders the sense and
knowledge of what the British Empire means. What Seeley has taught scholars, Mr. Kipling has taught the multitude. He is the Poet of the Empire, not the Jingo Rhymer, but the poet with the deepest reverence for those who have built up the Empire, the deepest respect for the Empire, the most profound sense of responsibility.

"Keep ye the Law—be swift in all obedience—
Clear the land of evil, drive the road and bridge the ford.
Make ye sure to each his own
That he reap where he hath sown ;
By the peace among our peoples let men know we serve the Lord!"

And this same poet it was when the people were shouting themselves hoarse in vainglory, "drunk with sight of power," whose voice is heard in the prayer which must live as one of the greatest moulding forces of British character :

"Lord God of Hosts! be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

And what a lofty ideal of statesmanship is held up for us in "The White Man's Burden." Not by self-seeking, but by self-renunciation will the world be redeemed :

"By all ye will or whisper,
By all ye leave or do,
The silent, sullen peoples
Shall weigh your God and you."

And again we hear: "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in Heaven."

Closely allied to Mr. Kipling's imperialism is his doctrine of religion. What is his Credo? From his volume, "The Day's Work," we hear ringing out in dogged tones, "What is to be, will be, and it's all in the Day's Work. Let no man, therefore, shirk, neither let him be afraid." There is no religion of outward forms and ceremonies, but yet in its recognition of law and order we have a faith not unlike that of

the ancient Hebrews; and does not his "Hymn Before Action" ring like the voice of a prophet of old leading the people to victory in the name of the Lord of Hosts ?

> "Ere yet we loose the legions—
> Ere yet we draw the blade,
> Jehovah of the Thunders,
> Lord God of Battles, aid!"

A simple creed, which resolves itself into two words, *Courage* and *Toil.* And who are some of the disciples of this religion ? Scott, labouring without ostentation in the famine district throughout the stifling heat of India; the dour Scotch engineer, McAndrew, whose only plea to God is :

> "But I ha' lived and I ha' worked,
> Judge thou if ill or well."

And Bobby Wick, "only a subaltern," but dying silently and uncomplainingly in a cholera camp because of a unconscious loyalty to the principle: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

These are but the natural creations of an author who at times gives us a momentary glimpse of the deep seriousness of his own relationship to that "Master of all Good Workmen."

> "By my own work before the night,
> Great Overseer, I make my prayer."

There are many faults in Kipling's work which we have not touched upon, and others we have passed over but lightly; there are reasons enough and to spare for loving him, and as for the faults we can but hope that some day will see the realization of "the depth and dream of his desire."—*Acta Victoriana.*

NOVEMBER.

Yet one smile more, departing, distant sun !
  One mellow smile through the soft, vapoury air,
Ere, o'er the frozen earth, the loud winds run,
  Or snows are sifted o'er the meadows bare.
One smile on the brown hills and naked trees,
  And the dark rocks whose summer wreaths are cast,
And the blue gentian flower that, in the breeze,
  Nods lonely, of her beauteous race the last.
Yet a few sunny days, in which the bee
  Shall murmur by the hedge that skirts the way,
The cricket chirp upon the russet lea,
  And man delight to linger in thy ray.
Yet one rich smile and we will try to bear
The piercing winter frost, and winds, and darkened air.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

A TYPICAL CANADIAN CAMP-MEETING.*

BY ALEXANDER SUTHERLAND, D.D.,

Missionary Secretary of the Methodist Church in Canada.

MANY persons have been under the impression that camp-meetings originated with the Methodists, but this is a mistake; they originated with the Presbyterians in the Western States of America, where religious conditions justified extraordinary methods. The odist itinerants were not slow ceive the value of such gency, and being unham- by conventional rules of order corum, such as prevail in tablished communities, they y adopted the camp-meeting as ans of deepening religious st and reaching a class of ns who could not be reached by some unusual method.

the time of which we speak, ation was sparse and settle- were few and far between. were no "centres of popula- where the people might gather cial intercourse; in fact, about ly thing that broke the mono- f their daily existence was the visits of the Methodist itin- who came and preached in le cabin or log schoolhouse, ien hurried on to his next ap- nent.

ong a people so circumstanced nouncement that a camp-meet- last for a week, would be held ertain time and place created a flutter of excitement. Pre- ons would at once begin, and as the time drew near the event was looked forward to with eager anticipation. To some it came as a welcome respite from the toil and sordid cares of their daily life; to others it afforded an opportunity for social intercourse which human nature so strongly craves; while others were attracted solely by the novelty of the occasion and its unknown possibilities of adventure, excitement, or amusement. But there were others who were moved by deeper feelings—godly men and women who found it not easy, in the absence of Christian intercourse and the means of grace, to maintain a steady soul-growth and a daily fellowship with God. These looked forward to the camp-meeting as an opportunity for spiritual quickening that was sorely needed, and also a time when unconverted children and neighbours might be brought into the fold of God.

A spot was usually selected in the wooded portion of the farm of a staunch Methodist, and in a Methodist neighbourhood, near to a good supply of pure water. If a piece of ground could be discovered sloping gently in one direction, so much the better. Some days in advance of the camp-meeting a group of sturdy axemen would put in an appearance, and proceed, under the direction of a senior itinerant, to prepare the ground. The smaller trees and underbrush are carefully removed, and afterward utilized in building a brush fence or stockade around the camp-ground, leaving an opening at one side only, usually in the direction of the nearest highway. Inequalities in the surface of the ground are levelled as much as por-

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*rinted from Dr. Sutherland's forthcoming book on "Methodism in Canada, Its nd Its Story." 8vo. Pp. 350. To- William Briggs. Price, $1.50.

sible, and all roots and rubbish cleared away.

Then a "preaching-stand" is erected at the foot of the slope, constructed—both walls and roof—of rough deal boards, and divided into two parts, the front part having a long seat for the preachers and a sloping desk for Bible and hymn-book, the rear part a small room where the preacher, who is to officiate, can retire for meditation and prayer, unless he prefers a dim forest aisle, which is sometimes the case. Large trees are cut down and the stems dragged to the spot to serve as supports for seats. If it be a neighbourhood where lumber is easily obtainable, perhaps a tabernacle of good size is erected, in which services may be held in case of rain. In front of the preachers' stand a long pole is stretched on short supports—a convenient place for penitents to kneel at when the battle is fairly begun and "the slain of the Lord are many." Several waggon-loads of straw are brought from neighbouring farms and strewn liberally over the ground, contributing to cleanliness and affording protection from damp.

Lastly, several light-stands are erected at convenient points. These are constructed of four upright poles, with cross-pieces at the top, on which other poles are laid side by side, making a foundation on which earth is piled to the depth of a foot or more. On this is placed a quantity of fuel—pine roots if possible, as these burn freely and give excellent light.

Preparations, so far as the ground is concerned, may now be regarded as complete. Families in the neighbourhood, and some from adjacent neighbourhoods, have already prepared their rough board or cotton tents, and are in a position to extend hospitality to wayfarers from distant places until these also have their temporary shelters in order. Among the earlier arrivals are the itinerants from various fields, who have come praying for and expecting glorious displays of saving power. On the first day of the meeting the tide fairly sets in, and the people begin to arrive in considerable numbers, some of them from a distance of thirty, fifty, or even a hundred miles. They come in waggons, on horseback, on foot, some in the earlier days even on ox-sleds, bringing such store of provisions, bedding, and cooking utensils as might suffice for their simple wants during the ensuing week. As they meet on the outskirts of the camp-ground tongues are loosed. There are hearty greetings between friends who have not met for years, kind inquiries after children and neighbours, and hopes expressed for a "good time" during the meeting. Then the bustle of preparation goes on, erecting temporary shelters and stowing away food and other supplies.

The noonday meal is quickly dispatched, and not long after a rousing blast from the preachers' stand on a tin horn in the hands of a stalwart itinerant goes echoing through the forest glades, notifying the people that the time has come for the first service to begin. They assemble quickly, for this is a summons that must not be neglected, and the service opens with a stirring Methodist hymn. It is sung to an old-fashioned tune, sometimes in a minor key, but it bears on its wings the pleading of earnest hearts. The object, at this stage of the service, is to quicken the faith and zeal of God's children and draw out their sympathy for the unconverted. Then follows an earnest, heartfelt prayer, to which there are a few timid responses (they will be more frequent and much heartier by and by). Another hymn is sung,

he preacher takes the stand for
pening sermon or exhortation
e case may be.
e text is brief and pointed, and
rmon equally so. Without pre-
ary the opening words ring out
ct and clear, "Brethren, pray."
t thou not revive us again?"
like. No time this for learned
ition, but a splendid opportun-
or exhortation, of which the
er avails himself to the fullest
t. The praying brethren and
s understand him perfectly. It
trumpet-call to form the "far
battle line," for well they
"the day of the Lord is near
valley of decision." A praver-
ng follows, in which earnest
h uncultured men and women
it in homely phrase their long-
for a baptism of the Holy
, or plead for the conversion
ildren and neighbours. The
r-meeting ended, an intermis-
follows till the time of the
g service, which resembles
f the afternoon.
the following day the people
ble in larger numbers and the
st deepens. In the early morn-
e voice of family devotion is
in the tents. After breakfast
er-meeting is held in front of
and, and some present them-
as seekers of full salvation.
n o'clock there is preaching,
at two, and in the evening
the fires are lighted, each ser-
followed by a lively exhorta-
and a prayer-meeting. The
r of "seekers" has increased,
nong them are some awakened
s pleading for pardon. But
services are only preliminary
shes, preparatory to the de-
battle which is yet to come.
the end of the week (such
gs usually begin on Wednes-
the few hundreds present on
st day have increased to thou-
it may be, and with anxious
the preachers and praying helpers survey the multitudes, hoping for a general "breaking down" before the Lord's day dawns. For the first two or three days the tide of battle ebbs and flows, but victory always turns on Israel's side. As the decisive hour draws near interest is intensified. No one can tell when the culminating point will be reached, but come it will. Perhaps it is during an evening service. A multitude is there. Every seat is occupied, and on the outer circle hundreds are standing, most of them careless, unawakened people, some of them scoffers, and some of the rowdy type, it may be, bent on mischief. A chosen band of reliable men patrol the outskirts of the crowd, ready to check the first symptoms of disorder.

On the stand all the preachers are seated, save the brother who is to officiate, and he is in the inner room, prostrate on the floor, his face resting on his open Bible, pleading with God "with groanings which cannot be uttered," for "grace to help in" this "time of need." Fires have been kindled on the light-stands, and the resinous pine-roots send up shoots of flame that light up the whole encampment with a lurid glow and penetrate the gloom of the surrounding forest. What a scene for the pencil of a Rembrandt or the pen of a Dante. Nay, rather what a scene for the pen of inspiration; for these earthly lights and shadows are but tame, neutral tints compared with the stronger lights and shadows which sin and salvation cast athwart the human soul.

But now it is time for the service to begin. A hymn is sung, something to stir the martial ardour of every soldier of the cross, and hundreds of praying hearts respond to the challenge :

> "Hark, how the watchmen cry,
> Attend the trumpet's sound!
> Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh,
> The powers of hell surround.

"Who bow to Christ's command,
Your arms and hearts prepare!
The day of battle is at hand!
Go forth to glorious war!"

Prayer follows, earnest, pleading, tender, and importunate by turns, as if the suppliant would storm the very mercy-seat and compel the blessing he so much desires. A portion of Scripture is read, something which bears upon the theme of the coming discourse, and then another hymn—a hymn of invitation, instinct with the gospel message:

"Come, sinners, to the gospel feast,
Let every soul be Jesus' guest;
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind."

Very plaintive and entreating it sounds, as some tune in a minor key carries the words across the encampment and upward toward the listening stars.

And now the congregation settles down, and with faces turned toward the stand, where the preacher has just arisen to announce his text, await the message that is coming. The theme is in keeping with the circumstances of the hour: "Repent ye, therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out when times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord." There is no display of learning, no graces of artificial oratory, but an intense earnestness that carries conviction to every heart. As the preacher proceeds, his soul kindles with an intense fervour which quickly reacts upon his susceptible audience, and the saints begin to respond with fervent "Amens," or to shout aloud for joy. And then, suddenly it may be, the grace of exhortation descends upon the preacher; the repressed feelings of his soul overleap all barriers, and a torrent of expostulation, warning, entreaty, and appeal beats like a tempest in the faces of the spellbound multitude, who listen as if an angel spake to them.

Pausing for a moment, as though to gather strength for a fresh effort, the silence is broken by the bitter cry by some one whom the Spirit's sword has wounded, quickly answered by another and yet another from different parts of the ground. A wave of deep emotion sweeps over the congregation, for they know the crisis of the battle has come; and the feeling is intensified when some careless onlooker, perhaps a scoffer at holy things, is seized with pungent conviction and falls to the earth with a loud cry as though stricken suddenly in battle. Before the bystanders have recovered from their amazement another and yet another is similarly affected, and in a short time a score, it may be, who up to that time were careless and unconcerned are now prostrate on the ground, some still and silent as if already dead, others convulsed with agony and crying aloud to God for mercy.

During this critical time the preachers have not been idle. Descending swiftly from the stand they make their way through the congregation, exhorting, instructing, praying, and pointing sinners to the Lamb of God. In a short time perhaps half a score of praying circles have been formed around the awakened ones, where parents are praying for their children, wives for their husbands, and neighbour for neighbour. In a church such a scene would be dire confusion: but out in the open air beneath the lofty dome of God's leafy temple, where each Christian heart is intent upon the one thing of leading troubled souls to the source of peace, the confusion is scarcely noticed. Perhaps there comes a lull in the concert of prayer, and a voice is lifted up in song. For the moment Charles Wesley's stately measures are laid aside and feeling finds expression in a homely camp-meeting melody with many repetitions. Such a stanza as

"Venture on Him,
Venture on Him,
Venture on Him just now,"

may be very poor poetry, but it supplies just the direction and encouragement that the penitent seeker needs, and under its inspiration some do venture; they "step on the seeming void, and find the rock beneath." Then the shouts of victory begin to resound. Charles Wesley is recalled, and the woods re-echo the strains of his grand salvation hymn:

"My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear,
He owns me for His child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry!"

The hours have passed almost unheeded, and there is regret when the service is brought to a close. Many find it hard to leave the sacred spot, and sometimes the midnight hour will pass ere sleep and silence settle down upon the scene.

The Sabbath is in some respects a great day. In the early morning prayer-meetings are going on in many of the tents; at nine o'clock a fellowship-meeting begins, and many joyous testimonies are borne to Christ's saving power. The congregation is largely increased by people from the surrounding neighbourhoods, who come in for the day. Sermons calculated to deepen the impression already made are delivered, followed by exhortation and prayer. And so the time passes until Tuesday or Wednesday, which is not only the last, but is also the great day of the feast. The morning prayer-meetings are unusually tender, for the time of parting is near. At nine o'clock or thereabout the love-feast begins, and for an hour and a half testimonies follow in rapid succession, mingled with strains of triumphant song.

Perhaps there is a short discourse from an experienced preacher—words of counsel and encouragement that will be helpful alike to new convert and mature Christian as they return to their homes to face the toils and temptations of daily life. After this the sacramental bread is broken and the wine is poured, and preachers and people together commemorate, in that leafy temple, the dying love of their Divine Redeemer, and anticipate the day when they shall sit down at the marriage supper of the Lamb.

But one thing more remains to be done, and this is never omitted. After a short interval the preachers take their places in front of the stand, while the people, starting from the upper part of the ground, pass them in single file, receiving from each a cordial hand-shake and a word of counsel or of prayer. What marvel if every face is bathed in tears; for they have fought and triumphed together, and now they are about to part, some of them to meet no more till they pass beyond the river. But even in this solemn hour faith triumphs over doubt and fear, and they lift their voices in victorious song:

"And let our bodies part,
To different climes repair!
Inseparably joined in heart
The friends of Jesus are!
Jesus the Corner-stone,
Did first our hearts unite.
And still He keeps our spirits one,
Who walk with Him in white.

"O let us still proceed
To Jesus' work below;
Following our triumphant Head,
Further conquests go!
The vineyard of their Lord
Before His labourers lies;
And lo! we see the great reward
Which waits us in the skies.

"O let our heart and mind
Continually ascend,
That haven of repose to find
Where all our labours end;
Where all our toils are o'er,
Our suffering and our pain!
Who meet on that eternal shore
Shall never part again."

The service is over, and now be-

gins the preparation for departure. Tents are struck, household effects placed in vehicles ready to receive them, and soon the faithful few who have remained to the last are wending their way to their various homes. Meanwhile the itinerants have mounted their horses and turned their faces toward their distant fields of labour. For a few days they have enjoyed sweet communion and have been sitting "in heavenly places in Christ Jesus"; now they go back to solitary journeys, to hardship and privation, to loneliness and poverty; but their hearts are strong in the Lord, and no murmuring thought has place. For a time, perhaps, they ride together; but soon their ways diverge, and each rides forward alone, meditating on the goodness and faithfulness of God and planning fresh campaigns for the truth. Noble and heroic men, may your memories be ever kept green! Meanwhile, to us who linger a few moments by the deserted camp-ground there come, mellowed by distance, the strains of a familiar hymn sung by a group of rejoicing converts as they wend their homeward way. Gradually this also melts into silence. The feast of tabernacles is ended.*

* The foregoing may be accepted as a fairly accurate sketch of a typical camp-meeting in the middle of the nineteenth century.

AUTUMN RAIN.

How drear the autumn rain,
  Fierce from the dun clouds driven—
The old year's latest pain—
  The last great sickness given,
To the stanch heart, that did its prime attain
In days of emerald bloom;
And only yestermorn did breathe, and beam,
In ruddiest, ripest, merriest middle-age.

But now o'er earth and sky, a dusky shroud,
Spreads the broad mantle of the northern blast—
The kine, late-gleaning on the pastures bare,
The wind-stripped willow's scanty shelter seek—
Mysterious sadness o'er the soul is cast
From the gray gloom, by words the wild-winds speak.

:CHANICAL CONCEPTION OF THE UNIVERSE.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM HARRISON,

'resident of the New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island Conference.

ıID the many conflicting theories as to the origin of the universe and its wonderful phenomena, the mechanical conception has been more largely adopted, by those who have rejected the teachings of a Biblical theism, than any other recent anti-Christian explanation. e problems which gather far-reaching realms of l mind, and to lessen of mystery which those :ontain, the endeavours ıt investigators have been ›m age to age. Without n, it may be affirmed half a century of dis- › best that the mechani- has to offer as an of the universe has n presented in the teach- ɜ ablest representatives. ıds which that theory the common intelligence e and upon the best nd convictions of our moral constitution sur- ɲitude and difficulty all ılous interventions re- the Biblical revelation, e us in contradictions ɜs which cannot fail to ealthy reasoning into a ›ermanent rebellion.

ı which confront us and explanation are of the erful character, and in almost beyond calcula- ɜ organic world around far-stretching universe, heir forces, laws, and intelligent design; the l, with its rational faculties and moral powers, and the special work to which, by some agency, they have been assigned; the unity of the physical world; the presence and reign of law in all the realms to which human knowledge extends; the correspondences between the instincts of the brute and the outer world from which it draws its sustenance; the moral order of the world; the consciousness of the race, its religious beliefs in spiritual and invisible realities, and the vast influence of these convictions in every past age; the intellectual and moral achievements of mankind; the splendid array of characters distinguished for lofty qualities, in spite of the most unpropitious surroundings; the presence of Christ in the world, His matchless personality, His unmeasured influence upon all subsequent generations, and the grasp of His teachings upon the world of to-day—here are facts which call for explanation. And it must be an explanation that will satisfy the demands of our rational faculties, nor leave us in the bewildering mists of an Atlantic fog, crying out for a solution that will place our hopes upon the rock of everlasting stability.

Whence, then, came all the venerable and wonderful machinery of the universe by which we are surrounded and of which our world forms a part? No wonder that, as Emerson looked upon the immense and infinite handiwork, he exclaimed, in the language of one thrilled with the grandeur of such a spectacle, "I clap my hands in infantine joy and amazement before the first opening to me of all this magnificence, old with the lore and homage of innumerable ages."

How came life upon our globe, with all its variety of manifestation? By what process came force and all the law and order which distinguish the physical and mental worlds, the freedom of choice which constitutes the true basis of moral responsibility and makes human conduct a vital element in the welfare of the race? Whence came our personal consciousness, and all the beliefs which have asserted their imperial power in the history of mankind and have proved themselves the sources of the mightest impulses and organizations in the past and in this most progressive age? It is a noticeable fact that, as the universe is opened up yet more and more, its structure becomes invested with a grander meaning. W. S. Lilly has said, in The Fortnightly Review, that the progress of science multiplies the evidences of design in a most wonderful way. Dr. Dallinger, in his Fernley lecture for 1887, has also said:

> Design, purpose, intention appear, when all the facts of the universe are studied in the light of all our reasoning faculties, to be ineradicable. . . . All the universe, its whole progress in time and space, is one majestic evidence of design, and the will and purpose running through it are incapable of being shut out of our consciousness and reasoning faculties.

But, in responding to the demand for some adequate explanation of the facts already enumerated, what has materialism to offer? Does its solution of the vast order of things around us commend itself as sufficient to account for the results indicated? And, as a working hypothesis, is it adapted for general application and practice? The materialistic philosophy, though marked by various peculiarities, has always been substantially the same. As has been said:

> It has ever regarded the raw eternal matter—the elemental stuff of creation—as the only substance and as the all-sufficient cause of every variety and species of life. It maintains that these various forms of life and the wonderful manifestations in all the departments of human thought are the outcome of forces which exist in unintelligible matter, and that evolution explains and accounts for the whole array of these wonderful facts. Man himself, with all his organs of body and faculties of mind, has been evolved from matter by physical laws or atomic forces working without guiding thought or influence.

Prof. Tyndall has said, "The doctrine of evolution derives man in his totality from the interaction of organism and environment through countless ages." Buchner declares that "the human mind is the product of the change of matter." Moleschott says, "Thought is a motion of matter." Carl Vogt has also said, "Just as the liver secretes bile the brain secretes thought." The ground is taken by the leading advocates of materialism that matter is the only real substance in the universe, or, at least, the only substance of which we have any knowledge or about which we can speak with certainty. Huxley says, "I believe that we shall arrive at a mechanical equivalent of consciousness, just as we have arrived at a mechanical equivalent of heat;" and he adds, "Even those manifestations of intelligence and feeling which we rightly name the highest faculties are not excluded from this classification."

We are also assured by the same school that "the soul of man is nothing more than a quality of the brain, and when the brain becomes disorganized by disease and death the soul vanishes into nonentity." The mechanical conception, as expounded by its ablest authorities, professes to explain the universe and its phenomena in terms of matter and motion alone. It thus deifies the mindless forces and operations of nature by making them adequate to

luction and maintenance of le procession of wonders that d us. Whoever, therefore, ıat matter or material force ıal and originates all mind ntal power is a materialist, ːompelled to accept the con- which that theory logically . But Dr. Dallinger has d, "This coarse materialism too much and assumes too ınd treats with manifest dis- e fundamental basis of our ıg faculties."

possible to accept a system ıeaves the far-reaching uni- ːith its numberless evidences lligent purpose, to be ex- by physical principles and ȝ alone, without inciting the tion of those higher intui- hich distinguish us as intel- and moral beings? Mat- ı assumes too much; and it is ːeasonable assumptions that ıcy and weakness of the whole lie. It breaks down just ːhe highest demands of phil- begin. Is it rational or pos- regard man, the highest pro- the universe, as the effect of ing itself destitute of mind ıscious ness? Can the effect ːase be greater than the origi- cause? Hermann Lotze, told, is full of scorn for the ıat a power that invested us ːrsonality does not itself pos- rsonality. Carlyle has said, life of Frederick the Great, ıere was one form of sceptı- hich the all-doubting Freder- ld not endure: "It was flatly ːivable to him that intellect ɔral emotion could have been ːo him by an entity that had f its own."

inconceivability is an experi- ː which all are conscious who t to make any effect greater ȝ cause. To credit the won- f the organic world and the g out of the most marvellous and intelligent adaptations to "natural selection," to the notion of "unconscious ends," to the theory of "conditions of existence," or to "the fortuitous concourse of atoms" is not flattering either to science or to common-sense. To account for "force by matter, for the orderly by the unorderly, for the organic by the unorganic, for life by chemistry and mechanism, for thought, feeling, and volition by molecular motion in the brain and nerves," demands a credence compared with which the claims of Biblical revelation are unimportant. "We cannot," as a leading scientist of to-day has said, "think of any part of the world or universe and prevent the conviction that it has been ultimately caused." James Freeman Clarke has, also, observed, "If the universe has come from a gaseous nebula everything now in the universe must have been potentially present in the nebula, as the oak is potentially present in the acorn." We can only get out of molecular units that which is put into them. There can be no evolution without involution. If we accept the mechanical theory of the world's origin we cannot avoid accepting the absurd conclusion that the effect may be greater than the cause. No amount of intellectual acrobatism or legerdemain can shut off the inexorable demand that in every instance the cause shall be equal, or superior, to the effect. Dr. Lorimer, in his "Isms, Old and New," has said that Locke witnesses to the validity of this position in the following words:

> **Whatsoever is first of all things must necessarily contain in it, and actually have, at least all the perfections that can ever after exist; nor can it ever give to another any perfection that it hath not actually in itself, or, at least, in a higher degree; it necessarily follows that the first eternal Being cannot be matter.**

Here the materialists are met with

a most formidable difficulty. They are utterly unable to show that whatever is in the effect was first in the cause—that is, in the cause which they assign—and consequently are shut up to the illogical and absurd inference that there is something in the effect which is traceable to no cause whatever. In order to meet this view, materialists have endeavoured to enlarge the original definition of matter, and new qualities have been ascribed to it. As Dr. James Martineau has said:

> Starting as a beggar, with scarce a rag of "property" to cover its bones, it turns up as a prince when large undertakings are wanted, loaded with investments and within an inch of a plenipotentiary. In short, you give it precisely what you require to take from it, and when your definition has made it "pregnant with all the future" there is no wonder if from it all the future might be born.

To submit to such jugglery as this and to accept such new definitions of matter as materialists, by the very narrowness of their theory, are compelled to create, is to abnegate our intelligence and commit a mental suicide for which there is no apology whatever.

If the mechanical conception of the universe is carried out to its conclusion it leaves us with only a system of fatalism utterly antagonistic to that freedom of choice on which alone moral responsibility can rest. Man, with all his faculties, when viewed in the light of the godless system under review is nothing more than the outcome of blind and mindless forces, the splendid product of some hapless chance, the unfortunate victim of the bitterest delusions and of a relentless, iron necessity. There can be neither praise nor blame, because the foundations of an intelligent choice are swept away by the resistless current. Obligation, duty, accountability are simply convenient fancies—generous but misleading dreams—having no more authority than an unbridled and healthy imagination sees fit to create. The disastrous results which would follow the unrestrained application of such teachings are worthy of more general attention than they usually receive. But the best consciousness of the race and the growing influence of deep convictions based on Christian theism will, we believe, neutralize the bold materialism of the age and grapple successfully with the errors which that speculation contains.

The apostles of unbelief may cry out about the "din of ecclesiastical rebuke," "irrational panics," and "theological gladiatorship;" but, when the loudest word has been spoken by these conjurers with atoms and molecules, let us remember that humanity adores no shadow, nor has it in its noblest instances been the deluded slave of some strange hallucination or misleading dream. Man is more than the child of "cosmic sparks;" his reason cannot be accounted for as the "grandchild of suffused fire mist;" he is something better than "wandering sorrow in a world of visions." When Herbert Spencer defines the moral sense as "only the past experience of countless generations commanding what is useful for the tribe," he does not furnish the explanation which the case demands.

With shameless audacity and a vandalism that is barbaric, this materialistic conception of man's higher nature practically ignores the responsible offices of our moral faculties, insults our deepest instincts, denies the immortality of the soul, and leaves us in the darkness of dumb despair. By the same theory the world around us is left to be explained in terms of matter and motion alone; and its splendid aggregations of material and intelligent combinations are nothing more than the final outcome of some strange "haphazard of unintelligent

forces," and the "amazing spectacle of unpurposed accidents." Man's entire constitution, as a reasonable being, must be altered before he will be able to "reduce the infinite creative music of the universe to the monotonous and soulless chatter of an enormous mill swung by the stream of chance—in fact, a mill without a builder or a miller, grinding itself with a perpetual motion."

We are told by those who proclaim this "gospel of the flesh," and who apparently delight in the glorification of unconscious and senseless atoms, that they are the "squatters of an advancing civilization." But, as Professor Christlieb has justly said, they are its grave-diggers; and we see them swaggering as the heralds of freedom, when in fact they are the apostles of the most brutal tyranny and the most destructive teachings that have assailed the crown rights of humanity since the world began.

It would be easy to show, by quotations from prominent writers whose teachings have been a perpetual encouragement to the theory of the mechanical conception of the world, that they themselves refuse to be classed as materialists. It is significant that Huxley, Spencer, and Tyndall, after having in various ways committed themselves to the theory under review, object to the logical issues which it involves, and make their ultimate appeal to a power that is "inscrutable," "unknown," and "unknowable."

In conclusion, the best thought of the age is solidly against the materialistic philosophy; and with increasing emphasis that thought is pushing to the most pitiable straits the leaders who have championed the godless hypothesis we have been reviewing. Professor Tholuck is reported to have said, "If a man is a materialist we Germans think he is not educated." Joseph Cook, in his Boston lectures on biology, is responsible for the statement that "there is not in Germany to-day, except Haeckel, a single professor of real eminence who teaches philosophical materialism." Dr. J. H. Gladstone has said that out of thirty-five leading scientists who had given a dinner to Professor Tyndall, only three or four were on the side of scepticism; and that, looking over another list of those most eminent in science in England, nine of the first ten names were men of unquestionably religious character. The late presidents of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, the Royal Society, of London, and the French Academy were Christian men.

Among the believers in Christian theism in the world of science have been Newton, Herschel, Descartes, Pascal, Leibnitz, Linnæus, Cuvier, Davy, Liebig, Ampere, Faraday, Owen, Agassiz, Brewster, Clerk-Maxwell, Thomson, Tait, Dawson, Stokes, Beale, Pasteur, Flourens, Olney, Cayley, Lord Rayleigh, Dumas, Wurtz, Dallinger, and Lord Kelvin. Dr. Gladstone, himself an eminent scientist, said "It is difficult for me to remember a single man of the first rank in science who is opposed to Christianitv, unless that charge can be truthfully brought against my friend Professor Huxley."

Professor Max Muller, in The Nineteenth Century, ably gave his reasons for refusing to be classed as an agnostic. And Lord Salisbury, in his presidential address at the Oxford meeting of the British Association, replied in strong and conclusive language to Weismann's paper published a few months before, in which this prominent disciple of Darwin championed the theory of natural selection as "the only possible explanation we can conceive." In answer to this statement Lord Salisbury said:

It seems strange that a philosopher of

Professor Weismann's penetration should accept as established a hypothetical process, the truth of which he admits that he cannot demonstrate in detail and the operation of which he cannot even imagine . . . I quite accept the Professor's *dictum*, that if natural selection is rejected we have no resource but to fall back on the mediate or the immediate agency of a principle of design. . . I would rather lean to the conviction that the multiplying difficulties of the mechanical theory are weakening the influence it once acquired. I prefer to shelter myself in this matter behind the judgment of the greatest living master of natural science among us, Lord Kelvin, and to quote as my concluding words the striking language with which he closed his address from this chair more than twenty years ago. "I have always felt," he said, "that the hypothesis of natural selection does not contain the true theory of evolution, if evolution there has been in biology. . . I feel profoundly convinced that the argument of design has been greatly too much lost sight of in recent zoological speculations. Overpoweringly strong proofs of intelligent and benevolent design lie around us; and if ever perplexities, whether metaphysical or scientific, turn us away from them for a time they come back upon us with irresistible force, showing to us through nature the influence of a free will, and teaching us that all living things depend on one everlasting Creator and Ruler."

The conclusion of John Addington Symonds, in his article on the "Progress of Thought in our Time," in a recent Fortnightly Review, is undoubtedly correct, that "the main fact in the intellectual development of the last half-century is the restoration of spirituality to our thoughts about the universe." Says Fisher, in his "Idea of God":

> From age to age men wrangle with their eyes turned away from the light, the world goes on to larger knowledge in spite of them, and does not lose its faith for all the darkeners of counsel may say. As in the roaring loom of time the endless web of events is woven, each strand shall make more and more visible the living garment of God.

Professor Bowne has truly remarked in his "Philosophy of Theism," that "the atheistic gust of recent years has about blown over, atheism is dead as a philosophy, and remains chiefly as a disposition. The critic must allow that the theistic outlook was never more encouraging." Seeking "the rational foundation of the theistic idea in the theistic consciousness of the race," he finds it in "the demand of our entire nature, intellectual, moral, æsthetic, and religious;" and he proceeds to show that, "without a theistic faith, we must stand as dumb and helpless before the deeper questions of thought and life as a Papuan or Patagonian before an eclipse."

HEIGHTS AND DEPTHS.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

There is a centre 'mid the volleying thunders
Where silence doth obtain;
There is a depth of ocean where the waters
Ever unmoved remain;
There are aerial heights wherein no vapour
Of cloud can e'er be seen;
There's an expanse o'erspreads the dome of darkness,
Where night hath never been.

So to the child of God, amid life's tumult,
Cometh a hush most sweet;
So in affliction's depths he finds a calmness
Of rest at Jesus' feet;
Thence to an altitude of faith he rises
Where there no doubt can live.
And soars through sorrow's shades to joy unbounded—
The joy Christ's love doth give.

Toronto.

'HE BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

HE British House of Commons has been described as the foremost debating assembly in the world. It is a great Areopagus, a council of the nations. Its decisions affect one-fourth of the population of the world—far more than those affected by any other assem-

e face of the earth. The he House of Commons is he growth of responsible it. Upon it are modelled nstitutions of the English- states and territories the d over.

ew Palace of Westminster, great council of the nation housed, is probably the othic edifice in the world, s symmetry and composi- ess than in its imposing is, is a not unworthy home other-Parliament of the overing an area of nearly , it presents to the Thames e of almost one thousand contains between five hun- six hundred distinct apart- th two miles of corridors. finest features of the pile toria Tower—the loftiest st square tower in the ng seventy-five feet square, g a height of three hun- thirty-six feet to the top nnacle. Small as it may below, the flagstaff at the hundred and ten feet at the base three feet in and the flag which it on flaunts is sixty feet by feet. The Clock Tower, at end of the building, three and twenty feet high, is th for its associations with unruly members and for its four-faced clock, the largest in England. The pendulum is fifteen feet long; the minute-hand measures sixteen feet, and its point every hour completes a circle seventy-two feet in circumference.

The architecture of this sumptuous pile is the finest civil Gothic structure in the world, a little overladen with ornament, perhaps, and already crumbling beneath the gnawing tooth of the *Edax rerum*, but grander than aught else I ever saw. Parliament had risen, so I could only see the empty seats of the great athletes who fight the battles of the Titans in the grandest deliberative assembly in the world.

The Hon. J. W. Longley, Attorney-General of Nova Scotia, thus describes a visit to this historic assembly:

The House of Commons is a difficult place to get into. While it is the great council of the nation, and the controlling factor in the government of a great empire, and while its deliberations command the greatest interest of the British people and the closest attention of the whole civilized world, it is not as accessible to the people as the Congress at Washington, where every citizen of the whole country is at liberty to walk into certain galleries, hear what his rulers are saying and see what they are doing. The same freedom exists in regard to the House of Commons at Ottawa, and the Provincial Legislatures. But the British Houses of Parliament are guarded with jealous care, and when the Commons are sitting you work your way to the galleries with difficulty. Policemen stand at the gates which open from the street at the iron railings.

BRITISH HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

When you have passed these, more policemen guard the outer door leading to the Chamber, then at the outer corridor, or lobby, they are in full force, and it will go hard with you if you are not able to announce that you wish to see a member and produce your card for that purpose, or present a ticket for one of the galleries. No one can enter any gallery without a special written pass from the sergeant-at-arms, and even these can be obtained with difficulty. These restrictions are necessary, as I will point out.

The Parliament Buildings are very large and beautiful, but the thing which strikes a stranger on his first visit is that the Chamber itself, where the mighty business of the nation is done, is a small and far from imposing room. It is said to be the same size as the House of Commons of Canada, but it does not look it. It is not nearly as handsome. Its finishings are of wood. It is not nearly so well lighted as the Chamber at Ottawa, and it presents an appearance of being gloomy and confined. At Ottawa 215 members have full seating room, each with a desk; at Westminster 670 members have to find accommodation in a Chamber into which it would be impossible to stow 400 members if packed as closely as sardines in a box. A man spends time, labour, and money to get a seat in the House of Commons, and when he gets there he finds there is no seat for him. When a great question is before the House, and a great division is to take place at which six hundred members are to vote, all over three hundred and eighty have to crowd themselves into the galleries or stand about in the ante-rooms waiting for a chance to vote when the division finally comes. And even the galleries are limited in space. At

Ottawa I should imagine that eight hundred or one thousand persons could be seated. At Westminster I should think it would be difficult for four hundred persons to be stowed.

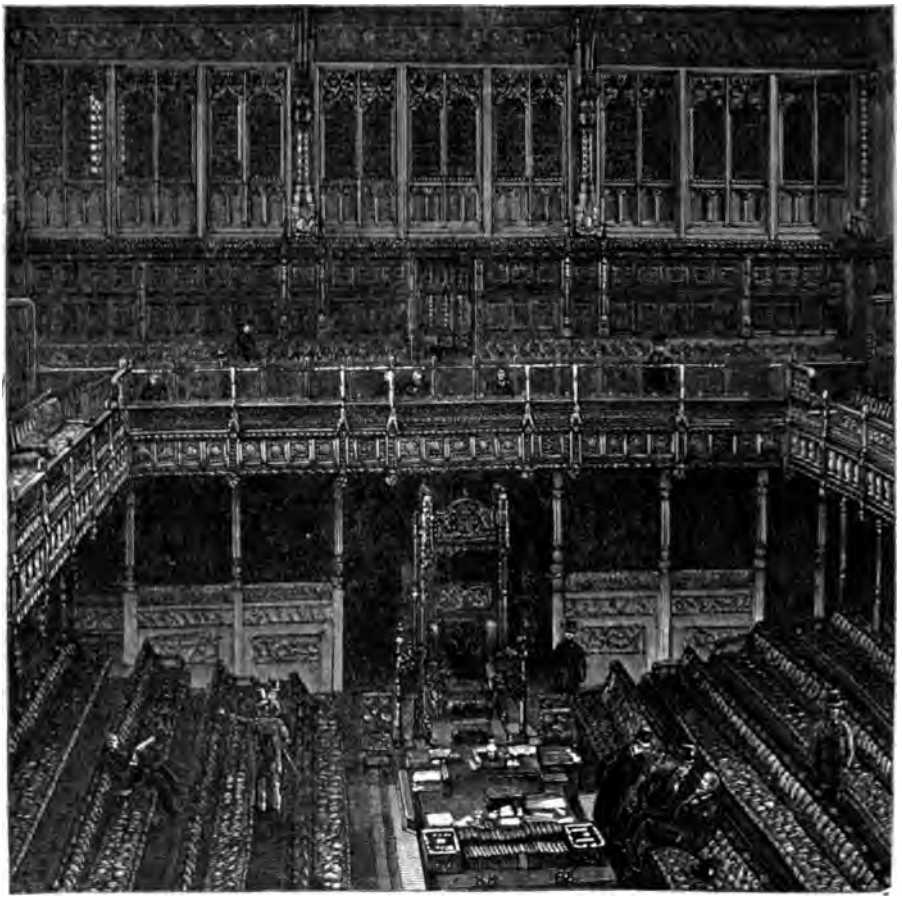
If, therefore, every member of the House took it into his head to get a ticket for a friend on any given day, it is quite manifest that hopeless confusion would ensue, unless the Speaker or sergeant-at-arms intervened to stop the issue of permits. Hence it is so difficult to get seats in the gallery that most persons dread making the attempt, and in consequence the number of visitors is really very small.

Still, notwithstanding the disappointing proportions of the Chamber, and the ill arrangements of the galleries, I could not avoid emotions of thrilling interest when I found myself for the first time looking down upon a body which had an unbroken history of glory for several hundreds of years; which had achieved the principle of popular liberty for the whole English-speaking race, and aided its growth throughout the whole civilized world; which had guided the destinies of a nation whose expanding influence now permeates the world, and which at this moment practically shapes the policy of not only one great empire, but a score of budding nations, which in less than a century will have outgrown and overshadowed many of the first powers of Europe.

Who could fail to recall the splendid achievements of John Hampden, John Eliot, Sir Harry Vane, Walpole, Peel, the Pitts, Fox, Burke, Sheridan, Palmerston, Disraeli, Cobden, Bright, and last, and perhaps greatest of all—Gladstone? That the Commons of England might uphold the liberties of the English people against the tyrannous usurpation of king or nobles, John Eliot was willing to go to a dungeon and languish and die there. His heroic courage in facing death in a lonely cell rather than yield the right of free speech has contributed more to the growth of the popular cause than even the eloquence of his living tongue. Great nations all get their greatness from the moral stamina of the people who compose them. That nation only is great which has heroes and martyrs on the roll of its illustrious dead.

The Speaker takes the chair a few minutes past three on Fridays, and prayers and the reading of the journal follow with closed doors, and with scarcely any members present. Then the galleries are opened, and I went in at this moment. I do not think that outside of the newspaper reporters there were over thirty persons in the gallery at any time during the day. A lull of a few minutes occurs after the opening of the galleries. The bigwigs have not yet entered the House. They presently begin to arrive. Members of the Cabinet drop in casually from the entrance behind the Speaker's chair, and take their places on what is called the Treasury Bench. It is a law, which custom and usage have made supreme, that the members of the outgoing administration and the recognized leaders of the Opposition shall sit on the front bench above the gangway.

No member has any seat in the sense in which such a term is understood at Washingington or at Ottawa. By courtesy a member can engage his seat for the day by simply pinning his card or placing his hat upon it. It has the same effect as placing a portmanteau upon the seat in a railway car. But it is only on special and comparatively rare occasions that such precautions are necessary, for the average daily attendance is not large, and the members not out of town spend most of their



THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

time in the smoking-room, on the terrace, or talking to friends in the lobby.

The first order of the day is "Questions." It has come to be the heaven-born right of all the members of the House to pepper the Government with questions before settling down to the work of the day. This is a cheap and favourite method for members of small calibre to get a little cheap notice in the country. The instant anything occurs which occupies any considerable space in the public eye, there is a rush among those sitting on the back benches to get the eyes of the world upon them by asking a question about it. On the day of my visit there were thirty-four questions on the printed order paper, all of which were asked, and all answered in the fullest, frankest, and most courteous manner. The answering of those thirty-four questions did not consume as many minutes.

Several army officers thought it a fitting occasion for them to make some remarks, and they did it in as dull and prosy a manner as an English army officer can achieve, and were rewarded by having nearly everybody straggle out of the House.

There is no actual magic about the

of Commons. It has
ever men and a large
ry ordinary ones. It
ı long line of eminent
triotism has ennobled
ıd whose eloquence has
ıture. It has never
mand the best talent
and it has entrusted
ıship and care the des-
t empire whose inter-
›ver the globe. It has
nd its scenes of excite-
ne who has interest in
ıgs of this world can
portals without emo-
rom its galleries with-
least a ripple of senti-
thinks of what it has
is, and what it may

ing, says an English
ɜ first assembly of gen-
ope should stand as an
ourtesy and decorous
no legislative chamber
s there probably more
g and consideration
n the two Houses of
t Westminster. If
l bitter speeches now
find utterance, they
to emphasize the ex-
hich usually prevails.
ıl has Parliament be-
gnity, that to the sta-
ions have been added
ind the stimulus to ob-
ı instinctive sense of
›r instance, there was
rule of the very near
escribed the wearing
x black frock-coat and
nd he was a very bold
ld venture to traverse
But what is the case
wearers of the "bow-
ı double figures. Mr.
favours the expansive
Mr. Courtney, learned
ɜ, displays a yellow or
without provoking a
details of this descrip-
ıt has grown distinctly
democratic. It has, however, remained rigid and immovable in matters regulating conduct.

There is an education in the use of the hat awaiting every new legislator. Accustomed to the ordinary practice of wearing his hat when standing and removing it when seated, he now discovers the contrary rule is to guide him. He may, if he chooses, sit covered; and the exercise of this discretion, resulting in an indiscriminate mixture of covered and hatless heads, gives an aspect of unconventionality to the assembly little harmonizing with its importance. In one set of circumstances only may a member speak with his hat on. That is when he desires to put a question on a point of order after the Speaker has submitted a motion prior to a division. Many are the occasions on which a member, forgetting this rule, has suddenly found his head encased by a friendly hand in a hat belonging to another that crowned him in ridicule. Mr. Gladstone was once the victim of absent-mindedness in this respect. The massive and venerable head was surmounted by a hat picked up hap-hazard, and so small as barely to cover the crown—a picture which convulsed the House.

The deference due to the chair is, very rightly, observed with unswerving strictness. Every member on entering or leaving the Chamber must bow to the Speaker. Should he neglect to do so a storm of reminders will assuredly assail him; or, if he crosses the House from one side to the other, the same act of obeisance is required from him. When a member is speaking, it is an act of discourtesy to pass between him and the Speaker, unless he sit on the third or a higher bench from the floor.

When the Commons are summoned to the Lords to hear the King's speech read or the Royal assent given to bills, the practice is for the sergeant-at-arms to remove

THE TREASURY BENCH.

the mace from the table, and, bearing it on his shoulder, head the procession to the Upper Chamber, the Speaker coming immediately behind him. Should an excited member come between the Speaker and the mace, his flagrant act of indiscretion would bring upon him an avalanche of complaint and condign admonition subsequently. Under no circumstances may a member occupy the hallowed sphere between the Speaker and the "gilded bauble." The only persons privileged to do that are the three clerks of the House, whose seats are placed between the Speaker and the symbol of authority. In the House of Lords there is a similar rule constituting it irregular to pass between the woolsack, on which the Lord Chancellor sits, and the table, or between the woolsack and any peer who is speaking.

There is to be no reading of books or newspapers for mere pleasure on the floor of the House; nor may a member read his speech. He may, however, make use of notes, and sometimes these are so copious as to bring him dangerously near breaking the rules.

The order in which speakers are to follow each other is left entirely to the discretion of the Speaker, except where pre-arrangement is made for a speech from either of the Front Benches. The general rule followed is to call a speaker from each side of the House alternately, preference being given to those who are known to have special interest in the subject under debate. To "speak plain and to the purpose" is the golden rule advised, but not always followed. The man prone to repeat his arguments is liable to be summarily stopped. No member must be referred to by name. Not "Mr. Smith," or "Mr. Jones," but "the honourable member for York," or "my noble friend, the member for Dublin," is the approved formulary. A member can only speak once in a debate, except to correct a misstatement. But when the House is in committee there is no limit to the number of

speeches which one man may make. Any allusion to debates of the same session is out of order, except where absolutely justified—and the Speaker decides the point—and a member must not reflect upon any previous decision of the House unless he intends to propose the rescinding of that decision. If a member refuses to withdraw and apologise for insulting words, he is handed over to the sergeant-at-arms, and detained in custody until he has given an assurance that he will not engage in further hostile proceedings. The same fate may also await the aggrieved party who declines to accept an apology or refuses to express his satisfaction with the withdrawal. Happily such episodes are much less frequent now than when duelling was such a prominent phase of political controversies.

Gentlemanly conduct is as desirable in the listening as in the speaking member. To sit patient and silent under a bitter taunt is a qualification that very few parliamentarians possess. Still, "the thunder of white silence" is a much more common way now than in the old days of answering invective or signifying dissent. Those who have only read and never listened to a parliamentary debate may have a very crude idea of what has actually taken place. "The "cheers" which so freely dot the newspaper account are not always the sounds that thrill and stir the blood. A roll of emphatic "Hear, hear's" is a cheer within the meaning of parliamentary procedure, and as such it appears in the reports. It answers for the reverberating shout of the mass-meeting. The word has not yet been struck that describes the genuine, enthusiastic cry raised at St. Stephen's when a master-mind touches the chords of sympathy.

A member may be called to order for infringing any of the rules, and if he refuses to withdraw, the Speaker may order him to be suspended for the remainder of that day's sitting. For a second offence he may be suspended for a week, for the third offence the restraint lasts a fortnight, and for subsequent offences for a month. In each case the member is prohibited from entering the precincts of the House while the suspension lasts. Recalcitrant members receive their sentences in various moods. The mere intimation is generally sufficient to ensure a quiet, sometimes dramatic departure. If, however, the order is disobeyed, the be-sworded sergeant-at-arms is instructed to take the matter into his hands, and, summoning a couple of his myrmidons, the trio approach their victim, lay gentle hands upon him, and persuade rather force him to leave. Even in this distressing matter the gentlemanliness of the House never deserts it.

It is now a most rare procedure to commit a person—member or stranger—to the Clock Tower, but many cases have occurred, and perhaps the one best remembered by the present generation is that of Mr. Charles Bradlaugh. The committal is "during the pleasure of the House," but it may be terminated by a prorogation. A prisoner can present a petition praying for his release, and expressing contrition for his offence, or a motion may be made in the House for his discharge. A former practice of requiring a prisoner to receive the judgment of the House kneeling at the Bar has been done away with, as a consequence of a Mr. Murray refusing to kneel in the year 1750. The latest instance of a person being brought to the Bar was in the session of 1897, when Mr. John Kirkwood, a notorious money-lender, was required to occupy that undignified position for refusing to answer questions when a witness before the Select Committee on money-lending.

THE KESWICK MOVEMENT.

IN THE LAKE DISTRICT—APPROACHING KESWICK.

T seems sometimes as though beauty in nature begets a corresponding beauty in the lives and characters of men. Skiddaw, Derwentwater, and all the charms of Keswick's Vale—how intimately they seem interwoven with the minds and productions of the poets of the Lake School.

The view from Castlehead, in Keswick, Ruskin considered one of the four finest in all Europe. And here in this beautiful district not only was some of our noblest poetry penned, but here during the last week of July each year there comes together a great host of believers seeking a higher and holier life. It is estimated that now nearly ten thousand people attend the annual Keswick Convention, among them many representatives from foreign countries. Nor is it in Keswick only that these meetings are held. The Keswick Convention has become the mother of numerous others springing up in various parts of Great Britain and the Continent, and even on this side the sea.

It is interesting to look into the origin of this great Pentecostal movement. Like many a great issue it had its beginning in small things, and its originators little knew how great a work they wrought. In the year 1873 small meetings were held in connection with the mid-day prayer-meetings of the Young Men's Christian Association. The few attending these meetings sought a full deliverance from sin, and the baptism of the Holy Spirit for service. There were many instances of marked and immediate blessing. Similar meetings followed in Dublin, Manchester, Nottingham, and

ıer places. The student world at mbridge felt the influence of the vement and sought to know more the possibilities of spiritual life. ıring their vacation the owner of oadlands Park devoted his house l grounds to their service, and six days his guests enjoyed a nderful spiritual unlift.

Seven o'clock in the morning was t too early for meetings, nor ven o'clock at night too late. It s hard to break up even at meal ıes. Spiritual themes were ever tion was the shaping of the whole movement. The aim was not to gather the great preachers and orators of the world. Nor was it to be a great holiday-ground where one might enjoy intellectual feasts in the midst of natural beauty. Not eloquence, not power, not learning, not star sermons, nor brilliant efforts; these were not to be the aims of Keswick. The men who are called to speak there are men who are "willing to be nothing and let God speak through them." The one

IN THE LAKE DISTRICT--KESWICK TENT.

uppermost subject of conversan, and many then present recall ose days as the sweetest commun ı with Christ they ever knew. iis was followed by awakenings Oxford and Brighton. The two jects that underlay these meetings re enlargement of soul in sanctity l enduement for power in service. was at the Brighton Convention ıt Canon Battersby, vicar of St. hn's, Keswick, planned the first swick Convention for July of the lowing year, little dreaming how at would be the harvest of his ving.

In the plan of that first conven- object is to get down low before the Lord and in the stillness wait upon Him.

Nor is it a place where the emotions run riot. Faith is never confused with feeling. There is no undue excitement, no straining after novelty. Indeed, though Keswick is progressive, there is nothing new in its teaching. It is all a restatement of the old. Dr. Pierson says: "Keswick, to a very unusual degree, stands for simple and effective Gospel preaching, and nothing else." It aims to bring religion down from the realm of mysticism and put it into every-day practice, to make the

Christ-life the actual, every-day life of Christians.

As to the question of doubtful amusements, it is seldom directly mentioned at Keswick. They deal with general principles rather than with specific practices. Yet it is a noticeable fact that those who attend these gatherings and accept Keswick teaching voluntarily, lay aside those things that have a doubtful tendency.

There is no cast-iron method as to carrying on these conventions. There are usually forty or fifty speakers more or less prominent. Two large tents are in daily use, with several less capacious meeting-places. The speakers are chosen because of their personal experience of that whereof they speak. Ecclesiastical positions count as nothing, unless one has tasted personally the fulness of blessing.

The barriers of denominationalism are utterly broken down in this gathering, where Churchmen and Dissenters come alike to the same Father for the same blessing. There is probably no other gathering of such a distinctly Apostolic character on the earth to-day.

IN THE LAKE DISTRICT.

Another feature of the movement is its self-propagation. It has nine of its own missionaries in the field.

The "Keswick Library" includes some of the richest contributions to devotional literature. The weekly journal, The Life of Faith, has a widespread circulation. Looking at the phenomenal growth this work has made in a single quarter of a century, we cannot as yet foretell what will be its outcome.

Beside the unveiled mysteries
Of life and death go stand,
With guarded lips and reverent eyes,
And pure of heart and hand.

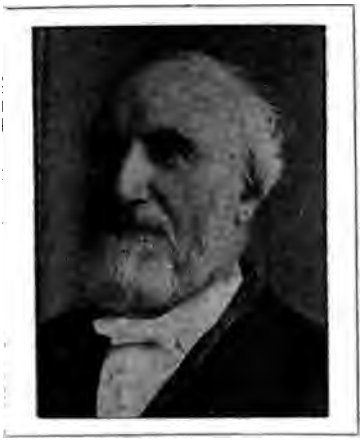
So shalt thou be with power endued
From Him who went about
The Syrian hillsides doing good,
And casting demons out.

That Good Physician liveth yet,
Thy friend and guide to be;
The Healer of Gennesaret
Shall walk the rounds with thee.

—*James A. Greig.*

CHARLES SANGSTER.

BY THE LATE REV. E. H. DEWART, D.D.



THE LATE DR. DEWART.

THE poets of a country rarely receive from the general public the recognition they deserve. A due appreciation of their rank, for the most part, comes late, and is confined to the few whom natural gifts and education have made susceptible to the influence of songs that have power to quiet the restless lse of care."

Too many fail to recognize the in- ring and refining power of poetry, d regard it as the idle dreamings the imagination when loosed from e control of the reason. And yet, would be easy to show how in most untries the national poets have engthened the ties of patriotic ity, and stirred the hearts of the ople to deeds of manly daring. e poetry of a country indicates, th tolerable accuracy, its place in e scale of intellectual culture and inement.

But the true poet does much more than rouse patriotic sentiment by martial strains.

> "A Priest, by Heaven ordained,
> The Poet seer at Nature's altar stands
> To voice the reverent worship of his race;
> To coin in human language golden thoughts
> Bodied in matter's hieroglyphic forms,
> And sing the joys and griefs, the hopes and fears,
> Which thousands dumbly feel but cannot speak."

Whatever good things may be deservedly said of the younger Canadian poets, the people should not forget the pioneer bards of a past generation, who gave poetic utterance to the sentiment of a loyal patriotism, and made many Canadian scenes for ever sacred by embalming them in descriptive verse. In this class Charles Sangster occupies a prominent place, and deserves the grateful remembrance of his countrymen.

As long ago as 1864 the writer of this article wrote and published in his "Selections from Canadian Poets," the following estimate of Mr. Sangster's poetry:

"We are disposed to think that any just estimate of Mr. Sangster's poetry will assign him the first place among Canadian poets. Others may have written as well and as sweetly on some themes as he could have done; but no one has contributed so largely to enrich Canadian poetry. No one has attempted so much. No one has displayed equal freshness and variety of imagery in the treatment of national themes. Indeed, in the variety of subjects selected from the scenery, seasons, and past history of this country, and in the success and originality with which he has treated them, he has no competitor whatever. His genius is more truly

Canadian than that of any other poet of distinction in this province.

"Mr. Sangster, while cherishing a loyal attachment to the motherland, gives Canada the chief place in his heart. Her mighty lakes and rivers—her forests and hills and broad prairies—her history, religion, and laws—her homes and liberties—her brave sons and fair daughters—are all objects of his most ardent affection, graven alike upon the pages of his poetry and upon the tablets of his heart. The most prominent characteristics of his genius are, a wonderful fertility of

SANGSTER IN MIDDLE LIFE.

thought, which enables him to pour forth images and forms of expression with lavish prodigality; an intense sympathy with nature in all her varied moods and forms; and that peculiar freshness and originality of language that is the sure distinction of those to whom belong 'the vision and the faculty divine.' Occasionally, too, we catch glimpses of a philosophic spirit, capable of grappling with the deep problems of the world of mind."

Since this was written, a new generation of Canadian poets has arisen to enrich our native literature. They have given us many poems, marked by subtle thinking and rare descriptive power. They reveal the culture of our times in the deep inwoven harmonies of their verse. Yet they do not render this estimate obsolete or untrue. In some important respects, Sangster is still the most representative of our Canadian bards. It is not merely that his themes are Canadian, he lived in an atmosphere of Canadian sentiment, and everything he wrote is permeated with the free spirit of the "grand old woods" and broad lakes of his country. Even the want of familiarity with the classical literature of the ancients, while it narrowed the range of his thoughts, and deprived him of important advantages, made him more intensely the poet of the land and times in which his lot was cast. For this reason, I am sorry that his countrymen do not know more about the man and the productions of his pen.

The unfavourable circumstances in which his literary work was done may well evoke sympathy and admiration. It is not too much to say that among the many poets of Britain and America, who had through life to battle against unpropitious fortune, poverty, and cold neglect, there is scarcely one who had a rougher or steeper path to climb, or who faced unfriendly fate with a braver heart than Charles Sangster.

Mr. Sangster was born at Kingston in 1822, and died at Ottawa in 1893. His father died at Penetanguishene in the service of the Navy Department, before his little son was two years of age. He had served a number of years in the navy as a joiner and ship-builder. His mother was left with a large family when her husband died. Having to work hard to maintain her family by the labour of her hands, her poet son received only a limited education. He was early forced to seek employment in order to contribute something towards the support of

ily. In the ordnance de- t at Kingston he spent en years, where he said he e's work on labourer's pay. g thoroughly tired of this, y left in disgust, and spent ears in different newspaper various capacities. There ıbt this work was somewhat ıgenial, and was a valuable

Had not his poetic in- een irrepressible, it must en utterly crushed by the grinding toil of so many ıt the spirit of poetry was a ıis being. In the later years e, he was a clerk in the civil epartment at Ottawa, a po- ıich, while it kept him above ant, was not adapted to de- poet's gifts. The wonder is ıccomplished so much.

rst volume, "The St. Law- d the Saguenay, and other was published in 1856. not of uniform merit ıut, and sometimes bearing f want of time for elabora- h as is necessary to a pol- le, it was full of the fire ring imagination of the true companied by a wealth of on and a copious supply of l picturesque language. The em portrays an imaginary of the poet, and some fair owy companion, down the ence and up the Saguenay. ts mainly of descriptive re- to places and scenes along s of these mighty rivers, and tic musings as these scenes, ents of which they were the inspire. The Thousand Montreal, Quebec, and the ıery of the lone Saguenay, soul of the patriotic bard, forth appropriate reflections. als there is a burst of lyric rom the voyageur, as if the l movement of the more ıetre was too prosaic to fitly he joyous admiration that thrilled him. Some of these are among his best lyrics. This poem contains one hundred and ten Spenserian stanzas. He informed me, several years before his death, that he had carefully rewritten "The St. Lawrence and the Saguenay" for a new edition; but it has never been published. The following are three characteristic stanzas on the Fortress City:

"Quebec! how regally it crowns the height,
Like a tanned giant on a solid throne!
Unmindful of the sanguinary fight,
The roar of cannon mingling with the moan
Of mutilated soldiers years agone,
That gave the place a glory and a name
Among the nations. France was heard to groan;
England rejoiced, but checked the proud acclaim—
A brave young chief had fall'n to vindicate her fame.

"Wolfe and Montcalm! two nobler names ne'er graced
The page of history, or the hostile plain;
No braver souls the storm of battle faced,
Regardless of the danger or the pain.
They pass'd unto their rest without a stain
Upon their nature or their generous hearts.
One graceful column to the noble twain
Speaks of a nation's gratitude, and starts
The tear that Valour claims, and Feeling's self imparts.

"Down the rough slope Montmorenci's torrent pours,
We cannot view it by this feeble ray,
But hark! its thunders leap along the shores,
Thrilling the cliffs that guard the beauteous bay;
And now the moon shines on our downward way,
Showing fair Orleans' enchanting Isle,
Its fields of grain, and meadows sweet with hay;
Along the fertile shores fresh landscapes smile,
Cheering the watchful eye for many a pleasant mile."

In 1860, he published "Hesperus, and other Poems," which showed a marked improvement in literary finish, and was very favourably noticed by English and United States journals, as well as by the Canadian press. There is no laboured effort nor

straining after effect. His finest expressions are simple and spontaneous. So competent a critic as Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote: "His verse adds new interest to the woods and streams, amidst which he sings. Miss Ingelow wrote: "Mr. Sangster somewhere, to this day. This comparative neglect greatly disheartened Mr. Sangster. He felt that he deserved a more appreciative recognition than he received; and, beyond all question, he was justified in cherishing this conviction.

CHARLES SANGSTER IN HIS OLD AGE.

is a true poet, and his verses are all the more pleasant because he is never careless and never affected."

But, as in the case of nearly all poetic ventures in Canada, the popular demand for both volumes was discouragingly small; instead of being a source of profit, the proceeds of the sales did not pay the cost of publication. There must be a supply of "Hesperus" lying unsold

As Sangster's volumes are in the hands of a very limited number of our people, I may be permitted to illustrate what I have said respecting the character of his genius, by a few brief citations from his poems. Occasionally there is an affluence of language almost too splendid for the thought; but the expression of his thoughts is never tame or hackneyed. A striking poem in his first

', entitled, "The Changes of
ht," opens with an imposing
:e,—

ght had set her star-emblazoned
the slumbering world."

' is a sonnet, entitled, "Dency"; though evidently the
t of a morbid mental mood,
a weird intensity of emotion
which makes it hard for one
l it without feeling some-
of the cowering dread it
es :

is a sadness o'er my spirit stealing,
h of fire up-darting to my brain,
g the seeds—and still the seeds con-
cealing—
ire to ripen into future pain.
the germ of madness in me spring-
ing,
', and certain, as the serpent's
bound
ny poor hopes, like dying tendrils
clinging
ie green oak, tend surely to the
ground;
Reason's grasp grows feebler day
by day,
slow poison up my nerves is creep-
ing,
nd anon through my crushed heart
leaping,
swift panther darting on its prey;
the bright taper Hope once fed
within,
waned and perished in the rueful
din."

Sangster is at his best in his
and patriotic pieces. His
for Canada," though perhaps
l of fight for members of
ocieties, breathes simply the
f the man, when he sings in
t stanza,—

of the race whose sires
ised the martial flame,
That filled with smiles
The triune isles.
ough all their heights of fame!
h hearts as brave as theirs.
ith hopes as strong and high,
We'll ne'er disgrace
The honoured race
ose deeds can never die.
but the rash intruder dare
touch our darling strand,
The martial fires
That thrilled our sires
ld flame throughout the land."

gh he was not a religious poet in the sense of being a hymn writer, there is always present, even when not expressed in words, the lofty faith in God of a reverent worshipper in Nature's vast temple. This spirit is seen in his fine prelude to "Hesperus."

"The stars are heaven's ministers,
Right royally they teach
God's glory and omnipotence
In wondrous lowly speech.
All eloquent with music, as
The tremblings of a lyre,
To him that hath an ear to hear
They speak in words of fire. . . .

"O heaven-cradled mysteries,
What sacred paths ye've trod!
Bright, jewelled scintillations
From the chariot wheels of God,
When in the Spirit He rode forth
With vast creative aim,
These were His footsteps left behind
To magnify His name."

I cannot but think of Sangster's life as illustrating the spirit of John Milton, who in his days of darkness said :

"I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward."

In one letter to me, after referring tenderly to the death of his mother, he says, "There are gains for all our losses. And, while in this vein, I may say, referring to the closing paragraph of your letter, that, were it not for that 'other world,' 'the undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveller returns,' I should be the most miserable of mortals. Fame is dross to me. I write because I believe it to be a duty; and, succeed or fail, what little light I have shall not be hidden under a bushel. I have but one hope—one great hope—and it is great. You know it."

I have a strong conviction that when the history of Canadian poets and poetry comes to be written, Charles Sangster will be awarded a more appreciative recognition than he received from the people of his own generation.

THE OXFORD MOVEMENT.*

BY THE EDITOR.

DURING the eighteenth century a religious torpor seemed to have fallen upon all the Churches. The divine origin and miraculous evidences of Christianity were strongly opposed to such writers as Hume and Gibbon, Hobbes and Bolingbroke. Lethargy, if not unbelief, had invaded the Church itself. Even candidates for holy orders were deplorably ignorant of the Scriptures. Of professed theologians but few were faithful to their sacred trust, and these became [illegible] to that [illegible] Jews, [illegible] was [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

communicants at St. Paul's
edral. There were churches
ondon which sometimes found
selves on Sunday without a
e individual to form a congre-
n."

non Overton remarks that in
ighteenth century Oxford had
ied her nadir, and that pro-
rs who never lectured, tutors
never taught, and students who
studied, were the rule rather
the exception. At Cambridge
ter state of things prevailed.
r the influence of Charles
on it was the seat of the
gelical revival. Macaulay de-
l that his real sway over
Church of England was greater
that of any primate. Yet
in Cambridge we are told there
men whose chief endeavour was
ake each other drunk.

iis condition of affairs may
been the exception rather than
rule, but its very existence
s a low state of religion and
sensibilities of decorum.

ie clergy did not seem to re-
ze the broadening and more
l spirit of the times. They
ed almost to a man the Cath-
Emancipation bill of 1829,
removed from the Roman
olics, particularly those of Ire-
the political disabilities which
ain upon them. But the ma-
of Dissenters also adopted
ame course.

1828 the Test Act, a law
required all officers, civil and
ary, to receive the sacrament
ding to the usage of the Es-
hed Church, was repealed.
at once placed Dissenters and
olics upon the same footing
members of the Established
ch, and was in itself,
rked Bishop Hurst, sufficient
ovoke opposition on the part
l who had not united in the
gelical movement.

The Bishops also became ex-
tremely unpopular through their
opposition of parliamentary reform.
But the Right Reverend Prelates,
and the majority of the House of
Lords, strenuously opposed the
Reform Bill of 1831. Lord Lynd-
hurst in his place in Parliament
declared that, should it pass, a re-
public would be established, that
the Protestant Church in Ireland
would be destroyed and Church
property in both kingdoms con-
fiscated. Dr. Howley, the Arch-
bishop of Canterbury, than whom,
says Molesworth, "no prelate had
ever more worthily filled the throne
of Lanfranc, Anselm, Becket, and
Laud," strongly opposed the Bill,
"believing it to be mischievous in
its tendency and dangerous to the
fabric of the constitution." In
this he was strenuously supported
by the whole bench of Bishops.

The House of Lords by a majority
of forty-one threw out the Bill.
The excitement throughout the
kingdom was intense. In London
and in many other towns the shops
were closed, and the bells of the
churches muffled. "The Bishops,"
says Molesworth, "especially were
objects of popular detestation, and
could not appear in the streets
without danger of personal violence."
Lord Gray, in his place in Parlia-
ment, had admonished the Bishops if
the Bill should be thrown out by a
narrow majority "to set their houses
in order." The Bishop of Exeter
replied, "It is true that the noble
lord did not conclude the sentence,
but it is impossible not to know that
he referred to the words in which
the prophet had threatened destruc-
tion." *

Great tumults and riots took place
throughout the kingdom. In Lon-
don sixty thousand persons marched
to St. James' to present an address

* "Set thine house in order: for thou shalt die, and not live" (Is. xxxviii. 1).

to the King in favour of the Bill. At Nottingham, Colnwick Castle was fired, and that of the Duke of Newcastle was burned to the ground. At Bristol a terrible riot broke out. The palace of the Bishop and the Mansion House were attacked, and the latter fired. Fifty other buildings were assailed. An attempt was even made to burn down the cathedral. Not till the cavalry charged on the mob was the riot suppressed. In many of the cathedral towns the Bishops were substituted for Guy Fawkes on the 5th of November. The Bishops of Winchester and Exeter were hanged and burned in effigy close to their own palaces.

"Such," says Molesworth, himself an Anglican clergyman, "were the disastrous consequences of identifying the Church with a party in the State, and that, too, the party which was engaged in resisting progress passionately demanded by the mass of the people, and essential to the safety and well-being of the state." Even the popular sailor king lost his popularity, and was received with hoots and groans. The King at length gave authority for the creation of a sufficient number of peers to insure the passing of the Bill. But the Lords who had opposed it withdrew, and it passed its third reading, June 7th, 1832, one hundred and six peers voting for it, and only twenty-one against it.

The spirit of the reformed Parliament soon became apparent. The condition of Ireland was extremely lawless and riotous. A grievance which the Roman Catholic population most loudly complained of was the hardship of being obliged to pay tithes for the support of a Church in which they did not believe, and which they regarded as a badge of subjection.

"The Irish tithe," says Molesworth, "had been collected at the point of the bayonet, and was rapidly becoming uncollectible even in that way. The clergy who attempted to enforce their rights, and the men who paid what was due, were assassinated or lived in continual dread of assassination. Many of the clergy were reduced to the greatest distress, and in some instances brought almost to the verge of starvation."

In England, too, the Dissenters and many Churchmen objected to the impost of Church rates. The stories of the seizures of the poor man's bed and of his Bible awakened much hostility. The agitation did greater damage to the Church than the whole rate could compensate. A Bill for the abolition of ecclesiastical tests upon conferring degrees other than those in divinity at the universities of Oxford and Cambridge was strongly opposed by the universities, but passed the Commons by a vote of one hundred and sixty-four to seventy-five, but was rejected in the House of Lords by a vote of one hundred and eighty-seven to eighty-five.

It will be apparent from the above recital that the Church of England had distinctly lost ground as a directing and controlling force in the nation. The most thoughtful and earnest minds in that Church felt the need of a great religious awakening and an aggressive movement to regain its lost influence.

A remarkable group of men, chiefly at Oxford University, became the leaders of the Oxford, or Tractarian, movement. In the first year of the century were born Newman and Pusey; shortly before, Keble and Arnold; and shortly after, Hurrele, Froude, Rose, Faber, Williams, Stanley, and Tait. These men, with Robertson, Maurice, Kingsley, and Lightfoot, were destined greatly to change the character of the National Church. The most distinguished of these, perhaps, was John Henry Newman. He is de-

scribed by Principal Shairp as "A man in many ways the most remarkable that England has seen during the century, perhaps the most remarkable whom the English Church has produced in any century."

These were men of intense moral earnestness, of devout lives and of lofty spiritual character. One of the first notes of this religious reform was sounded in John Keble's collection of sweet and tender religious poems, "The Christian Year." There is not a village in any English-speaking land where his hymns are not sung. They voice many of the deepest feelings and holiest aspirations of the soul. Keble has been called the George Herbert of this century. Even before this the poetry of Wordsworth and philosophy of Coleridge prepared the way for the Oxford Movement.

The year 1833 is the epoch from which it dates. In January of that year Dr. Arnold published his "Principles of Church Reform." "His scheme was an attempt at the comprehension of all Christians within the pale of a great Church." Dr. Arnold hoped to include all Dissenters except a few Quakers and Roman Catholics. His plan, however, was rejected with contumely by both Churchmen and Dissenters.

An active propaganda of the new or revised doctrines of the Oxford Movement was begun in the "Tracts for the Times," as they were called, from which it received its name as the Tractarian Movement. The series consisted of ninety pamphlets published at intervals during the years 1833 to 1841. Of these Newman wrote twenty-four, Keble also a goodly number, and others of the Oxford coterie the remainder. The tracts took very high ground on the subject of baptismal regeneration and the real presence in the eucharist, although in a heavenly and spiritual manner.

The success of the Tracts, says Molesworth, was much greater, and the outcry against them far louder and fiercer, than their authors had expected. The Tracts were at first small and simple, but became large and learned theological treatises. Changes, too, came over the views of some of their writers. Doctrines which probably would have shocked them at first were put forward with a recklessness which success had increased. Alarm was excited; remonstrances stronger and stronger were addressed to them. They were attacked as Romanizing in their tendency, especially Tract No. 80, on Reserve in Communicating Religious Knowledge. It advocated a revival of the secret discipline of the early Church; that is, the ideas that there were doctrines which should not be publicly taught and that the Bible should not be promiscuously circulated.

So decided was the setting of the tide towards Rome that Newman made a vigorous effort to turn it by his famous Tract No. 90. In this he endeavoured to show that it was possible to interpret the Thirty-Nine Articles in the interest of Roman Catholicism. This Tract aroused a storm of indignation. The violent controversy which it occasioned led to the discontinuance of the series.

Soon men were compelled to take sides between the Church of England and the Church of Rome. In 1845 Newman went over to the Roman Church, of which for forty-five years longer he continued to be a devoted son. (He became, in 1854, Rector of the Roman Catholic University at Dublin, Cardinal Deacon in 1879, and died in 1890.) The same year Frederick William Faber also seceded to the Church of Rome, in which he became an earnest

and eloquent preacher. It is interesting to remember that the hymns of these distinguished writers, "Lead, Kindly Light," and "There's a Wideness in God's Mercy Like the Wideness of the Sea," which breathe the purest Christian charity and love, are favourites in all the Churches.

The Romeward exodus continued. In 1851 Henry Edward Manning followed, became Archbishop of Westminster in 1865, and ten years later Lord Cardinal. Before 1853 no less than four hundred clergyman and laity had become Roman Catholics. "They were," says Blunt, "chiefly impressible undergraduates, young ladies and young ladies' curates." But many of them were men of rank and eminence. The action of the Church of Rome in distributing England into twelve bishoprics in 1850 aroused strong Protestant feeling, and doubtless checked many from joining the exodus.

This Romeward movement aroused intense antipathy both within and without the Established Church. The arguments by which it was justified were considered, in many cases, disingenuous, if not Jesuitical. The defence of the doctrines of purgatory, confession, absolution, images, relics, invocation of the saints, penance and extreme unction by clergy of the Established Church, no matter how ingenious the argument might be, called forth strong protests.

Among the most distinguished leaders of the Oxford Movement was Dr. Edward Bouverie Pusey. He sympathized strongly with this Anglo-Catholic trend. He was Regius Professor of Hebrew, and his commentaries on Daniel and the Minor Prophets are a monument of learning and piety. At the age of sixty he made himself master of Ethiopic for the better prosecution of his biblical studies. After the departure of Newman from the Established Church, Pusey for the rest of his life was recognized as the head of the High Church party. These were often designated Puseyites, an epithet which he earnestly deprecated, maintaining that their doctrines were those of the Primitive Church. Pusey was a man of pure, devout, and ascetic type of piety. He was more austere to himself than to others, wearing the hair-shirt, and using other physical means of penance.

The revival of sisterhoods in the Church of England of a conventual character was largely due to his influence. He attached much importance also to the practice of confession. For many years he made his own confessions to John Keble, and heard also the confessions of many of the clergy.

The revival of Catholic doctrine in the Church of England naturally led to a revival of Catholic practice —to a more ornate ritual; to a more stately and dignified service; and, in many cases, to the use of religious ornaments, lights, crosses, and crucifixes, and the wearing of albs and stoles and chasubles, and other ecclesiastical garbs akin to those used in the Church of Rome. It was this probably more than its theological dogmas that was the most effective influence in propagating the Tractarian doctrines.

"The movement," says the Rev. Henry Scott Holland, "in making this fresh effort, passed from the study to the street: it became practical, missionary, evangelistic. It insisted that its work upon the masses, in their dreary poverty, demanded the bright attraction and relief of outward ornament, and the effective teaching of the eye. The priestly office of the clergy was magnified. The liturgical service was enriched. The theory of a real presence led to the more elaborate decoration of chancel and altar."

A sort of ecclesiastical renaissance took place. The genius of

Valter Scott, who had just
l away in 1832, had awakened
for the historic past, with its
and pride and pageantry, its
and romance.

is literary warmth," continues
d, "mixed itself in with the doc-
novement towards the enrichment
Churches. The emotions were
new demands upon outward
: they required more satisfaction.
hurches were responding to a real
de need when they offered a refuge
relief to the distressed imagina-

erywhere began the Gothic revival.
estoration of the disgraced and
te parish churches, which had be-
ractically necessary, was taken up
n full of admiration for the archi-
which had first built them. The
ctural revival deepened into sym-
of a more rapt sacramentalism."

e public service thus under-
a very marked change.

ie psalms and canticles," says
worth, "which had hitherto been
almost all churches, even in Lon-
egan to be chanted. Hymns of a
poetical character gradually sup-
d the religious doggerel of Stern-
nd Hopkins, or Brady and Tate.
charges were not effected without
nd angry protests from those in
minds the old fashions were as-
d with ideas of sacredness, and
which replaced them with mediæval
ne."

strong antagonism to ritualistic
ices was developed both in
ament and without. The
ch Association was organized,
y of persons belonging to the
Church party, for the purpose
utting down ritualism. A
sum of money, amounting, it
id, to fifty thousand pounds,
ontributed for taking proceed-
against the ritualists in the
iastical courts. Many of the
istic clergy made their adher-
to these forms a matter of con-
e, and suffered serious inhibi-
and penalties. Much sympathy
therefore created on their be-
and *ritualism, by this* very
means adopted for its suppression, became more prevalent.

Ritualistic practices became more and more pronounced. The Court of Arches condemned these practices at St. Barnabas, Pimlico. But the committee of the Privy Council sanctioned the use of altar cross, altar lights, and other ecclesiastical paraphernalia. Popular indignation was aroused by dread of Romish usages, and broke out into hideous rioting at St. George's in East London.

Meanwhile, marked divergencies of doctrine were developed within the Church established by Law. In popular apprehension these were reduced to three types, the "High and Dry," the "Low and Slow," and the "Broad" Church. The High Church party we have briefly sketched. Many of its members are staunchly Anglican and anti-Romanist. To the cavil that there was but "a paper wall" between the High Church and the Church of Rome, a sturdy Churchman replied, "Yes, but the whole Bible is written upon it." "The revival of the High Church party," says Conybeare, "has effected an important improvement among the clergy. A better spirit has thus been breathed into hundreds who but for this new movement would have remained, as their fathers were before them, mere Nimrods, ramrods or fishing-rods."

"The Oxford Movement," says Rogers, "raised the tone of average morality in Oxford to a level which perhaps it never before reached." "It has promoted," says Dr. Cadman, "genuine saintliness and has popularized religion. It has crowded empty churches and founded innumerable aids for the betterment of life and the relief of the poor."

In the slums of the east end of London, of the great seaports of Bristol, Portsmouth, and Plymouth,

and in the great manufacturing centres, it has won the hearts and often changed the lives of the poor, living amid the most sordid and squalid surroundings. By its college settlements, its parochial visitations, its earnest zeal, it has in vast numbers of instances converted apathy or aversion into religious devotion and passionate loyalty to the Church and its institutions. It has created a new type in literature, the Father Jinks of "Ian Maclaren."

The Low Church, or evangelical party, had its seat at Cambridge, where the Rev. Charles Simeon was one of its most distinguished lights. It chiefly emphasized the doctrines of justification by faith and the sole authority of Scripture as the rule of life. It was always on the side of philanthropic reform. Wilberforce, Stephen and Buxton, Clarkson and Shaftesbury, are types of its public benefactors. It was the founder of the Church Missionary Society, which sends forth so many hundreds of zealous evangelistic clergy into all parts of the heathen world. It was chiefly instrumental in establishing the British and Foreign Bible Society, which has published the Scriptures in over three hundred languages. It has also been exceedingly zealous in establishing Sunday-schools, ragged schools, lending libraries, benefit societies, clothing clubs, and the like.

"The Broad Church," says Bishop Hurst, "corresponds in the main with philosophical rationalism." It began with Coleridge, was interpreted principally by Hare, was defended by the chaste and vigorous pen of Arnold, and represented by Maurice, Kingsley, and Stanley. Arnold held that the work of a Christian Church and State is absolutely one and the same. There can be no perfect Church or State without their blending into one.

The genial personality, the wide learning, the stirring eloquence of Dr. A. P. Stanley popularized more than almost any other writer Broad Church views. For the extreme latitude of his views on future punishment and the final issues of the Day of Judgment, Maurice was relieved of his duties as Professor of Divinity at King's College, London. By his intense sympathy with the poor, his zeal for social reform, and his robust and manly novels, Kingsley won wide popularity. Professor Jowett, late Master of Balliol, represented a more extreme type of Broad Church rationalism.

MIZPAH.

Two months passed by, in which I did not see
Her whom I love, though still I knew she cared
For me, by page, and gift, and thought, and dared—
No, *knew*—to tell my fears, "Go hence," for we
Would meet once more. And soon it came, that she
Did pass my toil and place and stopped and shared
Four golden hours of love and dreams, then fared
Once more away, but left this thought with me:
A life for years draws toward a life as yet
Unknown, unnamed, till side by side they run,
Till kindred hearts, aglow, forge bands which cope
With work, loss, pain, yea, all of life; yea, set
At bay death's "great divide." In Christ, that one
Who stays mourns not as those who have no hope.

—Anon.

'HE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY . PENTECOST.*

BY REV. J. S. ROSS, D.D.

CARLYLE never ceased to sneer at what he called the "withered, unbelieving, second-hand eighteenth century," and yet the subject allotted to me is "The Eighteenth Century Pentecost." Can both representations be correct? Yes, if you allow Carlyle the first third entury. After that a mighty l revolution occurred which y be properly described as a st.

Carlyle's phrase "withered elieving," and examine how it accords with undoubted As to national morals, during ty years preceding Wesley's ion a Society for the Refor- of Manners prosecuted before gistrates 99,385 cases of de- y and profanity, yet but is accomplished. In order to the follies and vices of the hnson started The Rambler, ı The Spectator, and Steele ıttler. Their weapons were and wit, but they met with ailure because they suggested te remedy. The judges swore ıe bench and lawyers at the ıdies swore over their cards, :gymen over their wine. The of the marriage tie was at as out of fashion. In wo years preceding Wesley's ion, every sixth house in Lon- s a grog-shop; over the signs ; could be read. "Drunk for ; dead drunk for twopence; or nothing." The "Hell- lub" consisted of cultured youths who worshipped the devil and drank his health. Lady Montagu, in irony, wrote that she heard the next Parliament was to expunge the word "not" from the Ten Commandments, and insert it in the Creed, stating further that honour, reputation, and virtue had become like "crumpled ribbons."

As to the clergy, Toplady said a converted minister in the Established Church was as "wonderful as a comet." Romaine, twenty years after Wesley's field preaching began, said he only knew of six or seven "gospel clergymen" as he called them. Paley found it necessary to exhort the clergymen of his diocese "not to get drunk, not to visit alehouses, nor to be seen at barbarous diversions." On account of the shameful balls and routs held at Lambeth Palace, George III. reproved Archbishop Cornwallis, and ordered these practices to cease.

But what were the Nonconformist Churches doing? They were struck with death. Doddridge was writing of the "Decadence of Dissent." The Congregationalists and Baptists were drifting into Rationalism, and the Presbyterians into Unitarianism. When Doddridge afterwards admitted Whitefield to his pulpit, good Dr. Watts felt compelled to remonstrate, as Dr. Doddridge by so doing was compromising his respectability! Jay said the Established Church was asleep in the dark, but the Dissenters asleep in the light.

The two texts most commonly preached from those days were "Let your moderation be known unto all men," and "Be not righteous overmuch." Religion was regarded like a Dutch canal—expected to keep its bounds, and never overflow.

From these facts it requires no

*ddress at the Epworth League Inal Convention, delivered in the)pera House, July 16th, 1903.

laboured inferences to decide as to the religious life and belief of the people. Bishop Burnett declared that it had come to pass that "Christianity was not even a subject of inquiry: at last the world had come to know it was fictitious." Blackstone went to hear every leading minister of London and declared one could not tell from what the preacher said whether he was a disciple of Confucius, Mohammed, or Christ. It was the age of Hume, Gibbon, Walpole, Chesterfield, and Bolingbroke. Montesquieu, a Frenchman, declared there was no religion in England, and said if one began to speak on that subject everybody laughed. According to Dr. Johnson "they put the apostles on trial once a week for forgery."

Up to this point, then, all will accept Carlyle's description, but soon a change appears. In 1729 a group of young men, touched by the Spirit of God, form a company for prayer, searching the Scriptures, and visiting the destitute. Among them was Charles Wesley, the founder, John Wesley, George Whitefield, James Harvey, and others. They were nicknamed the "Holy Club." As they did not swear, get drunk, run into debt, or neglect their studies, their conduct greatly astounded their fellow-students. This club was the nucleus of the great revival which occurred ten years subsequently.

But God is not confined to universities or continents. Five years after the formation of the "Holy Club," and four years previous to Wesley's conversion, the "great awakening" under Rev. Jonathan Edwards, at Northampton, New England, took place. John Wesley and he were born the same year. Under the sermon on the text "Their foot shall slide in due time," men grasped the columns of the church as if to prevent such a catastrophe. The *whole* countryside was mightily stirred, and during the succeeding year the town lived in an atmosphere of religion. It is sad, however, to relate that in course of time a reaction occurred. The young people incited their elders against Mr. Edwards, who had faithfully preached against their reading certain books which he considered obscene. The result was that the great Edwards, the history of whose contributions to philosophic thought will never die, had to retire to an Indian mission, there to stay till called to the presidency of Princeton College, where he died five weeks after his inauguration. The action of the young people stands to their discredit to this day, and should prove a warning to all.

Coming back to Old England, see that vessel approaching the Land's End, in 1738, and hear a young clergyman returning from Savannah, Georgia, exclaim, "I went out to convert the Indians, but oh, who will convert me?" Just as poets have an eye for beauty, so historians have a keen instinct for national crises, and Lecky says the Moravian meeting in Aldersgate Street, which Wesley attended after his return, must be considered an epoch in English history. That night the words of the dead Luther, explaining Paul's Epistle to the Romans, "strangely warmed" Wesley's benumbed heart. The divine spark, through the medium of Luther and Peter Bohler, leaped over from the first to the sixteenth century, and from thence to the eighteenth century, the glow of which even still exists in millions of hearts.

Paul—Luther—Wesley:

> "So may the bright succession run
> Through the last courses of the sun,
> While unborn Churches by their care
> Shall rise and flourish large and fair."

Could we have a more vivid illustration of the necessity of divine grace as distinguished from morality

scholarship? Hear Wesley him-
"Are they read in philosophy?
vas I. Are they versed in an-
t and modern languages? So
I. Are they conversant with
nity? I have studied it for many
s. Can they talk fluently on
tual things? The same could I.
they plenteous in alms? Behold
ve my goods to feed the poor."
none of these things saved him.
was regenerated neither by edu-
on or sanitation, but by the
er of the Holy Ghost.
harles Wesley had been con-
ed three years earlier than John,
as you might expect, he put the
y into verse, beginning with:

'O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
hich I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possest,
I was perfectly blest
if filled with the fulness of God."

et this hymn-writer of all the
, for preaching the Gospel in
s, Ireland, was indicted by the
id jury on the charge of being
mmon vagrant! Whitefield had
i brought into the light some
e before on reading the Word at
ord, and thus this remarkable
of gifted and consecrated men
me endued with "power from
igh."
Whitefield, as a ruddy-faced boy,
ht be seen any day wearing a
e apron, drawing beer for cus-
ers at his mother's inn. From
i uncongenial surroundings de-
ped the greatest religious orator
ll times; at least there is no his-
cal record of any greater. He
persuasively powerful whether
iching to Hume, Chesterfield, or
ngbroke, in Lady Huntingdon's
wing-room, to the Kingswood
iers on the hillside, whose tears
le white channels down their
kened faces, or to the Puritan
gregations of New England. He
sed the Atlantic thirteen times,
that long before the days of
floating palaces. In thirty-four
years he preached 18,000 sermons,
and when he was under fifty Wesley
wrote that he looked like an old man.
Towards the last he put himself on
what he called "short allowance,"
that is, preaching once a weekday
and thrice on Sunday. He revived
the Congregational Churches of New
England, and the Presbyterian
Churches of the Middle States;
while his printed sermons led to the
founding of the Presbyterian and
Baptist Churches in Virginia and
the South-Western States.

"I hope to die in the pulpit or
soon after," he once exclaimed, and
he had his wish. At Newbury, after
preaching in the church, he preached
his last sermon to the still hungering
people on the stairs of his lodging-
house, till the candle he held in his
hand burned down to the socket. A
few hours afterwards his spirit had
fled. As if to bind the two English-
speaking continents in the bonds of
holy faith, Wesley's body lies across
the sea, while that of Whitefield
sleeps on American soil.

As to John Wesley, look at him!
Only five feet six, never weighing
more than one hundred and twenty-
six pounds, compact and symmetri-
cal in form; a bright eye, a melodi-
ous voice; a scholar of Oxford, a
logical preacher, and with a genius
for organization, as Macaulay has
said, not inferior to that of Riche-
lieu. The only serious blunder he
made was in his marriage, but so
did Socrates, Job, and John Milton.
His physical courage was superb.
Emerson said a course of mobs
made Wendell Phillips the best
stump speaker in America. But how
few and mild compared to those
which attacked Wesley! Of one at
Newcastle he writes: "I took one
hour to tame them, and exhorted
them two hours more."

His moral heroism was no less
conspicuous. In an age when all
drank, ministers included, he

cried, "Touch no dram; it is liquid fire." Those who sold liquors he denounced as "poisoners-general," and declared the blood of souls was on the walls and roofs of their houses. Though repeatedly stated in Parliament that one-half of the wealth of Liverpool came from the slave trade, and though Whitefield and Lady Huntingdon had both been connected with the traffic, yet four days before Wesley died he wrote the last letter his fingers ever penned, to the then youthful Wilberforce to encourage him in the fight against that "execrable sum of all villainies." It may be interesting here to note that forty-two years afterwards, and just three days before Wilberforce himself died, word came that a resolution of Parliament abolishing slavery for ever in the British dominions had been carried.

John Wesley preached 42,000 sermons, made twenty-one visits across the Channel to Ireland, and travelled in coach or on horseback equal to ten times the circumference of the globe. At eighty-eight he died crying, "I'll praise my Maker while I've breath," and like a child going to rest murmured, "The best of all is, God is with us."

The Oxford which excluded him from preaching on account of that famous sermon in 1744, now preserves his room and pulpit as sacred shrines. He who was shut out from all the churches has now a marble medallion erected to his honour in England's greatest abbey—placed there nearly a hundred years after his death. While the Encyclopædia Britannica can give John Wesley only three-quarters of a column, and Emerson did not count him among his representative men, nor Carlyle include him in his list of heroes, Leslie Stephen declares no such leader of men appeared in the eighteenth century, and Lecky goes farther and *adds* nor since the sixteenth century, *while* Southey gives it as his opinion that John Wesley will have "produced the greatest effects centuries, or perhaps millenniums hence, if the present race of men should continue so long."

And what shall we say of Wesley's helpers? Of Susanna Wesley, wise and godly mother, the patron saint of local preachers? Of the fervent Howell Harris, the witty John Berridge, the resolute William Romaine, the hardy William Grimshaw, the zealous Thomas Coke, the seraphic John Fletcher, not forgetting Thomas Olivers, the "consecrated cobbler," and John Nelson, the sturdy stonemason, upon whom men jumped to tramp out of him, they said, the Holy Ghost.

These men set England ablaze. Cries of conviction were mingled with shouts of pardoning joy, while the wicked on every side were stirred with deepest hatred. The sixteenth century was a war against false doctrine, the eighteenth against dead formality, and thousands upon thousands were quickened into spiritual life by these devoted messengers of God.

Now, what were the secrets of their power? On one point each was like Wesley, who delighted to call himself "homo unius libri"—a man of one book. "Bible moths" they were called at Oxford; how suggestive! Extracting warmth from, burrowing in, and feeding upon the Word of God! Coleridge expressed surprise that the Bible "found him," but this was no new experience in the eighteenth century Pentecost. May it ever continue!

These early preachers brought God near to men. Even the orthodox ministers of that day argued: "It is *safer* to believe in a God, because at all events there may be one, and if there is He will condemn you if you don't. The God of the deists was a being far removed from men, while they denied a special providence and scouted prayer. But it

ey rather than Paley or
o ended the deism of the
century, for in a few
sands were singing,

nfidence I now draw nigh,
ther, Abba, Father, cry.'

remarks that it was the
as these preachers brought
a the first agonies of be-
and in the extreme pains
s and death, which gave
and hope to thousands,
ley commented on the fact
ver much certain people
ne Methodists, they "died

preachers further taught
sane being had freedom of
d consequently was respon-
od for his attitude towards
. Man was not simply a
ork drifting upon the sea
at a maker of his own des-
as were routed the helpless-
lespair engendered by high
l.

men preached a present,
e, and joyous salvation.
ght that Christ was able to
to save all now, and to
ow to the uttermost. These
nts cut into the Calvinism
y. You have heard from
nes of a tedious brother
ng down," but Wesley un-
by Zinzendorf's famous
'sing out" a false creed:

I believe, were sinners more
ands upon the ocean shore,
ast for all a ransom paid,
a full atonement made."

avourite parable of dis-
reachers, then, was that of
n. They said Methodists
oo great a hurry. That a
d in the morning be a pro-
nkard and by night be en-
e "full assurance of faith"
edible. But while one can
Paley's "Evidences" and
Butler's "Analogy," what
said *against hundreds* of
saved souls, saved on the spot, and
who lived consistent lives ever after-
wards?

John Wesley strenuously preached
and defended the doctrine of entire
sanctification against all comers; and
to make the doctrine permanent (if
of human things this ever can be
said) he enshrined and embedded
it in the hymns we sing, and indeed
to erase it now one would have to
tear out one-third of the hymn-book.
May no profane hands ever be en-
gaged in such a task!

These preachers proclaimed the
consciousness of spiritual adoption
and of purity of heart. In that
deistic age the doctrine that man
could have direct assurance from
God as to his acceptance was consid-
ered blasphemous. Even good
Bishop Butler called it "horrible,"
though he changed his opinion some-
what later. But did not Paul preach
it, and the Churches insert it in
their creeds? Yes. Why then such
commotion? Ah! it was the mighty
emphasis they placed upon it. The
result was that amid the witticisms
of the wicked, and the criticisms of
the cultured, thousands of new con-
verts lustily sang:

"What we have felt and seen,
With confidence we tell,
And publish to the sons of men
The signs infallible."

These preachers realized men were
as in a sinking pit, and the time
was short. They expected speedy
conversions and were not disap-
pointed. Ah! how tempted we are
in our little essays mainly to prove
our propositions, or to preach simply
as if to ease our consciences from the
"woe is me," and then dilate upon
"casting our bread upon the waters."
"The Holy Club" itself made no
converts, because they did not seek
any, but only to save their own souls.
How changed when these same men
were "filled with the Holy Ghost
and spake the word of God with
boldness."

John Wesley left 77,000 members in Great Britain, 55,000 in the United States, and 25,000 in Upper and Lower Canada, and yet Green says the least part of Methodism was the Methodist Church. In its day, and since, it has permeated all churches and communities.

Isaac Taylor says that no movement mightily affecting the minds of men continues fifty years beyond its leader's death, but Wesley has been dead one hundred and twelve years, and to-day there are 48,000 Methodist ministers, 104,000 local preachers, over 7,000,000 members, and over 28,000,000 adherents —one-quarter of all the Protestants of the globe—who see gospel truth through the same eyes as he did.

We have a glorious hymnology and a preachable theory. Then let us sing it and preach it, while we fervently pray:

"On all the earth Thy Spirit shower,
The earth in righteousness renew,
Thy kingdom come, and hell's o'erpower,
And to Thy sceptre all subdue."

Walkerton, Ont.

THE MENACE TO THE TOWER.

BY EDWIN MARKHAM.

In storied Venice, down whose rippling streets
The stars go hurrying and the white moon beats,
Stood the great Bell Tower, fronting seas and skies—
Fronting the ages, drawing all men's eyes;
Rooted like Teneriffe, aloft and proud,
Taunting the lightning, tearing the flying cloud.

It marked the hours for Venice; all men said
Time cannot reach to bow that lofty head;
Time, that shall touch all else with ruin, must
Forbear to make this shaft confess its dust;
Yet all the while, in secret, without sound,
The fat worms gnawed the timbers underground.

The twisting worm, whose epoch is an hour,
Caverned its way into the mighty tower;
And suddenly it shook, it swayed, it broke,
And fell in darkening thunder at one stroke.
The strong shaft with an angel on the crown,
Fell ruining; a thousand years went down!

And so I fear, my country, not the hand
That shall hurl night and whirlwind on the land;
I fear not Titan traitors who shall rise
To stride the Brocken shadows on our skies—
Not giants who shall come to overthrow
And send on earth an Iliad of woe.

I fear the vermin that shall undermine
Senate and citadel and school and shrine—
The Worm of Greed, the fatted Worm of Ease,
And all the crawling progeny of these—
The vermin that shall honeycomb the towers
And walls of state in unsuspecting hours.

OUR FIRST MARTYR IN WEST CHINA.

BY THE REV. GEORGE E. HARTWELL.

Jay Given the Right Hand of Fellowship.

In 189— a man about sixty years of age presented a letter from a neighbouring missionary and asked admission into the Canadian Methodist Church at Chen-tu. The letter stated the bearer had been baptized Christmas,189—, and had been a faithful member, that ıl months previous he suddenly ıe neighbourhood to accompany nan Catholic priest to the capihat he had every reason to be- the man was sincere, and if ed into fellowship would prove ul. On questioning him reng his actions he said he had led to believe that there was no ence in doctrine, but he soon l out his mistake. He had a remarkable face, so much so, Miss Bird Bishop, the traveller, graphed him for a typical se Christian of the farmer

s ambition was to go about from to place selling Scriptures and ting. To this end he saved up ent to enter a poor-house, by paying about seven dollars ıd a bed to sleep on and rice a day at least for the rest of fe. The inmates of this insti- ı are allowed to go about as please, hence Mr. Jay thus in- himself against actual want ıt the same time was able to on the work that gave him pleasure.

netimes, in the employ of the on or the Bible Society, he l tramp for weeks at a time, through the plains, visiting cities and towns, selling the Word and preaching. His age and earnestness made up somewhat his lack of training and his appearance. In one thing the old man seemingly could not reform, namely, his style of dress. A cotton gown, a pair of sandals, with a basket of books fastened by shoulder-straps to his back, was his favourite outfit. Sometimes the pastor would exhort him to dress up a bit. Next morning he would appear in shoes, socks, and a hat, but looking so uncomfortable that when a few days later he appeared again bareheaded and in sandals nothing was said.

In 1900 he made an extended Bible-selling trip, visiting his home and former pastor. While there the Boxer disturbance at Pekin was arousing the Sz-Chuanese against the Western religion, and Bishop Cassells, of the Church Missionary Society, urged Mr. Jay to remain quiet for a time. He had, however, promised to return, and nothing would keep him. His life was spared and he reached Chentu safely. The years 1901-2 afforded wonderful opportunities to the Church. The whole country seemed moved to inquire into the Christian religion. The Bible Societies were not able to get Bibles westward fast enough to meet the demand.

Mr. Jay was most happy. Not only were Scripture purchasers many, but listeners increased, and morning, noon, or night, whenever he could get people together, he preached.

While God's Spirit was moving in the midst of the people, Satan was not idle. From other districts came rumblings as of subdued thunder. It turned out that fugitive Boxers

from the northern outbreak had fled to Sz-Chuan and were organizing in temples, and threats of punishment on all who had joined the western religion were heard. Notwithstanding this, large numbers of people were arraying themselves on the side of Christianity. In our Chentu prefectoral district, the magistracy of Ren Shou gave the greatest encouragement. The elders of towns and villages openly professed their attachment to Christianity.

A property was bought by the inquirers in the centre of the city, and Mr. Jay was sent down with a good supply of Scriptures. As was his custom, before starting on a journey, he came into the pastor's study and prayed, then flinging his basket of Scriptures over his shoulder, started forth. The road travelled was dotted with market-towns where, according to his regular practice he sold books apparently unmolested, and reached Ren Shou in safety.

The Boxer Uprising.

To understand the condition of things around Ren Shou when Mr. Jay arrived, it will be necessary to glance over the events of the previous months. The hilly districts depend on the fall rains to fill their reservoirs and paddy fields, and the spring rains to prepare their corn lands. Both had failed. The first rain and the latter rain fell not. The baked hills and the open-seamed paddy fields refused their yield. Thousands of farm labourers were without employment and food. Bands of hungry folk were roaming through the country, knocking at the rich farmers' gates demanding food. At first they took peaceful possession of the front court and waited until the landlord, wearied with their importunities, would arise and hand out a bowl of rice for each. It was not long, however, before the spirit of violence crept in, when a landlord proved stubborn. They needed but a leader to openly plunder. This need was soon supplied by the arrival of a few Boxers from a neighbouring district.

Up to this point the authorities and gentry made little effort to stem the movement, acting on Chinese principles that if left alone the fire would burn itself out.

On the main road between Chentu and Ren Shou lived a farmer named Shong, who had been a justice of the peace for many years. He had some trouble with the Roman Catholics. As the officials feared to oppose the French priests, any one involved in a law-suit with a Roman Catholic adherent was likely to fare ill. One result of this was that many united with that body to work out their own ends.

A counter movement had been started in this district to offset the Roman Catholics, and was joined by a large number of the gentry and village elders. The idea was to become, nominally at least, Protestants, and work the English influence against the French. Petitions, signed by tens and hundreds, were sent to the missionaries at Chentu asking for a pastor. Two or three years elapsed before a foreign pastor could investigate the causes for this unusual zeal. In the meantime all who had subscribed money regarded themselves as Protestants, and hence, adherents of Canadian Methodism. The original purpose was served somewhat, as Peter could not ruthlessly rob Paul.

Now, when the Boxers came to this district they found the soil ready. Famine on the one hand gave them numbers, and hostility to Roman Catholicism a pretext to begin their work of destruction. Unfortunately for the whole neighbourhood, one of Mr. Shong's sons became entangled in their mesmeric meshes and became a Boxer. Mr. Shong's enemies had now an oppor-

for vengeance, and his im-
te arrest was demanded by the
h priest. The magistrate, his
district honeycombed with
sympathizers, was powerless,
dered the local magistrates of
lage to arrest Mr. Shong. Mr.
had been a respected neigh-
and as the whole community
was being persecuted by the
nists, the elders of the district
d patience until the excitement
bated.

ortunately, at this juncture an
ected element was introduced
shape of a squad of soldiers,
uddenly entered the commun-
d forced the local officials and
to accompany them to the
of Mr. Shong. It only took a
urs to burn the old homestead,
took months to quench the fire
geance it kindled. The Shong
, thus outlawed, raised the
flag in sight of their ruined
and soon had a mixed company
ee or four thousand at their
and. They first marched to
llage, took vengeance on those
ad accompanied the soldiers—
oldiers, by the way, had de-
as suddenly as they came—
roamed through the country,
ig or robbing, first Romanists,
their personal enemies, and
ny one who was likely to have
or rice.

umber of homes in the latter
belonged to inquirers who a
previous had identified them-
with the Canadian Methodist
h. Their losses were consider-
s they had been informed that
would not be disturbed, and
made no effort to protect or
heir possessions. When, how-
more rice was needed to feed
er-increasing mob, no distinc-
were made. Wherever the
s was, there the eagles gath-

Mr. Jay's Good Confession.

Mr. Jay, with his basket of Scriptures and tracts, passed through this neighbourhood in the early part of the seventh moon, selling books by the way. On the 5th of the seventh moon, Mr. Shong's home was destroyed. On the 7th the Boxers raided the village. On the 9th Mr. Jay started on his return journey from Ren Shou to Chentu. When he came into the neighbourhood of the disturbances he walked quietly along, not resting at the village, but sitting down a mile or two further on. His basket of books attracted attention, and a crowd soon gathered around him. When the mob learned that he had foreign books they immediately became violent and said he was a Romanist. He was then dragged two or three miles to the Boxer camp and was tried. No doubt his age and kindly spirit somewhat recommended Mr. Jay to his judges, for the natives report that he was offered his liberty if he would burn his books and renounce the Jesus religion. Mr. Jay possessed the true martyr spirit. He calmly preached to them and said he could not renounce his Saviour. Those who had communion with him and knew his deep earnestness, can easily imagine him standing before his unlawful judges, bent with years of toil, clothed in a common cotton gown, with sandals upon his feet, bareheaded, with the few remaining grey hairs braided and standing almost straight out, yet firm as an oak in his allegiance to Christ.

Nor will that testimony be fruitless. There are already evidences that the blood of this martyr has not been shed in vain, but will be the seed for a spiritual church. Already there are several inquirers in that town, and steps are being taken to secure the site for a church edifice.

The full details of the final scene

are not easily obtained, as no one cares to acknowledge having been present. It is now alleged that at the foot of a shrine containing the gods of the soil three bodies lie, all buried the same day. One is a Taoist priest, who had by his pretended magical knowledge early prophesied different results other than what had happened, and was executed as a deceiver. One is a woman who lived with the priest and was a partner in his sorcery. One is Mr. Jay, who was beheaded with a sword because he was a disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ. How vividly these three graves picture to the devout mind the scene on Calvary with its three crosses.

One other scene, scarcely less tragic, is so closely connected with Mr. Jay's work and death that it is appended here.

Seven months later, the writer visiting this neighbourhood, slept in an inn that had been partly demolished during the reign of terror. In the evening, as was the custom, the inquirers came in for worship. One inquirer brought a friend with him, a man approaching twoscore years and ten, refined in appearance, and gentle in his manners. He had just passed through a terrible affliction, which he related to us, his voice quivering with emotion.

"The day," he began, "that Mr. Jay passed through this district on his way to Ren Shou I was visiting a market-town six miles away. Mr. Jay was there selling books and preaching. I bought three of the Gospels, but afterwards, hearing a friend say there was another to make a complete set, I returned and bought the fourth. Some said they were foreign books and excited people to rebellion, but when I took the books home and read them I could see no harm in them, and found they exhorted men to be good." Evidently he connected the buying of the Gospels with what followed. "A few days after buying the books," he continued, "there arose a bitter Boxer persecution against any who were known to have the foreigners' books, or believed in the foreigners' religion. One morning a messenger came rushing into our house at daybreak, saying, 'The Boxers, two or three thousand strong, are near. Flee for your lives.' My wife and myself had barely time to get away in our night-clothes, when the house was surrounded."

His voice faltered as he continued. "We had two bright little boys, seven and nine years respectively, sleeping in an adjoining room. In the confusion they were left. No sooner was the house surrounded than the leaders entered and found the two sleeping children. They were roughly awakened and carried into the courtyard. The mesmerized and frenzied mob, thirsting for blood, rushed upon our helpless infants with their swords, and we in our old age were soon childless."

How inadequate are words to comfort such a grief, and yet the kindly way he spoke of Mr. Jay, his words regarding the Gospels, indicated that the Great Comforter had not left them comfortless in their sorrow.

LET DOWN YOUR NETS.

The Master's voice comes over the sea,
"Let down your nets for a draught for me."
He stands in our midst on our wreck-strewn strand,
And sweet and royal is his command.
His pleading call
Is to each, to all;
And wherever the royal call is heard,
There hang the nets of the royal Word,
Trust to the nets and not to your skill,
Trust to the royal Master's will.
Let down your nets each day, each hour,
For the word of a king is a word of power,
And the King's own voice comes over the sea,
"Let down your nets for a draught for me."

MISS SARAH WILLMOTT.

BY THE REV. W. H. ADAMS,
Chairman of the Tamworth District.

"An excellent sweet lady."
—Shakespeare.

ISS SARAH WILLMOTT.

ORN in the delightful old English county of Rutland more than nine decades ago, and brought to Toronto by her parents while George III. was king, Miss Sarah Willmott is now passing life's quiet evening in the town of Stouffville. The paternal aunt of the . Willmott, M.A., and of Dr. J. B. Willmott, the well-known dean of our dental college, she has also lived to see the representatives of still another generation attain eminence, in the persons of Dr. Walter Willmott, of Toronto, and Mr. A. B. Willmott, M.A., the Algoma Superintendent of Mines.

One of the earliest Cobourg students, she often speaks with loving respect of Victoria's first principal, the Rev. Dr. Richey, as well as of the many pioneer preachers whose toil and self-sacrifice she recalls so readily. Dowered with all the instincts and traditions of the true gentlewoman, possessed of high intellectual, moral, and spiritual gifts and aptitudes, and marked by a sweet and affectionate disposition, the influence of Miss Willmott's long and busy life has been widespread and benign; and, through others, now radiates in spheres where her own name is unknown. For many a long year the Church and the mission cause received her hearty co-operation and support, while her strenuous advocacy of total abstinence dates from 1830. Her "counterfeit presentment," will, we are sure, be welcomed by the readers of this magazine, for whom we could wish few greater pleasures than an actual acquaintance with the "gentle ladye."

THE GRAIL.

ıore with armed hands
ut to seek the Grail ;
gh he sought in many lands
est did nought avail.
ıore rode home again,
his mother dear ;
ing, found with bitter pain
ther on her bier.

And on the altar at her head,
All passion-pure and pale,
Abrim with sacred wine rose-red
He saw the Holy Grail.
God grant this little legend wings
To all who love to roam ;
The Holiest and the Dearest things
May still be found at home.

—*Verses by Mother and Daughter.*

THE LOCAL PREACHER.

BY THE REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.

OF course the Squire was Church—
strict Church—
There was nothing else for he ;
The Church was the only place, you know,
For to worship properly,
At any rate, for gentle folks
And people with property.

The Miller Penrose went forth to preach—
A Brianite "Local" was he.
"I can just go forth to tell the folks
Of the love of God to me ;
It can't do nobody not no harm,
And may do some good," said he.

The Sexton came up, and the Squire told :
"Aw, your honour, I've heerd 'em say,
That Miller Penrose goeth forth to preach
'Most every Sabbath Day.
And seemin' to me 'tis a terrible thing
For he to go on that way.

"'Tis bad enough to stay home from
church,
But 'tis dreadful, seemin' to me,
For a man like that to preach to folks—
A ignorant owl like he,
As never had no learnin' at all ;
--Such things ought not for to be."

"Indeed," says the Squire, a-lookin'
black,
"The Miller a preacher is he !"
"Iss fy, your honour, 'tis true enough,
And I hope your honour will see,
And put a stop to such ghastly ways ;
'Tis terrible, seemin' to me."

But now you must not go for to think
The Squire was that ill-bred
That he wanted the world to hold its
tongue
'Till it 'greed with what he said,
And counted the narrow way was just
To follow where he led.

A gentleman born his honour was ;
You might search the country round,
And a kinder-hearted man for sure,
There wasn't above the ground !
A fairer and squarer than Squire Tolcarne
There was not to be found.

But the words of the Sexton haunted en :
"Penrose a preacher !" says he,
And it seemed to the Squire a serious
thing
That an ignorant man like he
Should set hisself up for to tell the folks
What the way to heaven might be.

It wasn't long before Miller Penrose
Come up to the Squire's place ;
He'd finished the talk he'd come about
When he seed by Squire's face
That something he'd done—he didn't
know what—
Had brought a bit o' disgrace.

Then the Squire he shut the office door ;
"Penrose," the Squire began,
"I'm amazed to hear that the Brianites
Have put your name on the plan.
Now really, you know, you must admit
You're a terribly ignorant man."

"Aw, terrible, iss, your honour, that's
true,
If I don't knaw nawthen beside,
I do knaw I don't knaw nawthen, sir—
I wish it could be denied.
I can't make out them larned books
Though fine and often I've tried."

"Well, well, now Miller, if that is so,
I really am bound to say,
It's an awful thing for you to try
To teach other folks the way.
Think what a solemn thing it would be
If you led a soul astray."

"Well, Squire, forgive me, I've thought
of that,
And there never passes a day
But with all my soul and strength I lift
My heart to God and pray
That He will give me His heavenly grace
For to teach me what to say."

It chanced that the map of the Squire's
estate
Lay there on the table spread ;
The fields and woods all painted green,
The houses a staring red ;
And there was marked each road and path,
And the places where they led.

Then a bit of a twinkle shone in his eye
As the Miller turned around,
"That the map of your estate, is it, sir ?
You knaw it well, I'll be bound ;
Of course, you're using it constantly,
And got to go over the ground."

"Of course, of course, I know it by
heart."

Says the Squire. The Miller says he,
"You do knaw each road and waterway,
And where each path may be?"
"Of course, of course," the Squire replied.
"I know it all perfectly."

"Now, excuse me, Squire, I knaw you're one
To give a man fair play.
Can you mind when you was down to the mill—
'Twas only the other day—
You asked little Mary to come with you
And show your honour the way?"

"Oh, yes," said the Squire, "she showed me the path
That turns in there by the gate;
I was very much obliged to her,
It led to the highway straight;
And but for the service she rendered me
I should have gone home late."

"Well, now, your honour, 'tis like this here—
Or so it seems to me—
Little Mary would hardly knaw the name
Of what a map might be;
And certainly would not knaw 'pon the map
The place were she lives, you see.

"My Mary isn't a scholar, I'm 'fraid,
But excuse me if I say
That she was able to show you, sir,
The place where the footpath lay,
'Cause your honour knew it on the map,
But she walked in it every day.

"So, your honour, if I don't knaw the map
So well as some folks may,
I do thank God I knaw one thing—
That He has shown me the way;
And I trust by His grace I've found out how
To walk in it every day."

So the days went by. The Squire he watched
And saw that the Miller was true,
And he heard of many a kindly deed
That the Miller used to do;
And how, when a bit of trouble came,
He would help a neighbour through.

And it chanced one day the Squire fell ill,
The Doctor sat by his bed:
"Now Doctor, tell me just how it stands;
Am I going to die?" he said.
"I want you to tell me how it will go."
But the Doctor shook his head.

"If I'm going to get well, I'm quite content
If the Vicar comes and goes;
But I tell you what, I want to have
When my life draws near to its close—
I want my people to send and fetch
That good old Miller Penrose."

The power and pathos of the following poem by Mr. Pearse will speak to every heart:

THE LAMENT.

Aw Mother o' Moses, what do 'ee think?
The Daughter of Pharaoh is here:
"I do want my awn little boy," says she—
"My little one so dear."

Aw Mother o' Moses, make haste, make haste,
They'll dress en up so gay,
And learn en all sorts o' wonderful things
And make en a King one day.

Aw Mother o' Moses, where are 'ee to?
Here's such a grand coach and four,
And the Daughter of Pharaoh her awn self
Is knockin' to the door.

Aw Mother o' Moses, make haste, make haste,
Can 'ee hear what they do say?
"Bring en forth the beautiful little one,
So beautiful as day."

. . . . . .

The Mother o' Moses sat by the ark—
She never once stirred nor spoke,
The cradle was empty, the child was gone,
And they said her heart was a-broke.

OLD AND YOUNG.

They soon grow old who grope for gold
In marts where all is bought and sold;
Who live for self, and on some shelf
In darkened vaults hoard up the pelf,
Cankered and crusted o'er with mould,
F them their youth itself is old.

They ne'er grow old who gather gold
Where Spring awakes and flowers unfold;
Where suns arise in joyous skies,
And fill the soul within their eyes.
For them the immortal bards have sung,
For them old age itself is young.

A SINGULAR LIFE.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD.*

"What is that to thee? Follow thou me."
—Jesus Christ.

I.

THERE were seven of them at the table that day, and they were talking about heredity. At least they were talking about whatever stood for heredity at the date of our history. The word had penetrated to religious circles at the time; but it was still interpreted with a free personal translation.

Perhaps there is no greater curiosity of its kind than that of a group of theological students (chiefly in their junior year) discussing science.

Jaynes had been reading Huxley. Jaynes was a stout man, and short, with those round eyeglasses by which oculists delight in deforming round people. He confessed that he was impressed by the argument. He said:

"Varieties arise, we do not know why; and if it should be probable that the majority of varieties have arisen in a spontaneous manner——"

"A little vinegar, Jaynes, if you please," interrupted Tompkinton gently. Tompkinton was long and lean. His hair was thin, and straggled about his ears, which were not small. His hands were thin. His clear blue eye had an absent look. In cold weather he wore an old army cape of his father's. He studied much without a fire, for the club board at the "short price" cost him two dollars and seventy-five cents a week. His boots were old, and he had no gloves and a cough. He came from the State of New Hampshire.

Then there was Fenton: a snug little fellow, who took honours at Amherst; a man who never spent more than five hundred a year in his life, yet always wore clean linen and a tolerable coat, had a stylish cut to his hair, and went to Boston occasionally to a concert. It was even reported that he had been to see Booth. But the Faculty discredited the report. Besides, he had what was known as "a gift at prayer."

Fenton was rather a popular man, and when he spoke in answer to Holt (who observed that he considered Huxley's "Descent of Man" an infidel book) he was listened to with marked attention.

Holt was in the Special Course. He was a converted brakeman from the Hecla and St. Mary's, a flourishing Western railway. Holt, being the only student present who had not received any undue measure of collegiate culture, was treated with marked courtesy by his more liberally educated fellow-students.

"We are reading Darwin up at my room, two or three of us, after dinner," observed Fenton kindly. "We should be happy to have you join us sometimes, Holt."

Holt blinked at the speaker with that uncertain motion of the eyelids which means half intellectual confusion, and half personal embarrassment. Not a man of these young Christians had smiled; yet the Special Course student, being no natural fool, vaguely perceived that something had gone wrong.

But Fenton was vivaciously discussing last November's ball games with his vis-a-vis, a middler whose name is unknown to history. It was some time before he said, looking far down the long table:

"Bayard, who is it that says it takes three generations to make a gentleman?"

"Why, Holmes, I suppose," answered he who was addressed. "Who else would be likely to say it?"

"Have an apple, Bayard—do. It's sour, but sound. It's Baldwin year, or we shouldn't get them except Sundays."

Bayard mechanically took the apple, and laid it down untouched. His eye wandered up the cold length of the long table decorated with stone china. Somehow, few aspects of the theological life struck his imagination so typically as a big vegetable-dish piled with cold, unrelieved Baldwins, to be served for after-dinner fruit on a

* Abridged from "A Singular Life." By *E. S. Phelps* Ward.

lay. In the kind of mental
ch the smallest of causes may
ver a nature like his, Bayard
exert himself to reply to his
e, but fell into one of the
ilences for which he was

'ather," observed the New
re man quietly, "was a
He dug his own potatoes the
re he enlisted. Perhaps I
idge, but I always thought he
ntleman—when I was a little

inton shouldered himself out
nversation, and went out into
ry air, taking long strides to
ire-room, with his notebook
e old blue army cape, of
ie north-west wind flung up
et side.
the Professor tea'd you yet,
asked Bayard, rousing, per-
ittle too obviously anxious to
channels of conversation.
ical problems at best, and in
ompany, are unsafe topics;
culiarly dangerous at a club
oor theologues, half of whom
the nature of things, be
heir way into social condi-
olly unknown to their past.
was quicker than the other
hink of such things.
s," said Bent, with a slightly
; mustache. "Ten of us at
. alphabetical order. I came
night, being a B. Madam
and Mademoiselle his daugh-
present, the only ladies
uch a lot of us. I pitied
But Miss Carruth seemed to
She showed me her photo-
ok, and some Swiss pickle
rved. Then she asked me if
mte. And then her mother
how many of the class had
calls. Then the Professor
stories about a Baptist min-
And so by and by we came
It was an abandoned hour—
ea. It was ten o'clock."
s in town that night,"
Bayard. "I had to send
ts."
were in town, why couldn't
' asked the middler.
an that I was out of town.
Boston. I had gone home,"
Bayard pleasantly.
won't come in now till after
suggested Fenton quickly;
you'll be left over till the
ates take turn, and the B's
again."
ldwin apples were all eaten

now, and the stone china was disappearing from the long table in detachments. Jaynes and the Special Course man had followed Tompkinton, and the middler and Bent now pushed back their chairs. Bayard remained a moment to ask after the landlady's neuralgia—he was one of the men who do not economize sympathy without more effort than its repression is usually worth—and Fenton waited for him in the cold hall. The two young men shoved their shoulders into their overcoats sturdily, and walked across the Seminary green together to their rooms.

Strictly speaking, one should say the Seminary "white." It was midwinter, and on top of Cesarea Hill. From the four corners of the earth the winds of heaven blew, and beat against that spot; to it the first snowflake flew, and on it the last blizzard fell. Were the winters longer and the summers hotter in Cesarea than in other places? So thought the theologues in the old draughty, shaking Seminary dormitories dignified by time and native talent with name of "halls."

Young Bayard trod the icy path to his own particular hall (Galilee was its name) with the chronic homesickness of a city-bred man forced through a New England country winter under circumstances which forbade him to find fault with it. His profession and his seminary were his own choice and his seminary were his own choice; he had never been conscious of wavering in it, or caught in grumbling about it, but sometimes he felt that if he had been brought up differently—like Tompkinton, for instance, not to say Holt—he should have expended less of that vitality necessary to any kind of success in the simple process of enduring the unfamiliar.

"How was the gale round your room last night?" inquired young Fenton, as the two climbed the frozen terraces, and leaped over the chains that hung between rows of stunted posts set at regular intervals in front of the Seminary buildings. For what purpose these stone dwarfs staggered there, no one but the founders of the institution knew; and they had been in their graves too long to tell.

"It made me think of my uncle's house," observed Bayard.

"By force of contrast? Yes. I never lived in Beacon Street. But I can guess. I pity you in that north-west corner. My mother sent me a soap-stone by express last week. I

should have been dead, I should have been frozen stark, without it. You heat it, you know, on top of the base-burner, and tuck it in the sheets. Then you forget and kick it out when you're asleep, and it thumps on the fellow's head in the room below, and he blackguards you for it through the ceiling. Better get one."

"Are you really comfortable—all night?" asked Bayard wistfully. "I haven't thought about being warm or any of those luxuries since I came here. I expected to rough it. I mean to toughen myself."

In his heart he was repeating certain old words which ran like this: Endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. But they did not come to his lips. He was as afraid of cant as too many young theologues are of sincere simplicity.

"Oh, come, Bayard!" urged the other. "There's where you miss it. Why not be comfortable? I don't see that Christianity and misery need be identical. You are certain to have a tough time if you go on as you begin. Talk about election, fore-ordination, predestination! You take the whole set of condemnatory doctrines into your hands and settle your own fate beforehand. A man doesn't leave Providence any free will who sets out in life as you do."

"Do I strike you that way?" asked the young man anxiously. "If there is anything I abhor, it is a gloomy clergyman!"

"There you are again! Now I'm not finding fault with you," began Fenton, settling his chin in his comfortable way. "Your soul is all nerves, man. It is a ganglion. You need more tissue round it—like me."

The two young men stood at the foot of the bare, wooden stairs in the cold entry of Galilee Hall, at the dividing of their ways. It was the usual luck of the other that he should have a south-west room, first floor. But Bayard climbed to his north-west third-story corner uncomplainingly. It occurred to him to say that there were objects in life as important, on the whole, as being comfortable. But he did not. He only asked if the lectures on the Nicene Creed were to be continued at four, and went on, shivering, to his room.

It was a bitter February afternoon, and the wind blew the wrong way for north-west corners. Bayard had spent the day in coddling his big base-burner, which now rewarded him by a decent glow as he entered his study. He had no chum, and thanked God for it; he curled into the shell of his solitude contentedly, and turned to his books at once, plunging headlong into the gulf of the Nicene Creed. At the end of two hours he got up, shivering. The subject was colder than the climate, and he felt congealed to the soul. He flung open his bedroom door. An icy breath came from that monastic cell. He thought, "I really must get some double windows." He had purposely refrained all winter from this luxury lest he should seem to have more comforts than his poorer classmates.

The early winter sunset was coming on, and Cesarea Hill was wrapping herself in gold and purple and in silver sheen to meet it. Bayard went to his window, and stood, with his hands locked behind him, looking abroad.

The Seminary lawns (old Cesareans spoke of them as the Seminary "yard"), encrusted in two feet of snow, took on the evening colours in great sweeps, as if made by one or two strokes of a mighty brush. The transverse paths that cut across the snow, under rows of ancient elm-trees, had the shape of a cross. The delicate, bare branches of the elms were etched against a blazing west. Above, the metallic sky hung cold and clear. A few students were crossing the lawns, tripping and slipping on the paths of gray and glittering ice. In the wide street beyond, a number of people were breasting the blast, valiantly prepared for a mile's walk to the evening mail. The night threatened to be very cold. Across the street, the Professors' houses stood in a serious row. Beyond them, the horizon line ran to Wachusett undisturbed; and the hill and valley view melted into noble outlines under snow and sun.

Emanuel Bayard stood at his window looking across to the hills. The setting sun shone full in his face. I see no reason why one should hesitate to give a man full credit for personal beauty because one chances to be his biographer, and do not hesitate to say that the attractiveness of this young man was extraordinary. Neither a prophet nor a cut-throat would for an instant have questioned the spiritual supremacy of the man.

But the young man was thinking nothing of this as he faced the cold and gleaming sky, to see the sun drop just to the north of Wachusett, as he had done so many winter nights since he took possession of the north-

corner of Galilee Hall. If his ng had been strictly translated words, "I must prove my rank," ould have said.

he stood mute and rapt, seeming stow more brilliance than he took it on the afterglow that filled grim old room, his eye rested on line of Professors' houses that l between him and his sunset, and ngly travelled from ancient roof oof till it reached the house be- which the sun had dropped. house was not built by the pious ders, and had a certain impertin- worldly air as of a professor with erty, or a committee of the trus- who conceded more than was ex- d by the Westminster Catechism ontemporaneous ease and archi- re. It was in fact a fashionable rn building, a Queen Anne coun- house, neither more nor less.

Bayard's glance reached the e of his theological professor it fell upon the second-story front ow, where signs of motion ced to arrest his attention. In window the drawn shade was ly raised, and the lace drapery ins parted. A woman's figure l for a moment between the cur- . There were western windows, to the room, and the still burning shot through from side to side e wing. In it she could be seen ly: she stood with raised arm hand; there was something so n and womanly and rich in the nes of that remote figure that the g man would have been no young if his glance had not rested upon

ter a moment's perceptible hesi- n he turned away; then stepped and drew down his old white n shade.

II.

had always been considered a mis- that the professors' houses stood he "morning side" of the street. this, like many another architec- or social criticism, was of more est to the critic than to the criti- . In point of fact, the western of the dwellings consecrated to faculty received the flood-tide of sea of sun that rose and ebbed rea and Wachusett. A man's y, a child's nursery, a woman's ng-room, fled the front of the e as a matter of course; and the "afternoon side" of the dwelling welcomed them bountifully.

The Professor's daughter, who had not been born in Cesarea, but in the city of New York, was observant with the enthusiasm of a girl who has so little social occupation that a beautiful landscape is still an object of attention, even of affection.

It was not religious emotion, but the power of association and poetic perception which made her say aloud:

"And the city had no need of the sun . . . to shine in it, for the glory of God did lighten it."

As the words fell from her lips the sun dropped beyond Wachusett. The fire flashed, and ran, and faded. Cold, dull, delicate colours replaced the glory on Galilee Hall; the burst of gold had burned out and melted; the tints of cool, precious stones crept upon the window whose display had pleased her. She passed her hand over her eyes, for she was blinded by the dazzling effect. When she looked again, she noticed that the old white shade in the north-west corner room was drawn.

She turned away, feeling an unreasonable sense of discomfort, as if she had been rebuffed in an unconscious intrusion. At that moment she heard her father moving about his study, which was below her room. The sound of flying slippers and the creak of his whirling study-chair indicated that his work was over for the day, and that he was about to take his evening pilgrimage to the post-office. His daughter ran down to see him.

He glanced up from the arctic overshoes which he was tugging on over his boots, with a relieved and pleasant look.

"Ah, Helen! You are just in time. I need you, my child. Just write some invitations for me, will you?—in your mother's name. She seems to be too much absorbed in some domestic duties to attend to it, and I must have those omitted men to tea this week. Your mother says she can't have them to-morrow on account of—I have forgotten the reason, but it was an important one."

"She has some preserves to scald over. Yes," said Helen, with ripples in her eyes, "I think they are quinces. At any rate, it is of national importance. Friday, did you say? Certainly. I will have them written by the time you have selected your cane, father. Who are these? The A's? Or the C's?"

"They are the B's," answered the Professor, looking over his assortment of handsome canes with the serious interest of a sophomore. If the Professor of Theology had one human weakness, it was for handling a fine cane. This luxury was to him what horses, yachts, and dry wines may be to different men. His daughter was quite right in assuming that the notes of invitation would be written before he had suited himself out of a dozen possibilities to his delicate Oriental grapestick with the heavy ivory handle.

"They are the B's," he repeated abstractedly. "Two B's, and—yes, one C. One of the B's I would not overlook on any account. He is that B who was pre-engaged, for some reason, in the autumn. He must be invited again. His uncle is one of the trustees. There's the catalogue; you'll find the address—Galilee Hall, Bayard, Emanuel. Don't make a mistake, my dear; and I hope you will take pains to be at home and help us entertain them."

"I was going in to the concert," said Helen disappointedly, pausing with her pen suspended. "I meant to spend the night with Clara Rollins. But—no, I won't, father, if you care about it."

"Thank you, my dear," he said gently. He kissed her as he went out, and Helen smiled contentedly; she was deeply attached to her father. In his home the Professor of Theology was the most loving and beloved of men.

There came up a warm storm that week, and by Friday Cesarea Hill swam in a sea of melted snow. The two B's and one C waded their way to their Professor's house to tea that evening, across rills and rivers of ice-water, and through mounds of slush. Bayard sank over rubbers amidstream more than once; he wore the usual evening shoe of society. He was always a well-dressed man, having never known any other way of living. It was different with his fellow-students. That one C, for example, who strode across the Seminary green in comfort and rubber boots, had provided, it seemed, no other method of appearance within doors. His antaloons were tucked into the rubber boots at the knees, and had the air of intending to stay there.

"Look here, man!" gasped Bayard, as the young men removed their overcoats in the large and somewhat stately hall of the Professor's house. "You have forgotten your shoes!"

"I have some slippers in my pockets, if you think them necessary," replied the other. "You know more about such things than I do."

The speaker produced a pair of slippers, worked in worsted by his sister; a white rose ornamented the toe of each. As he stooped to put them on, Bayard observed that the man wore a flannel shirt of the blue-gray tint at that time preferred by day labourers, and that he was guiltless of linen.

The three guests entered the drawing-room, headed by the flannel shirt. The one C sat down on the largest satin easy-chair, stretching his embroidered slippers on the Persian rug with such dignified unconsciousness of the unusual as one might go far to see outside of Cesarea, and might not witness once in a lifetime there. Occupied with the embarrassment of this little incident, Bayard did not notice at first that the daughter of the house was absent from the parlour. He fell to talking with his favourite professor eagerly; they were deep in the discussion of the doctrine of election as taught in a rival seminary, by a more liberal chair, when Mrs. Carruth drew the attention of her husband to the gentleman of the flannel shirt, and seated herself by Bayard.

"I hope you are not very hungry?" she began in her literal voice. "We are waiting for my daughter. She attends the Symphony Concerts Fridays, and the coach is late to-night from the five o'clock train."

"Oh, that coach!" laughed Bayard. "I walk—if I want my supper."

"And so did I," said a soft voice at his side.

"Why, Helen, Helen!" complained the Professor's wife.

The young lady stood serenely, awaiting her father's introduction to the three students. She bowed sedately to the other B and the C. Her eyes scintillated when she turned back to Bayard. She seemed to be brimming over with suppressed amusement. She took the chair beside him, for her mother (who never trusted Cesarea service to the exclusion of the old-fashioned, housewifely habit of looking at her table before her guests sat down) had slipped from the room.

"You walk from the station—a mile—in this going?" began Bayard, laughing.

"No;" she shook her head. "I

l. But I got here. The coach ıine inside and five on top. It : come yet. I promised father ı here, you see."

ard's quick eye observed that Carruth was in dinner dress ; her was silk, and purple, and fitted remarkably well ; she had a :uous figure ; he reflected that ıad taken the time and trouble ıss for these three theologues as 'ould have done for a dinner in

He saw that she gave one glance at the man in the flannel who was absorbed in the Pro- 's story.

after that she looked at the ıt's head, which was good. Upon etails of his costume no eye in :awing-room rested that evening

That student went out from ɜa Seminary to be a man of in- e and intellect ; his name be- a distinguished one, and in his society welcomed him proudly. the Professor's family had been the catalogue and the inquisi- o identify him, it may be ques- whether thumbscrews would wrung his name from them. It one of the opportunities of ıanity that it may make culti- gentlemen out of poor and ignor- ɔys, Cesarea ladies take pride in share of the process.

ɛea—for Cesarea still held to her ɛy tradition of an early dinner ard found himself seated op- the Professor's daughter. The C sat beside her, and she ıusly proceeded to bewitch that man wholly out of his wits, and out of his theology. Bayard her talking about St. Augustine. alled him an interesting mono- .c.

table was served in the manner ıich Bayard was used, and was antly lighted by candles softly ı in yellow. In the pleasant ıer, in her rich dress, with the ıt her throat and wrists, she d, by pretty force of contrast he prevailing tone of the village, mbol of beauty, ease, and luxury. d thought how pre-eminent she l beside that fellow in the shirt. ıuld not help wondering if she seem as imposing in Beacon

. After a little study of the t he concluded that it would not much difference. She was not ɜly a beautiful woman, but she ɛrtainly a woman of beauty. was she ? Blonde ? She had too much vigour. But—yes. Her hair was as yellow as the gold lining of rich silverware. She was one of the bright, deep orange blondes ; all her colouring was warm and brilliant. Only her eyes struck him as inadequate ; languid, indifferent, and not concerned with her life. She gave the unusual effect of dark eyes with bright hair.

While he was thinking about her in the interludes of such chat as he could maintain with her mother, who had asked him twice whether he graduated this year, Miss Carruth turned unexpectedly and addressed him. The remark which she made was not original ; it was something about the concerts : Did he not go in often ? She had not asked the one C if he attended the Symphony Concerts. But Mrs. Carruth now inquired of that gentleman if he liked the last preparatory lecture. The Professor was engaging the attention of the other B. And Bayard and Helen Carruth fell to conversing, undisturbed, across the pleasant table.

He felt at home despite himself, in that easy atmosphere, in that yellow light. The natural sense of luxury crept around him softly. He thought of his north-west room over there, rocking in the gale, and of the big dish of apples at the club table. He thought of the self-denials and deprivations, little and large, which had accompanied his life at Cesarea ; he tried to remember why he had chosen to do this or suffered that.

His ascetic ideals swam and blurred a little before the personality of this warm, rich, human girl. There was something even in the circumstance of eating quail on toast, and sipping chocolate from a Dresden cup in an antique Dutch spoon, which was disturbing to the devout imagination—in Cesarea.

Over his sensitive face his high, grave look passed suddenly, like the reflection thrown from some unseen, passing light.

"I had better be at my room and at work," he thought.

At that moment he became aware of a change in the expression of the Professor's daughter. Her languid eye had awakened. She was regarding him with puzzled but evident attention. He threw off his momentary depression with ready social ease, and gaily said :

"You look as if you were trying to classify a subject, Miss Carruth ; as

if you wanted to put something in its place and couldn't do it."

"I am," she admitted. "I do."

"And you succeed?"

"No." She shook her head again. "I do not find the label. I give it up." She laughed merrily, and Bayard joined in the laugh. But to himself he said:

"She does me the honour to investigate me. Plainly I am not the one C. Clearly I am not the other B. Then what? She troubles herself to wonder."

Then he remembered how many generations of theological students had been the subject of the young lady's gracious and indifferent observation. She was, perhaps, twenty-five years old, and they had filed through that dining-room alphabetically—the A's, the B's, the C's, the X's, and the Z's—since she came, in short dresses, to Cesarea, when her father gave up his New York parish for the chair of theology. It occurred to Bayard that she might have ceased to find either the genus or the species theologus of thrilling personal interest, by this time.

III.

Emanuel Bayard and Helen Carruth walked together beneath the ancient trees that formed the great cross upon the Seminary green.

They were not lovers, these two; hardly friends, at least in the name of the thing; she was not an accessible girl, and he was a preoccupied man. They walked without agitation, and talked without sentiment. Truth to tell, their talk was serious, above their years, and beyond their relation.

The fact was that Emanuel Bayard had that spring with difficulty received his license to preach. There was a flaw in his theology. The circumstance was momentous to him.

"I understand," she said in her deep, rich, almost boyish voice, "I understand it all perfectly. You wouldn't say you did, when you didn't."

"How could I?" interrupted Bayard.

"You couldn't, and so they stirred up that fuss."

"You are good to put it in that way, but what right have I to take it in that way?" urged Bayard wistfully. "The other fellows are just as good men as I; better, most of them. Fenton passed all right, and the rest."

"Good-night," she said in a lower *tone;* and then more gently, "and *good-bye.*"

With sudden hunger for solitude, he went to his room.

Almost alone among the men of his class, he found himself, at the end of his preparatory education, undesired and unsummoned by the churches to fill a pulpit of them all.

He had done his share, like the rest, of that preliminary preaching which decides the future of a man in his profession; but he stood, on the eve of his graduation, among his mates, marked and quivering,—this sensitive fellow,—that most miserable of all educated, restless, and wretched young men with whom our land abounds, "a minister without a call."

He had said nothing to Helen Carruth about this. A man does not tell a woman such things until he has to.

Something in his face struck the students quiet after a while, and they dropped away from the room. His friend Fenton made the move.

"It is said," he whispered to Tompkinton, as they clattered down the dusty stairs of Galilee Hall, "that his trouble with that New Hampshire Council has followed him. It is said that his license did not come easily. It has got abroad that he is not sound. Nothing could be more unfortunate—or more unnecessary," added Fenton in his too cheerful voice. There had been no doubt of his theology. He had received three calls. As yet he had accepted none. He expected to be married in the fall, and looked for a larger salary.

Suddenly he stopped and clapped his hands to his head.

"Bayard!" he called loudly. "Bayard, come to the window a minute!"

The outline of Bayard's fine head appeared faintly in the third story window, against the background of his unlighted room. The moon was so bright that his face seemed to be a white flame, as he looked own on his classmates from that height.

"I brought up your mail," said Fenton, "and forgot to tell you. You'll find a letter lying on your table behind the third volume of Dean Alford. You keep your room so dark I was afraid you mightn't see it."

Bayard thanked him, and groped for the letter; but he did not light the lamp to read it; he sat on in the moonlit room, alone and still. His heart was hot within him as he remembered how the students talked. That vision which sets a man apart from his fellows, and thus makes him miserable or blessed, or both, beckoned to him with distant, shining finger. His face fell into his hands.

: God ! what did it mean to take one's self that sacred Name in ı a Christian preacher stands be- his fellow-men ? What had com- pettiness or envy, narrow fear or weakness, to do with the soul teacher of holiness ? How easy ıibble and evade, and fall into ! . How hard to stand apart, to the cannon in the eye, alone ! s not easy for men of the world, rdinary business, pleasure, poli- ınd those professions whose stan- ı are pliable, to understand the ı civil war between the nature the position of a man like Bay- and yet it might be worth while y.

ard had not moved nor lifted his rom his hands, when a step which cognized heavily struck and slow- ounted the lower flight of the old ı of Galilee Hall. It was his , Trustee of Cesarea Seminary, of the faith of its founders, re- ng from the home of the Profes- f Hebrew, where he had been en- ned on Anniversary week.

ard sighed, and groped for a h. This interview could not be d, but he winced away from it ery nerve. It is easier to face obloquy of the world than the ı of the man or woman who has ght us up.

rmon Worcester was bitterly fied that Emanuel had received all." He had not said so yet, but ephew knew that this well-bred ve had reached its last breath. ayard struck the light, he per- ı the forgotten letter in his hand, perhaps thinking to defer a pain- cene for a moment, said, "Your n, uncle," and tore the envelope. e letter contained a formal and lmous call from the seaside par- hose vacant pulpit he had been ying for six weeks, to become pastor.

. . . . . .

elen ! Helen !"

e mild, cultivated whine of the ssor's wife complained through ot house.

len ran in dutiful response. It late, and the Anniversary guests cattered to their rooms. The girl partly undressed for the night, stood in her doorway gathering ashmere wrapper about her tall, form. Mrs. Carruth looked gh the half-open door of her own

cannot get your father out of his , Helen," she urged, plaintively. "He has one of his headaches at the base of the brain—and those extra Faculty meetings before him this week, with all the rest. Do go down and see if you can't send him up to bed."

Helen buttoned her white gown to the throat, and ran softly downstairs to the study. The Professor of Theology sat at his study table with a knot between his eyes. A pile of catalogues lay before him ; he was jotting down statistics with his gold pencil on old-fashioned foolscap paper. He pushed the paper aside when he saw his daughter, and held out his hand to her, smiling. She went straight to him as if she had been a little girl, and knelt beside him, crossing her hands on his knee. He put his arm around her ; his stern face relaxed.

"You are to put the entire system of theology away and come to bed, papa," she said, with her sweet imperiousness. "Mother says you have a headache at the base of something. It is pretty late—and it worries her. What are you doing ? Counting theologues ? Counting theologues ! At your time of life ! As if you couldn't find anything better to do ! What is this ?" She caught up a stray slip of paper. "'Deaf—deaf as an adder : 10. Blind—stone-blind : 6.' What in the name of—Anniversary week does that mean ?"

"That is a personal memorandum," said the Professor, flushing. "Tear it up, Helen."

"I know," said Helen, nodding. "It's a private classification of theologues. Which does it catalogue, their theology or their intellects ? Come, papa !"

"I'll never tell you !" laughed the Professor, shutting his thin, scholarly lips. And he never did. But the laugh had gained the point, as she intended. He took his German student lamp and started upstairs. Helen walked through the long, dim hall with her two hands clasped lovingly upon his arm.

He kissed his daughter tenderly, and went upstairs with the weary tread of a professional man at the end of a long day's work.

Helen went to her own room and shut the door. But she did not light the candles. She sat down at her open window, in the hot, night wind. She leaned her cheek against her bare arm, from which the loose sleeve fell away. The elms were in such rich leaf that she could see the Seminary buildings only in broken outline now.

But there was wind enough to lift and toss the branches, and through one of the rifts in the green wall she noticed that a light was burning in the third-story north-west corner of Galilee Hall.

It was past midnight before she went to bed. As she closed her blinds, for the first time in her life, the Professor's daughter did deliberately, and of self-acknowledged intention, stoop to take a look at the window of a student.

"His light is still burning," she thought. "What can be the matter?"

Then she flushed red with a beautiful self-rebuke, and fled to her white pillow.

IV.

"Stand off there! Who are you?"

This candid remark was addressed by a fisherman in blue flannel shirt-sleeves to a gentleman in afternoon dress. It was in the month of September, and the fleets were busy in and off the harbour of the fishing-town. The autumn trips were well under sail, and the docks and streets of Windover buzzed and reeled with crews just anchored or about to weigh. At the juncture of the principal business avenue of the town with its principal nautical street—from a date passing the memory of living citizens irreverently named Angel Alley—a fight was in brisk progress. This was so common an incident in that part of the town that the residents had paid little attention to it. But the stranger, being a stranger, had paused and asked for a policeman.

The bystanders stared.

"There ain't none nigher'n the station," replied a girl who was watching the fight with evident relish. She wore a pert sailor hat of soiled white straw, set on one side of her head, and carried her hands in the pockets of a crumpled tan-coloured reefer. Her eyes were handsome and bold. The crowd jostled her freely, which did not seem to trouble her. "There's a fellow just arrested," she explained cheerfully, "for smashing his wife with a coal-hod; they're busy with him down to the station. He fit all the way over. It took four cops to hold him. Most the folks are gone over there to see the other game. This fun here won't be spoiled just yet awhile."

Something in the expression with which the gentleman regarded her attracted the girl's attention. She took her hands out of her pockets, and scanned him with a dull surprise; then, with a motion which one could not call abashed, but which fell short of her previous ease of manner, she turned her back and walked a little away towards the edge of the crowd.

The fight was at its hottest. Two men, an Italian labourer and an American fisherman, were somewhat seriously belabouring each other, to their own undisguised satisfaction and the acclamation of the bystanders. Both were evidently more or less drunk. An open grogshop gaped behind them. Similar places of entertainment, with others less easily described, lined both sides of Angel Alley, multiplying fruitfully, till the wharves joined their grimy hands and barred the way to this black fertility.

It was a windy day; the breeze was rising, and the unseen sea could be heard moaning beyond.

Just as the stranger, with the indiscretion of youth and inexperience, was about to step into the ring and try to stop the row, a child pushed through the crowd. It was a boy; a little fellow, barely four or five years old. He ducked under the elbows and between the legs of the spectators with an adroitness which proclaimed him the son of a sailor, and ran straight to the combatants, crying:

"Father! Fa—ther! Marm says to please to stop! She says to ax you to please to stop, and come home wiv you' little boy!"

He ran between the two men, and put up his little dirty fingers upon his father's big, clenched hand; he repeated piteously, "Father, fa—ther, fa—ther!"

But more than this the little fellow had not time to say. The father's dark, red face turned a sudden, ominous purple, and before any person of them all could stay him his brutal hand had turned upon the child.

Cries of shame and horror rose from the crowd; a woman's shriek echoed from a window across the street, and the screams of the boy pierced the bedlam. The Italian, partly sobered, had slunk back.

"Stop him! Part them! Hold him, somebody! He'll kill the child!" yelled the bystanders, and not a man of them stirred.

"Why, it's only a baby!" cried the girl in the reefer, running up. "He'll murder it! Oh, if I was a man!" she raved, wringing her hands.

hat moment, before one could ifted the eyelash to see how it well-aimed blow struck the beneath the ear. He fell. is snatched the writhing child his mother's arms and is received him; and over the man a slight, tall figure was o tower. The stranger had down his valise, and tossed off k hat. His delicate face was te as a star. He quivered with age. He had the attitude of . Michael in Guido's great pic- He had that scorn and all that .

yser of oaths spurted from the ite ruffian. The stranger d, and pinned him skilfully hey ceased.

w," he said calmly, "get up.), I say!" He released his ed white hand from the other's flesh.

'll thresh the life outen ye!" ed a voice from the increasing "You don't know Job Slip's we do. He'll make short work sir, if you darst let go him."

, he won't," replied the stranger . "He respects a good blow he feels it. He knows how it to be planted. He would do ch himself, if he saw a man his own child. Wouldn't you, ip?"

stepped back fearlessly and his arms. The rapidly sober- t struggled to his feet, and in- vely squared off; looked at the nan blindly for a moment, then d his huge arms.

o are you?" he said.

ook one of the stranger's deli- ands in his black and bleeding and critically examined it.

at? Why, my woman's paw nger 'n' bigger 'n that!" con- iously. "And you didn't overdo her. Pity! If you'd only it manslaughter—why, I could nt ye up on my antumortim ition."

, I knew better than that." ne in the crowd brushed off the ith the back of a dusty elbow, anded it respectfully to the nan. The girl in the reefer up his valise.

e kep' my eye on it, for you," id in a softened voice.

ll," said Job Slip slowly, "I I'll keep my eye on him."

!" answered the stranger heart- ily. "I wish you would. They don't fight where I'm going."

"Who be you, anyway?" demanded Job Slip with undisguised admiration. He had not made up his mind yet whether to spring at the other's throat, or to offer him a drink.

"I'm in too much of a hurry to tell you now," answered the gentleman quietly. "I've missed the most important engagement of my life—to save your child."

"He's goin' to his weddin'," muttered a voice behind him. The girl started the chorus of a song which he had never heard before, and was not anxious to hear again.

"You have a good voice," he said, turning. "You can put it to a better use than that."

She stared at him, but made him no reply. The crowd parted and scattered, and he came through into the main street.

"Sir! Sir!" called a woman's voice from a window over his head.

The young man looked up. The mother of the little boy held the child upon the window-sill for him to see.

"He hain't much hurt!" she cried. "I thought you'd like to know it. It's all along of you. God go with you, sir! God bless you, sir!"

He had put on his hat, but removed it at these words, and stood uncovered before the drunkard's wife. She could not know how much it meant to him—that day. Without looking back he strode up the street. The Italian ran out and watched him. Job Slip hesitated for a moment; then he did the same, following the young man with perplexed and sodden eyes. The Italian stood amiably beside his late antagonist. Both men had forgotten what they fought about, now. A little group from the vanishing crowd joined them. The mother in the window—a gaunt Madonna—shaded her eyes with her hand to see the departing figure of the unknown while she pressed the bruised and sobbing child against her breast. The stranger halted at the steps of the old First Church of Windover; then ran up lightly, and disappeared within the open doors.

"I'll be split and salted!" said a young man who had not been drinking, "if I don't believe that's the new parson come to town!"

(To be continued.)

JOHN WESLEY.

BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER, LL.D., L.H.D.,

Editor of "The Century Magazine."

Written for the celebration of the two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of John Wesley, at Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., June, 1903.

IN those clear, piercing, piteous eyes behold
The very soul that over England flamed!
Deep, pure, intense; consuming shame and ill;
Convicting men of sin; making faith live;
And—this the mightiest miracle of all—
Creating God again in human hearts.

What courage of the flesh and of the spirit!
How grim of wit, when wit alone might serve!
What wisdom his to know the boundless might
Of banded effort in a world like ours!
How meek, how self-forgetful, courteous, calm!—
A silent figure when men idly raged
In murderous anger; calm, too, in the storm—
Storm of the spirit, strangely imminent,
When spiritual lightnings struck men down
And brought, by violence, the sense of sin,
And violently oped the gates of peace.

O hear that voice, which rang from dawn to night,
In church and abbey whose most ancient walls
Not for a thousand years such accents knew!
On windy hilltops; by the roaring sea;
'Mid tombs, in marketplaces, prisons, fields;
'Mid clamour, vile attacks—or deep-awed hush,
Wherein celestial visitants drew near
And secret ministered to troubled souls!

Hear ye, O hear! that ceaseless-pleading voice,
Which storm, nor suffering, nor age could still—
Chief prophet-voice through nigh a century's span!
Now silvery as Zion's dove that mourns,
Now quelling as the archangel's judgment-trump,
And ever with a sound like that of old
Which, in the desert, shook the wandering tribes,
Or, round about storied Jerusalem,
Or by Gennesaret, or Jordan, spake
The words of life.

Let not that image fade
Ever, O God! from out the minds of men,
Of him Thy messenger and stainless priest,
In a brute, sodden, and unfaithful time,
Early and late, o'er land and sea, on-driven;
In youth, in eager manhood, age extreme—
Driven on for ever, back and forth the world,
By that divine, omnipotent desire—
The hunger and the passion for men's souls!

Ah, how he loved Christ's poor! No narrow thought
Dishumaned any soul from his emprise;
But his the prayer sincere that Heaven might send
Him chiefly to the humble; he would be,
Even as the Galilean, dedicate
Unto the ministry of lowliness:
That boon did Heaven mercifully grant;
And gladly was he heard; and rich the fruit;
While still the harvest ripens round the earth;
And many own the name once given in scorn;
And all revere the holy life he led,
Praise what he did for England, and the world.
And call that greatness which was once reproach,
Would we were worthy for his praise.

Dear God!
Thy servant never knew one selfish hour!
How are we shamed, who look upon a world
Ages afar from that true kingdom preached
Millenniums ago in Palestine!

Send us again, O Spirit of all Truth!
High messengers of dauntless faith and power
Like him whose memory this day we praise,
We cherish and we praise with burning hearts.
Let kindle, as before, from his bright torch,
Myriads of messengers aflame with Thee
To darkest places bearing light divine!
As did one soul, whom here I fain would sing,
For here in youth his gentle spirit took
New fire from Wesley's glow.
How oft have I,
A little child, hearkened my father's voice
Preaching the word in country homes remote,
Or wayside schools, where only two or three
Were gathered. Lo, again that voice I hear,
Like Wesley's, raised in those sweet, fervent hymns
Made sacred by how many saints of God
Who breathed their souls out on the well-loved tones.
Again I see those circling, eager faces;
I hear once more the solemn-urging words
That tell the things of God in simple phrase;
Again the deep-voiced, reverent prayer ascends,
Bringing to the still summer afternoon
A sense of the eternal. As he preached
He lived; unselfish, famelessly, heroic.
For even in mid-career, with life still full,
His was the glorious privilege and choice
Deliberately to give that life away
In succour of the suffering; for he knew
No rule but duty, no reward but Christ.

Increase Thy prophets, Lord! give strength to smite
Shame to the heart of luxury and sloth!
Give them the yearning after human souls

That burned in Wesley's breast! Through them, great God!
Teach poverty it may be rich in Thee;
Teach riches the true wealth of Thine own spirit.
To our loved land, Celestial Purity!
Bring back the meaning of those ancient words—
Not lost but soiled, and darkly disesteemed—
The ever sacred names of husband, wife,
And the great name of Love—whereon is built.
The temple of human happiness and hope!
Baptize with holy wrath Thy prophets, Lord!
By them purge from us this corruption foul
That seizes on our civic governments,
Crowns the corrupter in the sight of men,
And makes him maker of laws, and honour's source!

Help us, in memory of the sainted dead,
Help us, O Heaven! to frame a nobler state,
In nobler lives rededicate to Thee:—
Symbol and part of the large brotherhood
Of man and nations; one in one great love,
True love of God, which is the love of man,
In sacrifice and mutual service shown.

Let kindle, as before, O heavenly Light!
New messengers of righteousness, and hope,
And courage for our day! So shall the world
That ever, surely, climbs to Thy desire
Grow swifter toward Thy purpose and intent.

—*Christian Advocate.*

THE TYRANT GUEST.

Upon the threshold of my spirit's home
There stood a tiny form that softly knocked
And craved admission at the door fast-locked.
Its mien alluring, raiment white as foam,
In haste I drew the bolt and whispered, "Come."
But swift the warder, Conscience, entrance blocked
And thundered in mine ear, "Art thou, too, mocked?
It is a sin-form hideous as a gnome.
Gaze not, nor hearken." But no heed I gave,
The soft-voiced beauteous thing did enter in;
The shining mantle dropped, and soon the din
Of strife and passion rose. What now can save?
In its own home my spirit dwells, a slave
To that first evil and its brood of sin.

—Erie.

Science Notes.

THE NEW CHEMISTRY.

'hat shall be done with the ɔcovered radio-active sub- s a problem that perplexes inking physicist. They re- fit into our established and ɔus chemical system; they eaten to undermine the ven- ɔomic theory, which we have unquestioned for well-nigh a

The profound mathematical ıs of the modern school of physicists, based upon the phenomena presented by the ı and Becquerel rays, as well ıe emanations of radium and ı, may compel us to change ons of ultimate units to such t that the old-time atom may ıelled to give place to some- nfinitely smaller. The ele- ınce conceived to be simple primordial matter, are boldly ed to be minute astronomical of whirling units of matter. ms more like scientific moon- an sober thought; and yet the trines are accepted by Lodge, and by Lord Kelvin himself. bandonment of the atom, at ntly advocated, is now seri- scussed. When it is con- that radium, despite its pro- radio-activity, loses an inap- ɜ amount of its mass—an calculated by Becquerel to be mme in a billion years per centimeter of surface—the ɣ of the atom and its utter ıcy to account for the phen- presented become manifest. does emanate particles of nd—this much at least is cer- These particles cannot be for atoms are so large that ive substance would rapidly weight. The necessity of ıing the atomic theory was o discussed by Crookes. His the phenomena of the vacuum high exhaustions had led him ulate his "radiant matter" for which he was compelled to t a little ridicule. To him it that the luminous, electric, or ic phenomena of the vacuum uld be accounted for only by g the existence of something maller than the atom—frag- ɔf matter, ultra-atomic cor- puscles, minute things very much lighter than atoms, and indeed, the foundation stones of which atoms are themselves composed. Prof. J. J. Thomson, Sir Norman Lockyer, and Lord Kelvin later adopted some of his views. The discovery of the radio-active substances has placed the radiant matter theory on a firmer footing.

If we must discard the atom, what are we to accept in its place? Two new conceptions have been found necessary—the "ion" as the unit of matter, the "electron" as the unit of force. The new chemistry holds that matter and force are different manifestations of the same thing. Inertia is the characteristic, indeed the indispensable, property of both matter and electricity. What could be simpler than to assume that the ultimate particles of each are one and the same? Prof. Fleming has declared that "we can no more have anything which can be called electricity apart from the corpuscles, than we can have momentum apart from matter." And Sir Oliver Lodge has given it as his opinion that the Dalton atom, which was once an axiomatic conception of chemistry, may consist of a certain number of electrons rapidly moving in orbits.

Vague though many ideas of the modern chemist must necessarily be when his science is passing through an important transition stage, still he has calculated with no little nicety the masses of ions and electrons. Sir Oliver Lodge puts it thus: If we imagine an ordinary-sized church to be an atom of hydrogen, the electrons constituting it will be represented by about 700 grains of sand, each the size of an ordinary full stop, rotating, according to Lord Kelvin, with inconceivable velocity. Crookes puts it still more graphically. The sun's diameter is about one and a half million kilometers, and that of the smallest planetoid about twenty-four kilometers. If an atom of hydrogen be magnified to the size of the sun, an electron will be about two-thirds the diameter of the planetoid.

If the electrons of all elements are exactly alike, or in other words, if there is but one matter, just as there is but one force, and if the elements be but the various manifestations of

that one matter, due to a different orbital arrangement of electrons, it would seem that we are fast returning to the conceptions of the middle-age alchemist. The transmutation of metals involves but the modification of the arrangement of electrons.

Many an old chemist looks askance at these modern views on matter. Few indeed venture to accept them without qualification. Of one thing at least we are certain—the atomic theory, if it is not a theory of the past, must be satisfactorily modified to account for the phenomena of radio-activity.—Scientific American.

The Wonders of Radium.

More astonishing discoveries than those made by Professor and Madame Curie, by Becquerel and other scientists, the world has not known for many a year. The Roentgen rays, which would pass through wood, leather, and other opaque substances, were the pioneers in this field, but now the clue thus given has been followed until new elements have been discovered, and science has to readjust theories which hitherto have been regarded as incontestable. When Peligot, in 1840, succeeded in extracting from pitchblende the new metal, to which Klaproth, its discoverer, gave the name of uranium, no one had any idea of all the qualities it possessed. It was recently discovered that it emitted rays very like the Roentgen rays, and that it formed part of many metals. In seeking to discover it in various substances, Professor Curie and his wife found that in many minerals which contained uranium, there was some unknown substance more active than uranium itself. They chose pitchblende to experiment upon. Separating it into minute portions, and analyzing them, they came upon an intensely radio-active substance, to which they gave the name of polonium, in honour of their Polish nationality; and another substance, almost as active, to which they gave the name of radium.

It was found that rays, having all the effects produced artificially by the Roentgen apparatus, were given out spontaneously by radium, and these were more powerful a hundred thousand times than those given out by uranium. Small quantities of radium were lent by the Curies to Sir William Crookes, Sir Oliver D. Dodge, and other scientists, for purposes of experiment, and they are all puzzled and astonished at its qualities. By the light emitted from it, photographs can be taken as with the Roentgen rays, and the photographs show the bones in the hand, or the coins in a pocketbook. The rays also act on other substances, for when a piece of platinum was placed near the radium, in a dark room, the platinum immediately shone with a bright, greenish light. Its effects on the human body are also very marked. Sir William Crookes put a small quantity of radium in a brass cylinder, which he put in his pocket to take to a meeting of scientists. On his return, he found a blister on his side opposite the pocket in which he had carried the radium. Subsequently, not being sure that the radium had produced the blister, he touched his bare arm with the substance. A sore resulted, which took two weeks to heal, the mischief having penetrated the flesh so deeply.

The astonishing feature of radium is that in spite of its enormous activity, which is in the form of minute corpuscles thrown off at the speed of 120,000 miles a second, it does not appreciably diminish in substance. This suggests the possibility that, at last, the long-sought agent which will give light without heat, or combustion, has been found. The discoverers say, however, that radium is extremely rare. It takes enormous quantities of pitchblende to yield a minute quantity of radium. At present, a piece of radium a seventieth part of a grain in weight, costs two dollars; so that a pound, if it could be had, would be worth nearly a million dollars. Sir William Crookes closes his account of the metal by saying: "The phenomena of radium require us to recast many of our ideas of matter, electricity, and energy, and its discovery promises to realize what, for the last hundred years, have been but day-dreams of philosophy." — Christian Herald.

Thou fool, to seek companions in a crowd!
Into thy room! and there, upon thy knees,
Before thy bookshelves, humbly thank thy God
That thou hast friends like these!

—*Curtis Wager-Smith.*

Current Topics and Events.

HOW HE DOES GROW!

—The Chicago News.

Canada's Growing Time.

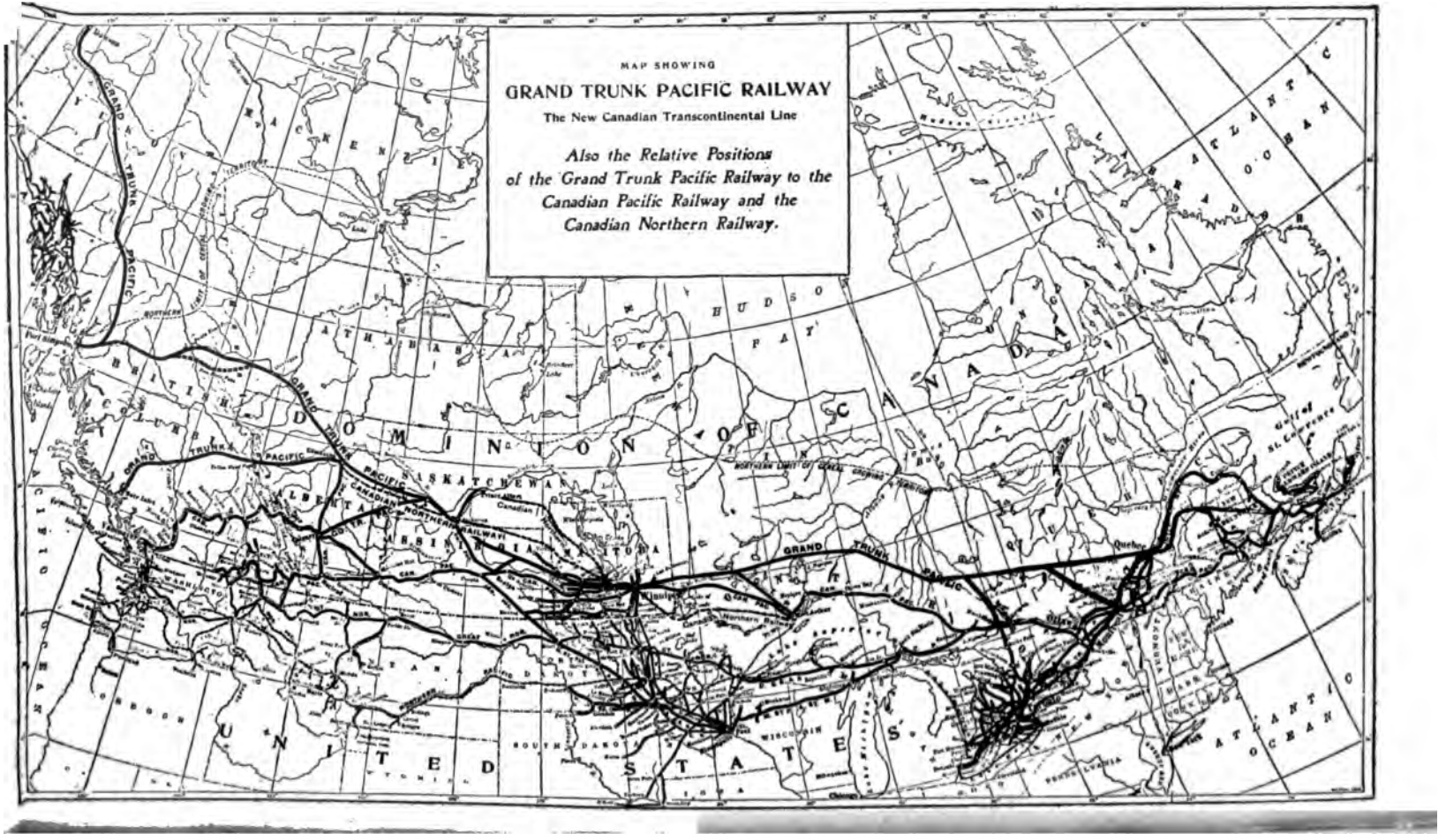
Never have the evidences of Canada's rapid development been more marked than during the current year. Canada is no longer doing business on a back street. She challenges the attention of the world. The Congress of the Chambers of Commerce in Montreal, in which the great centres and remotest dependencies of the Empire were so ably represented, have won a recognition of Canada's exhaustless resources and possibilities in the high places of the Empire. Lord Strathcona has again laid the Dominion under obligation by the renewed evidence of his energy in promoting its interests.

The visit, too, of many distinguished members of the British Parliament under the guidance of Dr. Lunn, the meetings of capitalists and actuaries in Toronto, the pleasant interchange of compliment in the joint banquet of the British and French admirals in Montreal, are all evidences of international friendship and good will.

Harper's Weekly for October 3rd contains a striking letter from a Pennsylvania correspondent. It calls attention to the fact that during the fiscal year 1903 the trade of Canada was considerably over $467,667,000, an increase of $43,750,000 over the previous year. Within seven years the trade of the Dominion has more than doubled. The Canadian exports are $37 per head, while those of the United States were but $18 per head. The total trade was $81 per head, that of the United States was $31 per head. In 1850 the United States, with a population of 23,000,000, had a total foreign trade of $320,000,000, while the Dominion to-day, with a population of less than 6,000,000, has a total foreign trade of $470,000,000. The writer well remarks:

"Canadians, generally, realize that a future as great as the present position of the United States is destined for their country, and they prefer to work out their destiny apart from the United States, yet in no way forgetting that they are bound by ties of blood and advantages which bind together, not only this continent, but the whole Anglo-Saxon peoples."

The grain and cattle exports from Montreal have gone up by leaps and bounds, whereas those from the American seaboard cities have relatively declined. The most striking forward step is the legislation providing for a new Grand Trunk Pacific Railway which will open up vast and fertile areas and lands rich with the products of the forest and the mine. Unfortunately the newspaper advocacy and criticism of this new transcontinental highway has been marked by partisan feeling. The calmer judgment of such an independent journal as The Monetary Times highly commends the enterprise as opening up new regions of our country, but questions its success as a grain carrying route. Our map will show the wide grain producing areas which it will penetrate and the extraordinary sweep of the isothermals in the great Mackenzie Basin.


MAP SHOWING
GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY
The New Canadian Transcontinental Line
Also the Relative Positions
of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway to the
Canadian Pacific Railway and the
Canadian Northern Railway.
DOMINION OF CANADA
UNITED STATES
GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC
GRAND TRUNK
ATLANTIC OCEAN
PACIFIC OCEAN
HUDSON BAY

LYNCHERS AND LAW-BREAKERS.

The lynching mania still continues in the States. It is by no means an uncommon thing to take up an American paper with an account of jail-breaking and lynching. Among the most harrowing of these was the recent horror in Wilmington, Del., the scene of the murder of Helen Bishop, the eighteen-year-old daughter of a Methodist Episcopal clergyman. In connection with this crime was revealed the highest and most basal side of human nature. The heart-broken father, when he learned that there was danger of a mob gathering and taking justice into its own hands, published a letter, pleading that a just trial be given the murderer of his child. "Let us not try to atone for one crime, no matter how hellish, by committing another," wrote the forbearing Christian father.

But the mob was not to be stayed. The criminal was taken from his cell and burned to death in the presence of a howling, infuriated crowd.

The Christian Advocate says that in the crowd that lynched this man, there were many as destitute *of self-control* as the *negro they burned; that if* the crimes of some of the foremost of them were revealed, it is possible that the negro, taking into account his origin and his opportunities, would not be the greatest criminal among them; that the mere onlookers were abettors of the crime. Lynchers are like wolves, harmless unless the pack assembles.

THE RACE PROBLEM.

The race problem in its most aggravated form confronts the American people. For months their leading organs of opinion have been strongly denouncing the return to the methods of barbarism in many parts of the Republic. This is not a mere local symptom, but east and west, and north and south, the outrages on civilization have been perpetrated. The Mafia of Sicily and the Abruzzi have been rivalled by the feuds and murders of Kentucky. The protest of the nation against the Russian persecution of the Jews has been neutralized by the lawless violence with which mob law has been let loose.

The most hopeful feature is the widespread denunciation of the lead-

WHY NOT GIVE JUSTICE A SWIFTER TEAM?
—Rehse, in the St. Paul Pioneer Press.

ing makers of opinion, from President Lincoln, Judge Brewster, and Governor Durbin to the leaders and cartoons of the daily press. It is felt that mob rule homicide has become a great national menace to the public. Like a tiger that has tasted blood, it grows by that on which it feeds. It is recognized that one cause of this outburst of savagery is the miscarriage of justice, the law's delay, the quirks and quibbles by which scoundrels sometimes escape. The impartial, inexorable, sure, and swift punishment which follows crime in Canada and Great Britain is the best preventive of lawless anarchy. Lynching negroes is only a symptom of a general condition. The plutocratic cyclist who hurls his "devil-waggon" over the highways in defiance of all restraints is but another manifestation of the same lawless spirit. The insubordination of young America in school and college, in the home, and even in the nursery, is still another evidence of a widespread tendency.

"This lynching epidemic," observes Prof. William James, of Harvard University, "is assuming the proportions of a profound national disease, spreading now like forest fire, and certain to become permanently endemic in every corner of our country, north and south, unless heroic remedies are swiftly adopted to stop it. There is nothing now in sight to check the *spread of* an epidemic far more virulent than the cholera, and unless many 'leading citizens' are hung—nothing short of this will check the epidemic—we shall have negro-burning in a very few years on Cambridge Common and the Boston Public Garden."

The worst of it is that sometimes in horror at the crime which provokes these lynchings even ministers and "leading citizens" become the inciters of mob violence and negro-burning. Chief Justice Brewer rightly denounces as guilty of murder every one who aids or abets in such a crime.

It makes the best American blush with shame to read of special trains being run to bring spectators to witness a negro burning amid accompaniments to be paralleled only in darkest Dahomey. The country is being aroused and the bloody and brutal hands of lynch law and mob rule which menace the life of the Republic must be paralyzed or fettered, or they will destroy the commonweal.

"THE PITY OF IT!"
—The Philadelphia Press.

THE NEW ECONOMICS.

A battle royal is now waging upon the vexed question of "free trade" and "preferential tariff" or "retaliation." The last has not a pleasant sound, but a preference to the colonies is something to which even the most hostile critics cannot well object. Why should Great Britain be debarred from granting the same privilege to her colonies that the United States grants to her separate commonwealths? It

ged that colonial conditions
ry; what might suit one
y might not suit another. But
States of the Union greatly
ieir conditions and needs.
ht favour manufacturing
and or Pennsylvania might
suitable to corn-growing
cotton-growing Mississippi.
reatest good to the greatest
the criterion of judgment.
on must forego immediate
advantage for the sake of
nd general good. Mr. Bal-
Mr. Chamberlain have a

NCLE SAM'S BAD BOYS.

.m—"Here, here, you boys, keep
w do you expect me to draft these

—The Louisville Post.

l of educating to do in both
er Country and colonies, but
e conceivable that free trade
vhich were considered irre-
fifty years ago may have been
by the growth of empire.
of the world becoming free-
Cobden hoped, it has, with
exception of the old mother
is, become strongly protec-
There are those who say,
enough alone; hold on to
ciples and practice whereby
has become in so large de-
mart and workshop of the
But it is alleged both trade
ufacture are drifting away,
otured by Germany, Belgium,
ind the United States. Bri-
so long had the lion's share
thing less seems less than her
ie whole subject will at least
ful scrutiny by a commission
ll examine it in all its bear-

American Literature and Canadian Patriotism.

A correspondent of the London Spectator believes that he sees among Canadians a growing tendency to regard the Old Country with sentiments less of affection than of half-kindly, half-contemptuous tolerance. The enthusiasm with which the patriotic selections of the Coldstream Guards were received everywhere makes one disinclined to see with the writer. Nevertheless, reluctant as we are to admit it, there is a certain percentage of Canadians of whom The Spectator's correspondent speaks truly.

And he undoubtedly speaks the truth when he asserts one of the chief sources of Canada's false impressions as to the decadence of England, to be found in the floods of American literature that are being poured into the country. You cannot raise a loyal people by feeding them on the tales of another nation's greatness. As a people read so are their thoughts. There is no conquering sword whose might can equal the pen. If you would Americanize a people bring them up on American ideas.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain should take notice of the danger that arises from this source, and should not hesitate to place British publications in a position to compete with their United States rivals.

The danger is not to our national independence of the United States. Nor with the increasing prosperity of Canada have we to fear the emigration of Canadians to that country. It is rather the danger to Canadian ideals, such as the preservation of the Sabbath. With the incoming of American capital the sanctity of God's day has more than once been threatened. Says one of our local papers:

"We are glad to have the help of Yankee energy and capital in developing Canada's resources, but only on condition that they aid in upbuilding Canadian character as well as in increasing the store of Canadian wealth.

The Promotion of Peace Principles.

A unique banquet was held recently in the dining-hall of the British House of Commons, when the International Arbitration Group of the French Chamber of Deputies was entertained by a hundred and fifty members of the British House of Commons. The organization of the French Arbitration group is the work of the dis-

"VIOLENCE MUST BE STOPPED."—ROOSEVELT.
—Minneapolis Tribune.

tinguished deputy and diplomat, Baron d'Estournelles. It is a non-partisan organization and in this connection Baron d'Estournelles has done an inestimable service toward the world's peace.

This meeting with the British members of Parliament was arranged for at the time of King Edward's visit to Paris.

Mr. Balfour said these peace ideals should not remain in the abstract, but should extend to the practical business life of the two nations. He said it was the deliberate intention of the two governments to place on a permanent basis some organization to prevent the causes of petty friction between them.

A Cynical Critic.

The recent death of William Ernest Henley removes a striking and strong, but not attractive, personality from English literature. He first came into note through the aid of Robert Louis Stevenson, who found him penniless in an Edinburgh hospital, and gave him aid and friendship. This was ill-requited by Henley's savage attack two years ago on Stevenson's memory on account of what he deemed the overadulation of that distinguished writer. Henley was a strenuous critic, but often crabbed in temper and sometimes savage in style. He owed whatever fame he attained, says a recent reviewer, to his attacks on other people. The rugged temper of the man is shown in his verse, of which the following is a characteristic example:

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced or cried aloud,
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishment the scroll;
I am the master of my fate;
I am the captain of my soul.

How different this from the utterances of those truly heroic souls, the martyr Stephen and the apostle Paul!

The Balkan horror broods like a nightmare over south-eastern Europe. The Macedonian massacres continue with scarce a gleam of hope. The savage butchery of the Turk arouses the execration of Christendom. Unhappily the racial and religious hatreds of Greek, Bulgarian, Slav, and Turk but entangle the Gordian knot it would seem can yield only to the sword. The horrors of famine are added to those of rapine and murder. In a new sense we hear the man of Macedonia crying, "Come over and help us." The resources of civilization can surely abate this slaughter of men, women, and children, or the coming winter in the Balkans will be one of direful disaster.

HALT!
—Minneapolis Tribune.

Religious Intelligence.

LUCIFER AMONG THE ANTIQUE GHOSTS.

"It had given him peculiar satisfaction when he saw Mr. Perks in that ecclesiastical limbo known as the platform, moving amongst those antique ghosts. He found himself murmuring, 'How hast thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer!'"—REV. W. L. WATKINSON.

REVIVAL.

The keynote in all our churches for the coming months is revival. For this great work the religious conferences, which have been held throughout the country, were a necessary preparation. The Scriptural order is thus: "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me. Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; *and sinners shall* be converted unto thee." In all godly sincerity and earnestness the ministers and lay members have been uttering this prayer, and have been seeking the preparation of the heart, which cometh from God alone. And God, who is faithful to his promise, has not failed in any one of them. The divine benediction has rested upon these services in manifold degree, and the Church is looking confidently for the further fulfilment of the word of grace.

Missionary Advance.

The meeting of the Missionary Board in October marked the high tide of missionary receipts and grants in the history of our Church. The magnificent income of $330,347, being an increase of $23,918 on the previous year, is an indication that the Church is rising to a sense of her privilege and obligation in this regard. The Board asks for a total for next year of $350,000 in addition to a special thank-offering of $250,000, making a grand total of $600,000 for missions. This is a large aggregate, but divided among the million Methodists of the Dominion it is small.

The magnificent success of the Twentieth Century Fund shows what a generous-hearted people can do when a worthy object and a right incentive are set before them. It is not fanaticism to regard the unprecedented prosperity of the country, a prosperity shared by every citizen, as God's answer to the generous givings of the past and a ground for appeal for still larger response to the appeal sounding out for aid on every side. More men for our mission work, more churches, more Sunday-schools, is the watchword of the hour. No surer investment can be made than the generous equipment of our mission work, as has been shown by many striking examples.

But this is not all. The keynote of God's message to his people is a revival in every circuit and every home. For this the Church is praying and hoping and working. Already has been heard the sound of "a going in the tops of the mulberry trees," already have been felt the first droppings of the showers of blessing.

Our Missionary Board contemplates a strong forward movement in the foreign field. It has arranged to send out a reinforcement of four new missionaries to the vast and promising field in West China and four more to our oldest foreign mission in Japan. This is by far the largest number it has ever sent out at any one time. This act of faith will, we are sure, receive the endorsation of the home churches. Great as is the need of missionary extension in our growing North-West, it is greater still in those vast centres of empire in the Far East. The act is in a sense a challenge to the home churches, and we are greatly mistaken if they will not gladly respond to it.

The tragical fate which has befallen our devoted missionary at Beren's River, the Rev. Mr. McLachlan, will awaken the commiseration of the entire Church. In the discharge of his duty he was conveying a party of Indian children, with two adult Indians, in his sail-boat over the wide reaches of Lake Winnipeg. In a severe storm the boat was wrecked and the entire party were drowned. It is by deeds of daring such as that of Mr. McLachlan that the foundations of Methodism are being laid in that great north land. Many others of our devoted missionaries take equal risks in travel, but happily seldom with such tragic consequences.

The second visit of Mark Guy Pearse to Canada has been a benediction to the Churches that were favoured with his ministrations. His wonderful expositions of Scripture, bringing new light and life from the Word of God, his genial optimism, his broad and democratic sympathies, were an inspiration to all who heard them. The narration of stories of Cornish Methodism, with their pathos, their quaint humour, their sometimes tragic interest, were all stamped with the unique genius of the man.

The Conference in Cornwall.

In old historic Cornwall, where Methodism may be called the established Church of the country, it was fitting that in this Bicentenary year the Wesleyan Conference should hold its sessions. The sessions this year were in every way progressive and successful.

One important matter for consideration was the project of Methodist Union.

The "Concerted Action" Committee made two suggestions. The first was to admit to the Wesleyan Conference as visitors two representatives of each of the other Methodist bodies, on the same terms on which representatives from Colonial and American Conferences are admitted. This was readily agreed to. On the second suggestion there was great difference of opinion. It was to appoint Wesleyan representatives to meet the representatives of the other Methodist bodies who are discussing projects of union, to ascertain with them what are the positions of the various bodies and the differences between them, and to consider

the possibility of union among all or any.

After much discussion the last clause was surrendered. A committee was agreed to with powers to consult and inquire as to the position and differences, omitting any definite suggestions of union. In all probability, when the differences are defined and set down they will be seen in their true proportions as very slight and involving nothing fundamental.

QUINTUS FABIUS CUNCTATOR.—DR. ALLEN WAITS FOR METHODIST UNION.

"It seemed to him the wisest course for them to wait a few years."—DR. THOMAS ALLEN.

Along the line of Foreign Missions it was determined to take a decisive step forward and increase the annual givings to a creditable amount. A series of conventions are to be held. A fresh effort is to be made to canvass the whole people in each circuit.

It was clear that some of the richer laymen were heart and soul in the matter. One of them offered the maintenance of six additional missionaries if another six could also be provided for by *other donors, and* another member of the Conference undertook the cost of another missionary.

This work is undertaken in addition to annual subscriptions, already large.

An important matter before the consideration of the Missionary Committee was that of the bankruptcy of the West Indies. Many years ago arrangements were made for the independence of the West Indian missions. But the project has broken down. The West Indian Mission is now hopelessly bankrupt, and owes over £60,000. There being no other alternative, the Conference is resolved to cancel its independence and contribute half the debt, provided the other half can be raised in the islands.

The affairs of the Book Room were keenly discussed. Dr. W. T. Davison was elected, by a large majority, to succeed the Rev. W. L. Watkinson as Connexional Editor. There is a feeling of general satisfaction over Dr. Davison's appointment. He is felt to be the one man for the place to which he is called.

Out of 142 candidates for the ministry 100 were accepted, and the importance of placing the untrained men in college as soon as possible was strongly urged.

A resolution of sympathy with the Passive Resisters was passed by a large majority. It was prefaced by the statement that the Conference did not thereby express any opinion as to the policy of passive resistance.

CARICATURE AS A FINE ART.

Humorous caricature as an art feature of modern journalism has long held place in the secular press. Our genial friend, J. W. Bengough, performed the "tour de force" of having a fresh cartoon in the daily paper every week-day for nearly three years, and is now employed on the British press to further the cause of preferential tariff for the colonies. Even the staid Wesleyan papers of England in reporting Conference proceedings indulged in humorous caricature. The Conference platform, it should be said, is a sacred spot where few mortals dare to tread except ex-presidents. At a public meeting Mr. R. W. Perks, from the vantage point of this official preserve, took occasion to denounce the Government Education Bill which the Rev. W. L. Watkinson and some of the officials favoured. The situation is shown in the accompanying cartoon, in which Mr. Perks' figure is the fallen Lucifer, and the others, ranging

from the right, are the ex-president, Bowman Stephenson, W. L. Watkinson, Dr. Riggs, Mr. Allen, and another whom we do not recognize. The opposition of Mr. Allen to immediate advance towards Methodist union is humorously depicted in our small cartoon. The military figure is supposed to represent the rank and file of the Conference who have some hope of reaching the presidency.

CARRYING THE MARSHAL'S BATON IN HIS KNAPSACK.

"He might hope to encourage some of his brethren in the ministry by affording an illustration of the truth of Napoleon's saying that every common soldier carried the marshal's baton in his knapsack."—THE PRESIDENT OF THE CONFERENCE.

NEW "CONNEXIONAL EDITOR" OF BRITISH WESLEYANISM.

The election of Rev. Dr. William T. Davison as connexional editor of the British Wesleyan Methodist Church, is an item of news which deserves more than ordinary emphasis. He takes the place of honour and usefulness occupied for the past few years by the eloquent Rev. Dr. W. L. Watkinson, who has been forced by broken health into retirement. Dr. Davison is fifty-seven years of age, and for the past dozen years has been occupying with distinction the chair of theology in the Wesleyan College at Handsworth, Birmingham. For the previous ten years he was professor of Biblical literature in Richmond College, near London. He entered the pastorate in 1868, and in 1901 obtained the crowning honour of his denomination, the Presidency of the Conference. He visited this country in 1891, and was heard with delight and profit as one of the speakers at the Ecumenical Conference held in Washington in that year. He was also one of the speakers at the ensuing meeting of the same kind in London in 1901. As an exegete, a careful and well equipped theologian, in touch with his time in advanced scholarship, and an expert in regard to all the questions which modern Biblical inquiry has raised, Wesleyan Methodism has no man who is his superior. The rank which he occupies in the estimation of other denominations may be suggested by the fact that he is one of the contributors to that massive work, Hastings' "Bible Dictionary," the remarkable article on "The Psalms" being from his pen, as well as other contributions. He has written half a dozen volumes of sermons, theological studies, and ethical essays.

Some of the utterances of Dr. Davison may be profitably cited in order to show his views on certain controverted subjects. In his address in Washington, at the Ecumenical Conference, October 10th, 1891, he said:

It must be admitted that the higher criticism—including especially the historical and literary criticism of the Bible—is now rapidly advancing toward, if it has not already reached, the position of a science, with conclusions of a highly important and more or less certain kind, which all religious teachers are bound to know, to face, and frankly and fairly to handle. . . . These results reached within certain definite limits must not be ignored, still less must they be denied and anathematized by those who are unable or unwilling to study the evidence in support of them. . . . The Methodist Churches and all the Churches of Christ which reverence God's Word written and seek to make it the rule of faith and practice, will do well to beware of blindly and rashly setting their faces against the conclusions of truly scientific Biblical criticism. We must not pledge ourselves to what may soon prove be untenable positions, or dare to identify them with the

Christian faith. . . . Methodists, in common with all earnest evangelical Christians, will do well not to take up an ignorant and ill-considered attitude of suspicion toward men who study the Bible at least as carefully as the zealous and orthodox defender of traditional opinions.

THE PROGRESS OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

At the last Ministerial Conference the Methodist Episcopal Church reported a total membership of 2,969,501. They have at the present time twenty-two theological institutions, fifty-one colleges and universities, fifty-two classical seminaries, and nine institutions exclusively for women, not including foreign mission-schools. In these institutions during the past year there were 51,606 students. The value of property devoted to education, together with the endowments, is about $40,000,000.

The first place in general Church work is given to the Missionary Society. The Methodist Episcopal Church has entered the fields of Africa, South America, Germany, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, Denmark, Italy, China, Bulgaria, and India. Splendid work has also been done by the Church Extension Society and by the Board of Education, which has aided 11,709 students since its origin. The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, during the thirty-three years of its existence, has raised and distributed above $6,250,000. The Woman's Home Missionary Society collects and expends about $350,000 annually. Through the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society, the orphanages and orphan asylums, the hospitals established in many cities—through these and other means, the great Methodist denomination is making her work tell in the United States. The publishing interest of the Church is divided into two great institutions, one located in New York, the other in Cincinnati. The entire proceeds of this vast business are devoted to the support of worn-out ministers and ministers' widows and orphans.

DEATH OF REV. A. W. NICOLSON.

In the death of the Rev. A. W. Nicolson, who passed unto his rest on June 28th, Methodism of the Maritime Provinces loses one of her veteran warriors. He was in his seventy-third year, and had given forty-seven years of his life to the ministry, active in both the pulpit and the press. Of Scotch parentage, he came to Canada about 1856 and entered the work of the Methodist Church of Eastern British America. As a minister his style was clear, pungent, incisive, and glowing. He was masterly in exposition, a thorough student of the New Testament, ever seeking to know and reveal the mind of the Master.

He was a member of the first General Conference Hymn-Book Committee, and for many years a member of the Board of Regents, the governing body of Mount Allison University. He was for six years the editor of The Wesleyan. Executive qualities marked him as eligible for the office of Book Steward, and to that department he was appointed in 1873. Under his vigorous administration the institution was removed from the dingy Argyle Street premises to a conspicuous site on Granville Street.

It was fitting that he who had done such manifold service to the Church on earth should pass unto his rest while her bells were ringing on the Sabbath morning.

DEATH OF DR. BRETHOUR.

We regret to learn of the death of the Rev. Dr. Brethour, of Niagara Falls South, on October 3rd. Dr. Brethour gave forty-three years of his life to the service of the Methodist Church. He held such important appointments as Belleville, Windsor, Aylmer, Milton, Brantford, Burlington, Hamilton, Tillsonburg. In almost all of these he remained the full limit of time permissible, and left a grand record of successful work. He enjoyed all the honours which his Conference could give him, Financial Secretary, Journal Secretary, Chairman of District, seven times President of Conference, and six times delegate to the General Conference. He was for many years one of the most earnest, active and faithful of Canadian prohibition workers. During the successive temperance campaigns for the Scott Act, the Plebiscite, the Referendum, he was a wise counsellor and aggressive actor. He was a member of the Executive Committee of the Dominion Alliance, and Secretary of the General Conference Temperance Committee, and did grand work in both these relations. At the time of his lamented death he was President also of the Welland County Prohibition Association. Dr. Brethour was characterized by his sound judgment, his wise counsels, his evangelistic earnestness. His loss will be greatly felt.

Book Notices.

"Methodism in Canada: Its Work and Its Story." Being the Thirty-third Fernley Lecture. Delivered in Penzance, 31st July, 1903. By Alexander Sutherland, D.D. London: Chas. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. 8vo. Pp. 350.

It is a unique distinction that this famous lectureship for the current year should be assigned to a native-born Canadian. It is another illustration of that unification of the Empire which is going on in so many different ways. Dr. Sutherland had a difficult task assigned him. The story of Canadian Methodism is of such a complex nature and variety of detail that it would seem almost impossible to give it unity of interest. Yet this difficult task Dr. Sutherland has accomplished with remarkable success. The narrative has a remarkable dramatic unity and moves on to the grand climax of Methodist union like some stately epic.

The lecture, as given in the historic town of Penzance, occupied two hours in delivery, but as published in book form it makes three hundred and fifty large octavo pages. It speaks much for the enterprise of the Conference office that the book was on sale in Penzance the day the lecture was given. Dr. Sutherland in his own picturesque and graphic style describes the heroic pioneer days of Canadian Methodism, and the struggle for civil and religious liberty in which Dr. Egerton Ryerson took such a prominent part. The founding and development of Canadian missions is a chapter calculated to inspire hope and courage and foster largest faith. He describes also the successive unions, separations and reunions which have marked the history of Canadian Methodism, and concludes this noble volume with the words:

"Strife and division are things of the past that have almost entirely faded out of memory, and a new generation has come up to whom the distinctive names of the former time are unmeaning words. There is peace within our walls and prosperity within our palaces. Upon all our assemblies may the Shekinah evermore abide."

We have pleasure in reprinting a typical chapter in another part of this *magazine*.

"The Mysteries of Mithra." By Franz Cumont. Translated by Thos J. McCormack. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xiv.-239. Price, $1.50 net.

The first three centuries of the Christian era were marked by a strenuous conflict between Christianity and paganism for the possession of the earth. One striking feature of that conflict was the influx of Oriental religions to the heart of the Roman Empire. "In Tiberian defluxit Orontes," wrote the satirist Juvenal, and not the Orontes only, but the Nile and the Tigris. The worship of Isis and Mithra were favourite cults throughout the empire. As the faith in the old gods of Greece vanished, the fashion of the times, or a craving for a new faith, led to the adoption of new gods.

Dr. Cumont has presented the fullest study of which we are aware of one phase of this conflict. Mithraism, he says, was the rival of Christianity, and greatly resembled it.

The two adversaries discovered with amazement, but with no inkling of their origin, the similarities which united them; and they severally accused the Spirit of Deception of having endeavoured to caricature the sacredness of their religious rites.

No one has told the tale of its changing fortunes, and our imagination alone is left to picture the forgotten dramas that agitated the souls of the multitudes when they were called upon to choose between Ormadz and the Trinity. We know the result of the battle only: Mithraism was vanquished, as, without doubt, it should have been.

The evidences of the wide spread of Mithraism is seen by the remains of its monuments scattered throughout the confines of the entire Roman Empire, from the boundaries of Scotland to the farthermost confines of the Persian Empire, and from the mountains of Hungary and the Danube to the deserts of Numidia.

The resemblance of these rival faiths are thus described: Both religions placed a flood at the beginning of history; both assigned a primitive revelation as the source of their traditions; both believed in baptism; held Sunday sacred; and celebrated the

birth of their gods on Christmas Day; both practised the rites of communion; and both finally believed in the immortality of the soul, in a "last judgment," and in the resurrection of the dead.

But, despite their resemblances, there were marked differences which ultimately assured the vanquishment of Mithraism and the triumph of Christianity. The story is an intensely fascinating one, and its interest is heightened by the great number of illustrations of Mithraic monuments and art which the work contains. A special map showing the widespread dissemination of the Mithraic mysteries in the Roman Empire accompanies the volume.

The author presents some fifty illustrations of Mithraic art and symbolism, some of much artistic merit. It is curious that even in the catacombs of Rome traces of these mysteries of Mithra are to be found. An early example is described and figured on pages 214 and 218 of Withrow's "Catacombs" almost thirty years ago.

"Poems." By Richard Chenevix Trench, D.D., Archbishop. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Limited. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xi-412.

The distinguished merit of these poems is shown by the fact that this volume has reached a twelfth edition, a fact which can be stated of comparatively few volumes of verse. These poems bear throughout the evidence of refined and cultured taste, a musical ear and delicate fancy. Many of them are founded upon incidents of history or travel, and recall pictures of some of the fairest scenes in Spain, Italy, Germany, and other storied lands. Classic myth furnishes the theme of others, and Eastern legend that of others. A number of stirring patriotic poems were written during the Russian war, still others are tender elegaic verse.

The technique of these volumes is faultless, their spirit breathes Christian faith and hope—an addition of permanent value to our English literature. We quote as an example of the flawless sonnet the following, the theme of which is treated more fully in longer poems:

Ulysses, sailing by the Sirens' isle,
Sealed first his comrades' ears, then bade them fast
Bind him with many a fetter to the mast,
Lest those sweet voices should their souls beguile,
And to their ruin flatter them, the while
Their homeward bark was sailing swiftly past;
And thus the peril they behind them cast,
Though chased by those weird voices many a mile.
But yet a nobler cunning Orpheus used:
No fetter he put on, nor stopped his ear,
But ever, as he passed, sang high and clear
The blisses of the Gods, their holy joys,
And with diviner melody confused
And marred earth's sweetest music to a noise.

"Types of Canadian Women and of Women Who Are or Have Been Connected with Canada." Edited by Henry James Morgan, LL.D., F.R.S.N.A. Vol. I. Toronto: William Briggs. Octavo. Pp. x-382. Price, $5.00 net.

That veteran Canadian litterateur, author of so many books on Canada and distinguished Canadians, has laid his country under fresh obligation by this handsomely illustrated volume on Canadian women. It represents an immense amount of labour, which has engrossed his time for four full years. The book is widely representative, beginning with her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, and includes the wives of the governors and distinguished statesmen and publicists of Canada, and persons famous in art, literature, and society. The half-tone portraits are exceedingly artistic and are printed on heavy plate paper. With each portrait is a short character sketch. It will be a surprise to many persons to find what widespread relations with all parts of the Empire ladies who were born or have lived in Canada have sustained. We purpose giving a fuller review of this important Canadian work in our next number.

"Witnesses of the Light." By Washington Gladden, author of "Social Salvation," "Who Wrote the Bible?" etc. Illustrated. 12mo. $1.25 net. Postage extra.

Last spring the Noble Lectures at Harvard University were delivered by the Rev. Washington Gladden. As now published they form a series of popular biographical studies of six great historical figures,—Dante, the poet; Michel Angelo, the artist; Fichte, the philosopher; Victor Hugo, the man of letters; Wagner, the musician; and Ruskin, the preacher. The purpose

has been to present in a clear and vivid portraiture each of these great personalities, and to show how each one of them was, without always intending it, a witness to the Light of the World. None of them would have been the man he was, or could have done the work he did, but for the presence in his life of that Spirit whose incarnation was Jesus Christ. The volume is illustrated admirably with six portraits.

Dr. Gladden has a loyal following, but in addition to his regular audience, this volume will enjoy a wide reading, being written in a popular and pleasing vein.

"The Women of the Middle Kingdom." By R. L. McNabb, A.M. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 160. Price, 75 cents net.

The Gospel of Christ brings a special word of emancipation to woman. In all pagan or Moslem lands she is oppressed and degraded—considered either a toy or a slave. Christianity alone places her in her true sphere as man's equal and helpmate. Yet the elevation of woman is the supreme method for the elevation of the race. Hence the importance of the subject treated in this interesting volume. The strange practice of foot-binding alone is one that literally as well as morally cripples and handicaps the women of the so-called superior classes of the empire. The entire subject of the book is treated with full information and in an interesting and attractive way, and is accompanied by numerous illustrations.

"West Country Songs." By Mrs. Guy Pearse. London: Horace Marshall & Son. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. x-131.

No one can listen to Mark Guy Pearse without feeling that he has the heart and soul of a poet. The tenderness of his stories, their glimpses of humour and pathos, are all evidences of the poetic soul. In this volume he has collected a number of his west country songs and ballads, legends and stories of his beloved Cornwall. Mr. Pearse is an artist, too, of remarkable skill, as those who have seen a sketch grow under his rapid pencil will bear witness. The book is freely illustrated with admirable half-tones, one from a sketch by Mr. Pearse himself, others by his daughter, Miss Mabelle Pearse. A group of poems describe the Cornish miner in foreign parts, in California, Australia, and the Klondike, the latter one of exquisite pathos. We have pleasure in quoting, on page 488, an example of Mr. Pearse's employment of humour for highest moral purpose.

A translation of Withrow's "Religious Progress of the Nineteenth Century," an extract of which we print in this number, is being made into Japanese by a native professor of English in one of the colleges in the country. The translator expresses high appreciation of the book and its adaptation to meet the need of the Japanese thought and inquiry.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We beg to call special attention to the serial story of Christian heroism which will begin in this number and which will run throughout the greater part of the year 19[illegible]. It is in our judgment the greatest work of the famous author of "The Gates Ajar." It is inspired by the lofty ideals which mark all Mrs. Ward's writings. It is one of the most tremendous indictments of the traffic in the bodies and souls of men which is the greatest menace of modern civilization. It is one of absorbing interest, strong character-painting, and dramatic power.

The November and December numbers of this magazine will be sent free to new subscribers. Now is the best time to secure subscriptions. We have had a large increase during the year. Let us have a still larger one. A fine programme for the New Year is being prepared which will be announced in next number. It will contain strong papers on Canada, Canadian Methodism, and other subjects of great interest.

IBER AND DECEMBER NUMBERS, 1903, FREE to NEW SUBSCRIBERS

Methodist Magazine and Review

CEMBER, 1903— W. H. WITHROW, D. D., Editor

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OUR CHRISTMAS SONG.

BY MARY LOWE DICKINSON.

NOT only by lips of prophets with the word of the Lord aflame,
Not only by echo from heart to heart of the great Messiah's name,
Not only by vision of sages, bearers of gold and myrrh,
Was lifted the veil of the ages, with the breath of God astir;
But a star went wandering earthward, guiding the pilgrim feet
Where a loving God and sinful man in perfect childhood meet;
And there was the shepherd's vision of shining silvery wings,
And the song that should ring and echo until the whole world sings,

"Peace on earth, good-will to men;"
Hear it rise and fall again,
"Peace on earth, good-will to men."

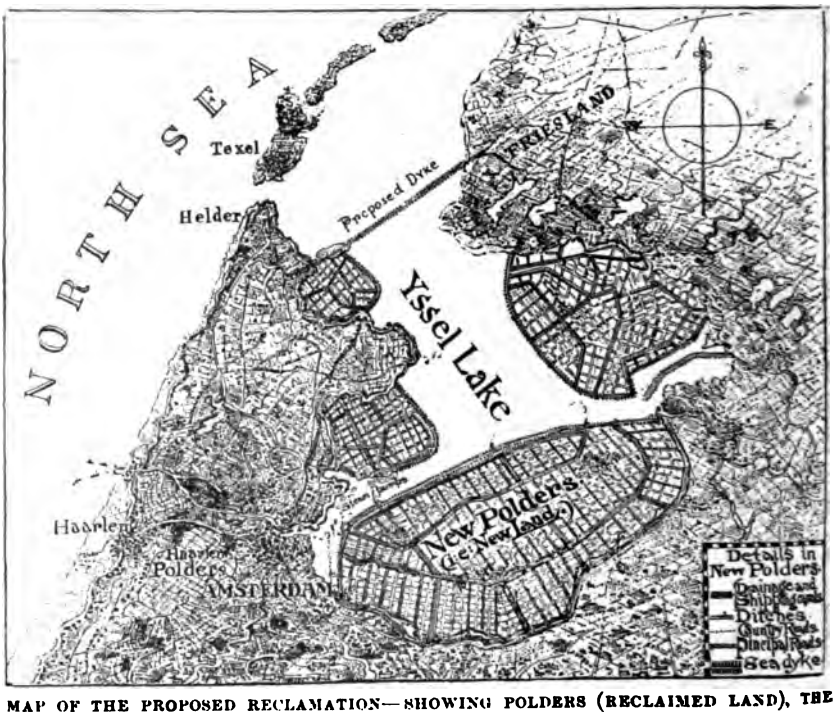
There's a glimmer still in the darkness, a shining athwart the gloom;
There's a whisper of God in human souls, "Make for the Christ-King room."
There are hearts that faint for the tokens of His coming from afar,
And feet astray—for the hiding of Bethlehem's guiding star;
There are souls with gifts to bring Him—treasures of love unpriced;
They look for God, but see Him not in the tender and sweet Child-Christ,
The guiding star is shrouded in the ages' sorrow and wrong,
And the heavens have lost the chiming of the shining angels' song.

"Peace on earth, good-will to men;"
Shall it not be heard again?
"Peace on earth, good-will to men."

There's a message out of the star-land. The voices that must ring
Are thine, that can echo the angels', and herald our Lord, the King.
With never a rush nor silence should the Christmas melody rise,
Till the heart of the lowest and saddest uplifts to the Bethlehem skies;
Till the sad world makes it ready—freed from its strife and sin,
Each heart a sacred temple—for the Christ-Child's entering in:
Till even the souls in prison are turned to the angels' chord,
And ye set the whole world singing of the coming of the Lord,

"Peace on earth, good-will to men;"
Raise the Christmas song again,
"Peace on earth, good-will to men."

MAP OF THE ZUYDER ZEE—SHOWING THE AREA IT HAS MAINTAINED FOR THE LAST FIVE CENTURIES.



MAP OF THE PROPOSED RECLAMATION—SHOWING POLDERS (RECLAIMED LAND), THE INCLOSED YSSEL LAKE, AND THE GREAT DIKE SHUTTING OUT THE NORTH SEA.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

DECEMBER, 1903.

DRAINING THE ZUYDER ZEE.

THE most stupendous hydraulic work ever attempted will shortly be undertaken by Dutch engineers. This is nothing less than pumping dry the stormy Zuyder Zee, and converting many hundreds of square miles of watery waste into fertile farms and ıg orchards. The German has been from time immemohe implacable enemy of the and stalwart race who, betheir dikes and dunes, have its assaults, and again and conquered wide reaches from ısp.

lland has been described by ɔras as

try that draws fifty feet of water ;
that lies at anchor and is moored,
ch men do not live, but go on board.

s amphibious country is well l Holland—the hollow land. ıaracter is indicated by its lic cognizance—a swimming with the motto, "Luctor et go," which may be freely ed, "I struggle to keep water." Much of the counes below the level of the sea. fertile pastures have been ned from the domain of the the daring industry of the , who have built great dikes, ıbankments, to keep out the ng sea, which, unlike the ent and unsubsidized allies of nd"—an invulnerable de-

SUNDAY MORNING, NORTH HOLLAND.

fence—is an implacable enemy, perpetually besieging their earthen ramparts.

In spite of ceaseless vigilance against its assaults, the ocean sometimes bursts its barriers and turns fertile meadows and smiling valleys into a stormy sea—"Verdronken Land," as it is called—literally, "drowned land." Over and over again the patriotic Dutch have opened the dikes and laid their country far and wide beneath the waves, as their sole defence against Spanish tyranny. In the terrible

siege of Antwerp by the French in 1832, the dikes were cut, and the country for three years was flooded by the sea, and gunboats cruised about the fields and anchored amid the orchards. The stratum of saline sand deposited almost prevented cultivation for many years.

The route from Antwerp to Rotterdam traverses a characteristically Dutch landscape—vast meadows, level as a floor and divided by trenches of water. Canals ramify everywhere, along whose silent highways stealthily glide the "trek-schuits," or "draw-boats," often dragged by men, or even women, harnessed like horses. Along the horizon, wherever one looks, are rows of picturesque windmills, ceaselessly brandishing their mighty arms, as if to challenge any over-valiant Quixote to mortal combat. I have seen a dozen in a single view.

The villages, country houses, and gardens are scrupulously, almost painfully neat and clean. At Broek, near Amsterdam, no horses are allowed in the streets and no one may enter a house with his shoes or boots on. The town houses are generally high and narrow, built of red brick, with crow-stepped gables, each with a large crane for hoisting goods from the streets, or from the canals which flow below. The lazy barges creep along, and just as you want to cross a canal up swings the counterpoised draw-bridge, and you envy the Dutch patience of the vrows and mynheers who quietly wait—the latter stolidly pulling at their porcelain pipes, as though it were life's sole concern—till the bridge falls again.

The men and women one meets in the street seem built on the same principle as the Dutch boats in the canals—very broad and staunch-looking craft. I saw, at last, where Rubens found the models for his very solid saints and angels, and for his exceedingly ample, not to say exuberant, allegorical figures.

FISH-MARKET, AMSTERDAM.

The throngs of people consisted largely of peasants in their gala dress—the men in stiff high-collared coats with big horn buttons, and high-crowned hats; the women in stuff gowns with a white neckerchief, a lace cap and a broad gold band across the forehead with spiral

projecting at either side, and clumsy-looking pendants in ears. These must be of consi- e value, but Dutch thrift s to almost every peasant n this singular and ugly head-

railway from the Hague to rdam, by way of Leyden and em, traverses the sand-dunes e Northern Sea, and a broad er" reclaimed from the ocean. sterdam, the Venice of the , contrasts very unfavourably the Queen of the Adriatic. It e more thrifty, but it is far oetic. The busy traffic of its continually perturbs their y waters, which have the

DUTCH WINDMILLS.

and consistency of pea-soup, he tall, dull, red brick houses, gh the sinking of the piles on they rest, lean at various an- as though they would topple

e Venice, Amsterdam has from a few fishermen's huts, like sea-gulls' nests on an oozy ank, to be a great commercial ot. It has a thrifty popula- f 300,000. Its ninety islands connected by three hundred es, and, as in Venice, almost house can be reached by . The stately rows of elms, er, that border the canals have unterpart in the fairer south- ity. The finest building is the e, a massive Renaissance struc- built for a town hall, on 14,000 piles—hence the jest of Erasmus about the people living on the tops of the trees. Its interior is exceedingly sumptuous, and the Council Chamber of those merchant princes is one of the most magnificent in Europe.

I went to see the famous fish auction, and was glad to escape from its unsavoury crowds of sailors and fishwives and their slimy merchandise. I lodged at the old Bible House, in which the first Dutch Bible was printed. I was shown a copy of the original edition of 1542 —a massive black-letter book with queer old cuts. The son of the printer opened an inn, and set up as his sign an open Bble inscribed with the text, "Take a little wine for thy stomach's sake!" and there, above the door, it is to this day.

Amsterdam has nearly forty thousand Jews, with ten splendid synagogues. Here, in 1632, the celebrated Spinoza, the "father of modern philosophy," was born.

Several of our cuts illustrate the quaint costumes and customs of the Dutch in the mild dissipations of church-going and the Kermesse.

One of the strangest phenomena of history is the changing of the

centre of gravity of sea-borne commerce again and again. During hundreds of years on a group of sand-banks in the Adriatic grew up the greatest commercial emporium of mediæval times. The merchants of Venice were famous throughout all lands, and "held the gorgeous East in fee." The discovery of America and a new route to the East around the Cape of Good Hope changed all that. The centre of gravity shifted to the western coast of Europe. Cadiz, Lisbon, Bristol, London, and the cities of the Zuyder Zee became new emporia of commerce. But from some of these, too, the tide of commerce ebbed away, while to the ports of London, Liverpool, and Glasgow it brought incomparably greater gains. The dead cities of the Zuyder Zee are conspicuous examples of this drying up of the empire.

Around the edge of that great lake, says Walter Wellman, in an interesting article in McClure's Magazine, to which we are indebted for the accompanying maps, now sleep some of the most ancient towns in Europe. It is difficult for the present generation to realize the part which these decaying cities once played in the history of the world. Stavoren, on the east coast, dates back to 300 B.C., and was a great commercial centre long before the ocean swept in and made it a seaport. As the capital of Friesland, it had its gardens and palaces, where princes and ambassadors gathered from all parts of Europe to make treaties of commerce or alliances with Romans, Danes, Germans, and Franks. The fame of its wealth spread throughout the world.

Hoorn, on the west coast, had as early as 1400 a cattle fair which soon assumed the proportions of an international gathering. Strange dispensation of fate, Hoorn by the dry-making will become an inland town, many miles from any other water than that of a canal—Hoorn which once sent her merchantmen to all parts of the known world and whose sailors were famous everywhere; Hoorn whence sailed Tasman, who discovered New Zealand and Tasmania; Schouten, who was the first to round Cape Horn (and named it after his native town).

ON THE WAY TO CHURCH.

FOOT-WARMERS IN CHURCH.

and Koern, who founded Batavia. Once the home of 25,000 prosperous people into whose laps the world poured its wealth, Hoorn has now only 10,000 sleepy dwellers; and at last it must become an agricultural village, with cabbage fields growing where once its fleets lay so proudly in the bay.

Enkhuizen is perhaps the deadest of the once powerful "Dead Cities" of the Zuyder Zee; for Stavoren has altogether disappeared, and can be no longer counted among them. Once the most important town in Holland, with 60,000 inhabitants, extended commerce, and a fleet of a thousand ships, Enkhuizen has shrunk away, until at the present time its population is only 5,000, who wander lazily through miles of silent streets.

Medemblik, too, *ancient capital* of all this country before Hoorn and Enkhuizen existed, as a result of this new enterprise will cease dreaming of its old-time mastery of the main, and turn its attention to the market gardening of the new polder lands. Medemblik, which once sheltered kings and armies, and had its palaces and parliaments, is now a town of tottering walls and tumbling houses, a decrepit, toothless old man among cities. All these picturesque relics of former ages, with Edam, Vallendam, Monnickendam, and many more, will now be more or less transformed by the new dry-making; they will become the centres of agricultural districts where intensive farming may pay the yearly rentals to the state and leave enough over for a well-diffused prosperity. The dead cities of the Zuyder Zee may be resurrected by the wizard hand of modern engineering science.

This great enterprise is only reconquering from the sea what it stole from the land. When the Romans overran Western Europe, the greater part of what is now the Zuyder Zee was covered with forests infested by bears and wolves. In the centre of this great forest, royal hunting grounds of long ago, was

A DUTCH-BUILT CRAFT.

RETURNING FROM CHURCH.

a lake called by Tacitus the "Flevo." In 1170 came the great inundation, known in the history of the Netherlands as the "All Saints' Flood Day." The sea, hurled by north-westerly storms, beat against the natural barriers, ate and dissolved the sandy islands, swept into the interior, covered the forest. Cities were engulfed, towns destroyed, many thousands of human beings drowned.

The Zuyder Zee, writes Beckles Wilson, celebrated in Dutch legend and history, occupies some 1,400 square miles—the area of a large European province. On its shores are the ancient towns of Medemblik, Hoorn, Harderwyck, Norden, and Enkhuizen, once large cities in the halcyon days of Dutch commercial and naval supremacy. It encompasses the islands of Marken, Schokland, and Urk. But what Holland wants to-day more than anything else is territory—home territory—for expansion. She is too weak a state to enlarge her boundaries at the expense of her political neighbours; consequently there is nothing to be done but to gain elbow-room at the expense of Father Neptune. She has long cast her eye on the Zuyder Zee for this purpose, ever since 1849, in fact, when Mynheer Van Diggelen, Minister of Waterways, developed a plan for shutting off the whole Zuyder Zee within the islands to the north. In that year and the following one the Haarlem Lake was pumped dry and many thousands of acres thrown open for cultivation and settlement. The present plan consists of building a dam or embankment across the northern part of the sea from Wieringen, in North Holland, to Piaam, in Friesland, having sluices into the North Sea. Then will follow the creation of two "polders," or areas of dry land reclaimed from the sea, pumping out the water by means of steam pumps. The rest will remain a fresh-water lake—at all events in so far as Mr. Lely's plan is concerned; but should the latter prove successful his successors may in days to come create two more polders on the north-east and south-east of the lake.

Upon the eminently practical minds of the Dutch the possibility of draining this vexatious gulf has long exercised an irresistible fascination. Much in the way of such reclamation had been done in other spots during the past two hundred years. Here and there considerable areas of rich land were wrested from the grip of the sea. These recovered patches the Dutch call "polders;" and a striking example of the success of this method of adding to the cultivable area of the country is found in the famous Haarlem Polder, where the lake of that name, lying far below the level of the North Sea, was pumped back into

RESULTS OF A KERMESSE—SUNRISE.

'an, leaving 42,000 acres of rtile land upon which 17,000 now dwell in peace and t.

n the Dutch go at a thing o not lack in thoroughness. verlook nothing. They care- veigh all things. The first they did was characteristic:)pointed a commission to in- arefully into every phase of roblem—engineering, econ- agricultural, governmental, .c, hydraulic, financial. They d with every foot of mate- very gallon of water, every of land, every gulden of out- l probable income.

is the most stupendous en- ng work of the kind ever ted. The pumping dry of m Lake was at the time pro- d by many engineers to be ible; yet it was successfully ned. Zuyder Zee is many he area of Haarlem Lake, and s from its depth and char- nany more difficulties. In- the lowest estimate of the lands to be reclaimed makes and a half times that of the undertaking, while if the f the States Commission is d it will be at least eight as large, and capable of sup- , according to the density of tion in Holland, from 20,000)00 persons in comfort and At present 3,500 fishermen their precarious calling on raters.

The fiat of doom of the Zuyder Zee has gone forth. In a very few years many thousands of acres of smiling Dutch pastures, of prosperous Dutch villages, of poplar-bordered roads, will characterize what is now merely the bottom of the sea.

Science in the twentieth century will have hardly any tale to tell more astonishing than this.

The Zuyder Zee is the gulf which forms the mouth of the Yssel and other rivers. Through the waters of this gulf flow the fresh waters of the rivers on their way to the open sea beyond. It is an integral part of the present design, instead of simply dyking the rivers within their narrow channels, to allow them to flow into a central reservoir or lake in the central part of what is now the Zuyder Zee. Shutting out the sea by a great dyke, with sluices connecting this lake with the ocean, makes it practicable to control the water-level.

The total land and water area of the Netherlands is 12,582 square miles, so that more than a tenth of it is covered by the waters of the Zuyder Zee. If the whole of this sea were to be reclaimed, the actual area of the kingdom would be increased ten per cent. A territorial addition which to a people more numerous than those who inhabit the great continent of Australia and nearly as numerous as the population of Canada, would be in those countries represented by a province

the size at least of Manitoba on the one hand, or of Victoria on the other. It is only in this way that it is possible even imperfectly to convey an idea of the value of land to the subjects of Queen Wilhelmina. Of course, the entire reclamation of the sea will come gradually, though the present undertaking is an immense step forward. 95,000,000 fl. ($41,800,000), which amount is to be raised by loans, and it is proposed to pay off the principal and interest by an annual increase of the budget of 2,000,000 fl. ($880,000) during a maximum period of sixty years.

The backbone of this tremendous engineering project, says Mr. Wellman, is the great sea-dike, which

STILT-WALKING IN HOLLAND.

As for the area of the principal polders, they are to be as follows: The Wieringen Polder, 54,000 acres of fertile land, and the Hoorn Polder, about 77,000 acres, containing about 68,000 acres of fertile land. The entire work is to be completed in eighteen years.

The cost of this gigantic work is *estimated* in round numbers at is to perform the all-important function of shutting out the North Sea —keeping the ancient enemy at a safe distance. The total length of this dike, the "afsluit dijk" is 24.8 miles. Massive it must be, firm as a rock, to withstand the attacks of the storms which will beat against it from the North Sea, to resist the pressure of the ice which in winter

will drive with terrible force upon its ramparts.

How is this mighty bulwark to be constructed? At the shore they will fashion mats of interwoven willow twigs, about one metre in thickness and of convenient length and breadth. These will be towed out, loaded with stones, earth, sand, and mud, and when sunk will form the foundation of the whole structure. This rampart, reinforced by solid foundations of timber, will rise almost to the low-water level, and will be faced by stones brought from Scotland and Norway. It will have a breadth of about one hundred feet, and it is designed to serve as the mainstay of the larger structure which is to be superimposed upon it. This latter, composed chiefly of sand, will start from the centre of the other wall and rise at a gentle slope, stone-faced, to a height about sixteen *feet above the high-water* level, and eight and one-half feet above the storm level. The total base width of this great bank of sand, bulwark and backing together, will be eighty-six metres, or about two hundred and eighty feet.

When this great sea-wall is finished it will be a giant causeway twenty-five miles in length, showing about eighteen feet of its height, and one hundred and ninety feet of its breadth above the mean level of the waters on the ocean side. It will carry a double-track railway and also a waggon-road, both affording a short line of communication between the two parts of the little country—North Holland on the west and Friesland on the east. Sluiceways with locks will permit of the escape of water from Lake Yssel and also the passage of vessels. Fortunately, the Zuyder Zee is shallow here, the average depth of water being about four metres, or thirteen

ANNE OF SAXONY, WIFE OF WILLIAM THE SILENT.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS IN HOLLAND.

feet, and the greatest depth in one or two spots about thirty-five feet. Fortunately also, two-thirds the way across from Wieringen is a shoal which shows above low water. Here an island will be constructed, and the work of building the dike can thus go on from four points simultaneously—from the Wieringen and Friesland shores and from both sides of this island of sand built up with "linkstuk" additions.

The great dike finished, the ocean shut out at last, and the Zuyder Zee made an interior lake, the real work of reclamation will begin. First they build a dike around about 53,000 acres of land in the northwestern corner of their new-made *lake.*

An idea of the magnitude of this "dry-making" may be judged from the fact that the average depth of the water now covering these eight hundred and eighteen square miles is a little more than eighteen feet. That means nearly three cubic miles, or nearly 14,000,000,000 tons, of water. Inasmuch as all this is to be pumped out during a period comprising about twenty years, an average of 70,000,000 tons must be taken out each twelvemonth, making it, without a doubt, one of the largest water-pumping operations known to the history of engineering.

Now, says Mr. Beckles Wilson, as regards the profits which the nation is to receive from the reclaimed land. The rental value, after deducting taxes, has been estimated at about ten dollars an acre, but as a matter of fact double that sum is at present paid for dyked lands on the verge of the Zuyder Zee. But take it at this rental and you have for 430,000 acres at least $4,300,000 per annum income to the state.

But, after all, this great work is not intended as a money-making scheme, and, strictly speaking, never may become so. Merely for the initial expenses connected with the fishery, drainage, navigation, and defence, over $20,000,000 will have to be expended.

But with the drying of the sea what becomes of the Zuyder Zee fishermen? For there is, as all the world knows, a busy fishery on the Zuyder Zee, chiefly for herrings, flounders, anchovies, smelts, eels, and shrimps.

There are eighteen communes, with a fleet of more than 1,500 boats manned by 3,000 fishermen, by whom fishery is carried on exclusively or chiefly in the Zuyder Zee.

The yield of the Zuyder Zee fisheries is subject to great fluctuations. An abundant haul of anchovies alone may in a single year bring in

WEST KAPELLE, A DEAD CITY OF THE ZUYDER ZEE.

upwards of $400,000. Taken altogether, the gross yield of the Zuyder Zee fishery amounts probably to about twice this sum. Enclosing the Zuyder Zee puts an end for ever to the fishery on that sea as an important industry.

Not only will the enclosure deprive those who now live exclusively by the Zuyder Zee fishery of the means of subsistence, but their boats and fishing tackle, being unsuited to the North Sea fishery, will be almost valueless. The loss sustained by the Zuyder Zee fishery in consequence of the enclosure ought to be compensated for as far as possible.

This could be done in the first place by giving the fishermen who now pursue their calling exclusively or principally on the Zuyder Zee, at the expense of the state, suitable boats equipped for the North Sea fishery. The State Commission suggests also other kinds of compensation, and estimates the cost to the state of making provision for the interests of the fishermen at 4.500,000 fl.

Tradition has ascribed the very existence of the Zuyder Zee to an irruption of the ocean in the twelfth century. If this be the case, we may perhaps look forward to the wholesale revelation of mementoes of the towns and villages, supposed to have been overwhelmed at that time. On the other hand, it is a notable fact that Haarlem Lake failed to yield to the explorers any traces of a former habitation by man, although its bed was shown to have been the site of more than one busy settlement. This disappointing result was doubtless due to the huge growth of alluvial deposit at the bottom of the reclaimed lake; and the same cause may operate in the case of the Zuyder Zee. It is not, however, at all unlikely that the hulls of vessels wrecked during the last 300 years on the shoals and sandbanks of the Zuyder Zee will still be near enough the surface to be dug up and examined. Many valuable cargoes were lost there during the period of the Dutch commercial supremacy, when the merchants of this region sent ships to every part of the known world. If the remains of these

ONE OF THE DEAD CITIES OF THE ZUYDER ZEE.

ships are found there will undoubtedly be many interesting relics taken out of their hulls. A few wrecks of comparatively modern times were found even in the Haarlem Lake with coins and small metal articles on board.

But when you turn a sea into dry land is it immediately habitable? Will not all the Zuyderland population die off of malaria?

With respect to the results of the reclamation from a hygienic point of view, the following remarks may be made on the basis of the observations of the State Commission on the subject:

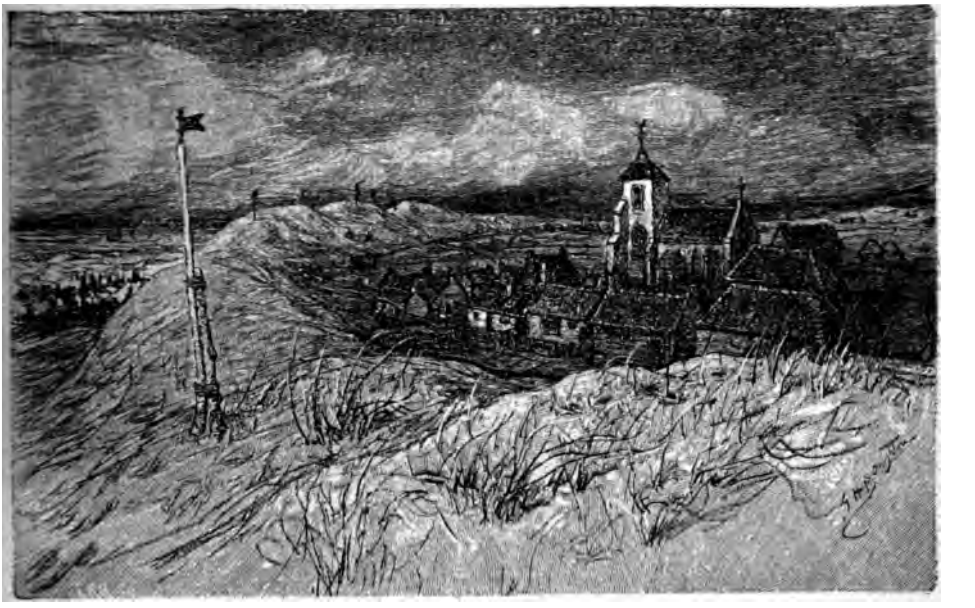
During the process of reclaiming, the drying marshy soil may bring about the development of malarial diseases. The same will be the case in the first few years after the reclamation, during the subdivision and preparation of the ground. The workmen employed in these occupations will be exposed to malarial influences.

The manner in which the work will be carried on will, however, greatly influence the hygienic conditions under which the workmen are placed. By arranging the reclamation in successive, and not too large areas, and shortening as much as possible the marshy stage, furthermore, by making the water-level sink as quickly as possible and so far as is practicable by keeping it at an equal height, we have it in our power to shorten the malaria period. Besides, we are now better equipped against malaria, both preventively and curatively, than formerly.

The probability that malarial sickness would spread to any considerable distance from the place of its origin is very slight. The possibility of being attacked by malaria will remain confined to the reclaimed polders themselves, and their nearest neighbourhood along the shore of the Zuyder Zee. When once, however, the dangerous period is passed, the condition of the coast lands may be considered as most probably more favourable to health than it is now.

The question may be asked if the transition from salt to fresh water will have no injurious results for the inhabitants of the coast.

Experience teaches us in general that lower organisms no longer exist



A DUTCH VILLAGE BEHIND THE DIKES.

when conveyed from salt to fresh water. The death of such organisms on a large scale would lead to decay and, therefore, to the formation of malodorous matter, especially when the water is stagnant and higher temperature favours the process of decay.

Probably we may conclude that the Zuyder Zee offers the conditions of giving the lower organisms the opportunity of gradually changing their habitat according as the half-fresh water takes the place of the brackish or salt water.

The men who have the matter in hand declare that the moment the great dam is built land communication will be facilitated, as the opportunity will be afforded for making a road along the enclosure dyke, as also for a direct railway communication between Friesland and North Holland.

There will be a space for the railway on the berm or bank at foot of the slope of the enclosure dyke, and as by this means the expenditure for expropriation and for constructing an embankment will be saved, it will be constructed at considerably less expense than other railways.

It clearly appears from the above that the enclosing of the Zuyder Zee, as it is now planned, will bring about considerable alterations in the conditions of the surrounding districts, that is to say, of no less than five provinces, alterations so wide and comprehensive as have never been made by any public works that have been carried out in Europe.

It is as if Lake Michigan or Lake Erie were to be pumped dry, and the fundament of each converted into a new State, only—and this is the cardinal difference—neither of these is salt water as directly connected with the ocean as is the Gulf of Mexico.

The summit of the dykes of this reclaimed land will be about seven feet above high-water-mark at Amsterdam. On account of the considerable difference in the level of

the bottom, it is desirable to divide each portion which is to be reclaimed into separate parts and to pump out the water of each part separately. The canals of the different polder divisions will communicate with each other by locks.

For pumping out the two polders eight steam pumps altogether have been arranged for, with an aggregate of 4,330 horse-power, including the reserve.

The reclaimed ground is to be subdivided in such a manner as to allow of ample provision being made for drainage, and also the fullest facilities for bringing in and carrying away agricultural requirements and produce by land and water.

On the whole, no pains have been spared to make the great project as perfectly planned (as it will doubtless be as perfectly executed) as modern human ingenuity will admit of.

Yet it remains to add, as may be said of any great public scheme, that it is privately viewed with mixed feelings. In my excursions about Zuyder Zee I ran across an old fisherman at Marken sitting beside a boat, mending his nets. His grandchildren, the eldest of whom could not have been more than eight, played about him in their clumsy wooden shoes.

"Well, Oom," I ventured to say, "so they're going to take the sea away from you?"

He looked up gravely for a second, and then bent his head.

"Ya, mynheer, it is true—it is wonderful. I have been a sailor hereabouts for sixty years, and my father and grandfather and great-grandfather were sailors before me. I got to love the old sea in my youth, and should have been glad if they'd have waited until I was out o' the way before they began to tamper with Zuyder Zee. But I'll be gone when the work's done. My boy, the father of these younkers here, lies drowned in the middle of it. Like as not, I tell 'em, they'll come upon his bones when all the fisherfolk have turned farmers, and they sow corn and beans where the boats' anchors used to drag."

At the completion of this great work, continues Mr. Wellman, the state will find itself in possession of 478,720 acres of cultivable land, recovered from the sea at a cost of $211 an acre. The commission which patiently investigated this and all other phases of the project, estimated that the new lands would have a renting value of $10 an acre; and this is claimed to be a low figure, since land in other polders, no better than this, brings rentals of from $14 to $18 an acre. It is proposed, however, to lease all the new area at 4 1-2 per cent. upon its cost, which would be $9.50 an acre, and this income, it will be readily seen, would suffice to pay the interest charge of 3 or 3 1-2 per cent. upon the bonds and leave enough over for a sinking fund. It is believed the whole tract will be taken up by farmers as fast as it is ready, as the average quantity of the land to be placed upon the market each year is only about 14,000 acres. The experience with other lands in the Netherlands reclaimed from the sea has been that they produce large crops without the use of artificial fertilizers. The lessees will be required to make their own improvements, but they will have the advantage of water transportation from farm to market for all their products, since it is proposed to intersect the polders with canals and navigable ditches which will touch the borders of every farm.

Where now the Zuyder Zee basks calmly in the sun or beats up salt billows as the fit seizes it, they propose to have in their four polders eight parishes, forty villages, 4,000

farms, and 200,000 dwellers, of whom 40,000 will be working-men. That is ten working-men to each farm, and each farm to consist of only one hundred and twenty acres —one man to each twelve-acre lot. In the Western world this would be thought a most extravagant allotment of labour, but it must be remembered that in Holland they have intensive farming—they nurse and cull their fields as a flower gardener his violet beds.

When this greatest of all sea-expelling projects shall have been completed, visitors to Holland will be able to travel about the shores of the present Zuyder Zee, upon the crests of two hundred and twenty-three miles of dikes, inclusive of both the great sea wall and the polder-enclosing embankments. Walking or riding across the former they will have the North Sea on one side, with its waves and tides; and if they chance to be there during a heavy storm, they will see spray flying over the waggon road and railway, and the mighty waves beating in vain against the artificial barrier which man has so patiently erected. When they look to the north they will see the boiling salt water rising within eight feet of the top of the bank whereon they stand; but when they turn to the southern side they will behold a comparatively placid body of fresh water whose level is eighteen feet lower. Notwithstanding this difference between the surfaces of the two seas, despite the force and fury of the expelled one, often with ice in its arms to be used as a battering-ram in mad efforts to regain its lost domain, the Dutch are calmly confident the rampart will stand the test for ever and a day.

The visitor who takes a walk upon the top of the two hundred miles of interior dikes will look down at the waters of the Yssel Lake, only ten feet below. But on the landward side he will see farms, crops, houses, churches, canals, and ditches, men and women busy in the fields, from twenty to thirty-two feet below his standing-place. The chimneys of the farm-houses and the tops of the tall stacks of grain will be on a level with the surface of the lake the other side of the wall. Ships sailing that sheet of water will afford their passengers a most excellent panoramic view of the country, spread far beneath and beyond the artificial banks. This topsy-turvyness is characteristic of Dutchland; for there they do not "go down to the sea in ships," but climb hills when they wish to embark, and descend them again when they have finished their sailing over the elevated plateaus of water. Thus we see how a new Holland will arise out of the ocean.

THE DORDRECHT FIRE DEPARTMENT.

TYPES OF CANADIAN WOMEN.*

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS LOUISE
(DUCHESS OF ARGYLL), V.A., C.I., R.R.C.

ITS treatment of its women is a good criterion of the civilization of any people. In inferior grades of civilization woman is either a doll or a drudge; in the higher grades she is the equal and helpmate of man. Judged by this standard, Canada will take very high rank among the nations. We are *not* aware of any such tribute being paid to the women of any race as is here rendered the women of Canada in Mr. Morgan's magnificent volume. Mr. Morgan confesses that he has been sustained in his prolonged labours in its preparation chiefly by the contagion of the current of the age, "the urgency of one of its most vital movements, the

* "Types of Canadian Women and of Women Who Are or Have Been Connected with Canada." Edited by Henry James Morgan, LL.D., F.R.S.N.A. Vol. I. Toronto: William Briggs. Octavo. Pp. x-382. Price, $5.00 net.

MRS. W. E. SANFORD.

eration of women from old tram-
ls, educational and material."
n Canada," he says, "where the
tus of women had always been
;h, the needed changes were
ught to pass with less acrimony
ın elsewhere, and were furthered
the chivalrous generosity both
our men of learning and our men
wealth."

It is pleasant to recognize in this
ok prominent types of the two
es which were once arrayed in
idly conflict against each other,
t now dwell in cordial amity be-
ath the protecting folds of the red-cross flag, which is always and everywhere the symbol of law and order and liberty. The portraits of about five hundred notable daughters of Canada are given, with brief biographical notices. The excellence of the half-tones and admirable printing of the volume reflect special credit on the publisher, as well as the author and-editor of this book. We quote, as follows, a few paragraphs from Mr. Morgan's admirable introduction:

"The 'Types' included in this work are mainly of two races, of two orders of civilization, two great

systems of belief and worship. They represent three centuries, and many marked contrasts of fashion and convention. They are of every class, from royalty to that of the bourgeoisie and the ranks of industry. Among them are women worthy to be called saints—those "Servantes de Dieu en Canada" (as one writer happily entitles them), who for the love of God and the salvation of souls, the relief of the poor and suffering, and the help of strained toilers, gave up luxurious homes and the attractions of a refined society. Some of them taught the wild children of the forest; others undertook even menial offices, and all of them exposed themselves to hazards that made even brave men shudder to think of.

"Of another character, though of the same proud stock, were those in whose conscious veins throbbed the blood of soldiers, and who, in the hour of trial, shrank not from the soldier's peril. To all these lady pioneers fell the task of perpetuating in the wilderness the graces and amenities of polite society, to be models of good behaviour, to inculcate a sense of honour, and keep alive the torch of the household virtues. When the old order changed, the old manners and morals, thanks to these good ladies, and those who followed in their footsteps, remained with us. Lady pioneers of the new stock brought with them, indeed, some lofty qualities of their own. Some of them had sacrificed much for the sake of principle, and then taught their children to be brave and true and loyal. Sons of both races, worthy of such mothers, fought shoulder to shoulder for their common home against a common foe. They went forth thrice-armed, because their quarrel was just, and did credit to their gentle teachers. And as our heritage broadened out till it touched the ocean on either hand, and new pioneers went forth to guard new frontiers and new hearths, they caught and handed on the old traditions, so that when not long ago such a summons came as had never sounded before, Old Canada and New Canada, true to the lessons they had learned at their mothers' knees, went forth to fight, or, if necessary, to die, for a cause, a principle. The women of Canada knew their duty then, and did it, each in her own sphere. Some went with the volunteers to nurse, to teach, to pray. Those who went not in fleshly guise went in spirit. For it was the battle of Greater Britain—of that over-sea Empire—which their prayers, their lessons, their nursing had helped to create.

"While the majority of the ladies in these 'Types' may be classed as Canadians by birth, to whatever original stock they may belong by inheritance, there are others who represent the old lands as well as Canada. Some of these are, or were, the wives of governors, or other high functionaries, whose names have become as household words to all Canadians. Others, born in Canada, have become connected by marriage with illustrious British or foreign families. Still others, born and married in Canada to Canadian husbands, have through the succession or elevation of the latter to peerages, or other high positions, gone to live abroad. Of women who, by exceptional gifts and labours, have won honour in their own and other lands, the number is so large that the writer sometimes found the choice of types perplexing. Every sphere of beneficent activity may be said to be exemplified in these pages. Religion, philanthropy, society, art, letters, science are all illustrated."

In the distinguished company which Mr. Morgan has gathered in

MRS. CLIFFORD SIFTON.

this sumptuous volume are "Honourable" and "Right Honourable" women not a few, titled ladies of many ranks, baronnes and baronesses, French, German, and Austrian, as the Baroness Von Ende, Baroness Frankenburg, Baroness Von Friesen; at least one princess, the Princess Salm-Salm of Prussia, and many others of high degree.

Of still higher distinction, we judge, are those who have made name and fame for themselves in literature and art. Among these we have the names of Mrs. Sara Jeanette Cotes, Miss A. M. Machar, Miss Lillian Dougall, Mrs. May Agnes Fleming, Miss M. Saunders, Miss L. Durand, Miss Joanna Wood, the ladies who veil their personalities under the names of "Kit," "Lally Bernard," and others. Mrs. Dignam represents the fine arts, and Madame Albani, Miss Clara Morris, and many others have won distinction on the stage.

It is interesting to note how widely dispersed throughout the British Empire and the world has been the influence of many of the fair daughters of Canada. Many have married into ancient English

families and dispensed a gracious hospitality in some of the stateliest manor-houses of the homeland, or occupied official positions in the great colonial dependencies. For instance, Lady Jackson, of Newfoundland, is the wife of the Governor of

guished missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was the first lady physician in China, was decorated with the order of the double dragon in recognition of her services, and now lives at Tien-Tsin, in that country.

MRS. LILLIAN MASSEY TREBLE.

Fiji, the Baroness Von Ende died in Florence, and Lady Dorchester at Genoa; Mrs. Tudor, wife of Major Tudor, of the Royal Engineers, lives at Hong Kong; another of Canada's daughters is domiciled in Persia. Dr. L. Howard King, a distin-

Through the courtesy of Mr. Morgan, we are enabled to present portraits of some of these distinguished Canadians, beginning with that gracious lady, the Princess Louise, who adopted Canada as her home, and whose lasting interest in

the Dominion endears her to all our hearts. As a painter and sculptor, Her Royal Highness was the means of having established the Royal Canadian Academy of Art. One of her works as a sculptor is the statue of her royal mother, erected in front of the Royal Victoria College, Montreal.

Mrs. W. E. Sanford, of Wesanford, Hamilton, has rendered important service to Canada at the heart of the Empire, notably so on the occasion of the death of the Canadian Premier, Sir John Thompson. Sir John had been the guest of Senator and Mrs. Sanford when his death occurred. Mrs. Sanford and daughters appear in Mr. Bell-Smith's famous painting of Queen Victoria placing a wreath on the coffin of Sir John Thompson. Mrs. Sanford has taken an active interest in the National Council of Women, and was instrumental in forming a similar council in Italy. She is "a lady of culture and dignity, whose genial and refined spirit makes the home delightful, and whose open-handed charity is a proverb in the city in which she lives." Mrs. Sanford has long dispensed a graceful hospitality; at her table we have met distinguished guests from the homeland. An act of her kindly and graceful courtesy was shown during the meeting of the General Conference in Hamilton, when the entire Conference was entertained, in sections, at dinners given in their honour. Mrs. Sanford and her daughters maintain in memory of her husband, Senator Sanford, the convalescent home, Elsinore, Burlington Beach. One of her daughters married Captain (now Major) Tudor, and resides at Hong Kong. We have a personal interest in this accomplished lady, whose portrait we present, from the fact that she was one of the most brilliant students in a large class, whom we had the pleasure of instructing in classics and mathematics, at Hamilton Ladies' College.

Mrs. Clifford Sifton was born in the city of Ottawa. She, in 1884, married Mr. Clifford Sifton, then a young lawyer, who afterwards entered politics, became Attorney-General, and subsequently acting Premier of Manitoba, and who since 1896 has been the successful Minister of the Interior and Superintendent General of Indian affairs. Mrs. Sifton, when living in Brandon, founded and presided over the W. C. T. U. in that town. She was also president of the Women's Hospital Aid Society, and of the Women's Society formed in connection with the Methodist Church. Since removing to Ottawa, she has presided over similar bodies in that city, and is warmly interested in the National Council of Women, and in Lady Minto's several generous undertakings. Mrs. Sifton is one of the most popular and highly esteemed hostesses in Ottawa.

The generous benefactions of the Massey family have made their names a household word throughout Canada. "Mrs. Massey-Treble," says Mr. Morgan, "has inherited a large share of her father's energy and ability, and her natural gifts have been perfected by the most thorough education and culture which the country could afford, completed by wide experience of the best social life and foreign travel. The heir of large estates, she has made philanthropic work the ambition of her life." Instead of sinking into a mere society woman, she devotes herself, with wise and tactful effort, to manifold schemes for the betterment and uplifting of the people. She is intimately identified with the Fred Victor Mission and Deaconess work in our city. "She speedily appreciated the fact," continues Mr. Morgan, "that if permanent good

LADY SCHULTZ.

was to be accomplished, the home-life of the masses must be improved, and for this purpose the girls must be furnished with higher ideals than could be had in their own wretched tenements. Hence came classes in domestic science connected with the mission work. These led up to wider ideas for the uplifting of the home life of the whole country, calling for teachers for our Public and High Schools, and supplying these through a Normal Training School. This led to the founding of the Lillian Massey School of Household Science and Art. Finally, the influence of her work has reached the University of Toronto, resulting in a curriculum in household science which offers the most perfect literary, scientific, and practical education for women in women's sphere of life, *i.e.*, the home, that can be found in any country. Mrs. Treble has also founded similar work in the University of Manitoba, and in several ladies' colleges." The splendid new organ installed in the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, at a cost of $20,000, is the joint gift of Mrs. Massey-Treble and her brother, Mr. Chester D. Massey. It is only

many instances of munioɔnations to the Methodist Mrs. Massey gives freely, her money, but what is ore valuable, herself, with ıghtful study, her remarkcutive ability in carrying ɔeneficent purposes.

Schultz is a noble type of ı womanhood. Her chief t honourable distinction was ly devotion to her husband, ı Schultz, during the storm ss of the Red River Rebel1869-70. When he was arnd imprisoned by Riel she eroic endeavours for the and release of her husband compatriots, which were ly crowned with success. It ing that subsequently she as mistress of the Governɔuse, Winnipeg, during her 's regime, share the honours bestowed on that patriotic n. Here she entertained and Countess of Derby, the d Countess of Aberdeen. rict prohibitionists," says :gan, "Sir John and Lady would not allow the use of r liquors at their table, efore or after they entered ernment House. Devoted h and charitable work, Lady has taken an active interest Hospital Aid Society, the ı's Home, the Women's y, and other kindred organ- with which she was, and is, connected." To her husring his prolonged invalidding to his untimely death. through his sufferings the Riel Rebellion, and es- his long journey of four miles through the wilder.dy Schultz was unwearying wifely devotion. She has erected a beautiful window to his memory in the Holy Trinity Church, Winnipeg.

Mr. Morgan makes the following wise suggestion: "In expressing a hope that my earnest investigations, which have at least yielded a harvest from which both historian and private student may find what they seek elsewhere in vain, may to others be as beneficial as to me (in spite of drawbacks) they have been pleasant, I trust it may not be presumptuous in me to make a suggestion to those in high authority. It seems to me (and I am sure to others) that the time has come when some fitting decoration should be instituted by which the worth of the women of England's Colonial Empire might obtain timely recognition at the Fountain of Honour. To the men of the Colonies many rewards are open. Some of them have won imperial honours which the old lands envy them. Many more have received the acknowledgment especially designed for the higher services of colonists. The author would be proud, indeed, and happy, if, by the acceptance of his suggestion, his book should be associated with the honouring, not of his fellow countrywomen only, but of all the higher types of women in all the Colonies."

There is, we believe, such an order in India by which recognition is given to distinguished merit in women of both native and European birth. Why should there not be an order of the Empire in which might be enrolled the names of distinguished women of its many far-flung colonies and dependencies? It would be another link in the golden chain that binds the ends of the earth together, and would do much to foster the imperialistic unity that is making itself so widely felt.

INSIDE THE WALLS.

A SKETCH OF THE DAILY LIFE AT THE ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE, WHITBY.

BY MABEL BURKHOLDER.

REV. J. J. HARE, PH.D.,
Principal of the Ontario Ladies' College.

WHITBY—the very name recalls pleasant memories of a quiet town, enthroned like the eternal Mother of Cities upon her several hills, and guarded on every side by fruitful slopes. Near enough to Toronto to enjoy many of the educational advantages of that progressive city, and yet escape the annoyances of its busy, hurrying life, this peaceful town impresses one as being delightfully and wholesomely rural. And all the glory and pride and life of Whitby is wrapped about its justly celebrated college for young ladies. Situated a mile and a half from the shores of Lake Ontario, on one of the most commanding eminences of the town, discernible for miles around the countryside, this building is the most striking object that meets the

ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE, WHITBY.

MAIN CORRIDOR LOOKING TOWARD MAIN STAIRWAY.

visitor's eye. By day, its many-windowed walls, its towers and turrets, catch the sunlight at a thousand points; while at night the broad circle of twinkling lights makes one imagine that once more "fair Ariadne's crown out of the sky hath fallen down."

When Squire Reynolds came to Canada in the early fifties he exhibited rare good taste in selecting this exact site for his own palatial residence. The building was completed in 1859, and, from its resemblance to a certain ancient Elizabethan structure in the Old Land, was named Trafalgar Castle. Its elegant carvings, lofty ceilings, extensive drawing-rooms, halls, and stairways, its gorgeous stained windows proudly emblazoned with the coat of arms of Reynolds, still serve as a reminder of the long-departed master of Trafalgar Castle.

In accordance with ancient notions of architecture, the castle has a secret chamber, a sunless, cheerless little dungeon, where man may scarcely stand without stooping, so cleverly inserted between two floors as to be practically undiscoverable; and it has also its secret passage running across the building under the floors of the upper story. That there was a mysterious underground passage direct to the lake nearly two miles distant, was a long-cherished, but finally exploded, rumour. Squire Reynolds doubtless thought, like the character described by the Psalmist, that his name should be continued as long as the sun, but alas for the frailty of human hopes! The man who had laid out his fortune for building found that he had little left with which to maintain the princely establishment. It was not long before N. G. Reynolds, Esq., was forced to hide in his own secret chamber from his creditors.

The estate was sold to an enterprising company of gentlemen who had conceived the idea of turning

MAIN CORRIDOR LOOKING TOWARD WEST DOOR.

it into a college for the higher education of young women. Wings were added to the main building as soon as the increasing attendance made their erection expedient; first the Ryerson Halls extended from the main building leftward, and of still more recent erection is the beautiful Frances Hall, extending out for many rods to the right.

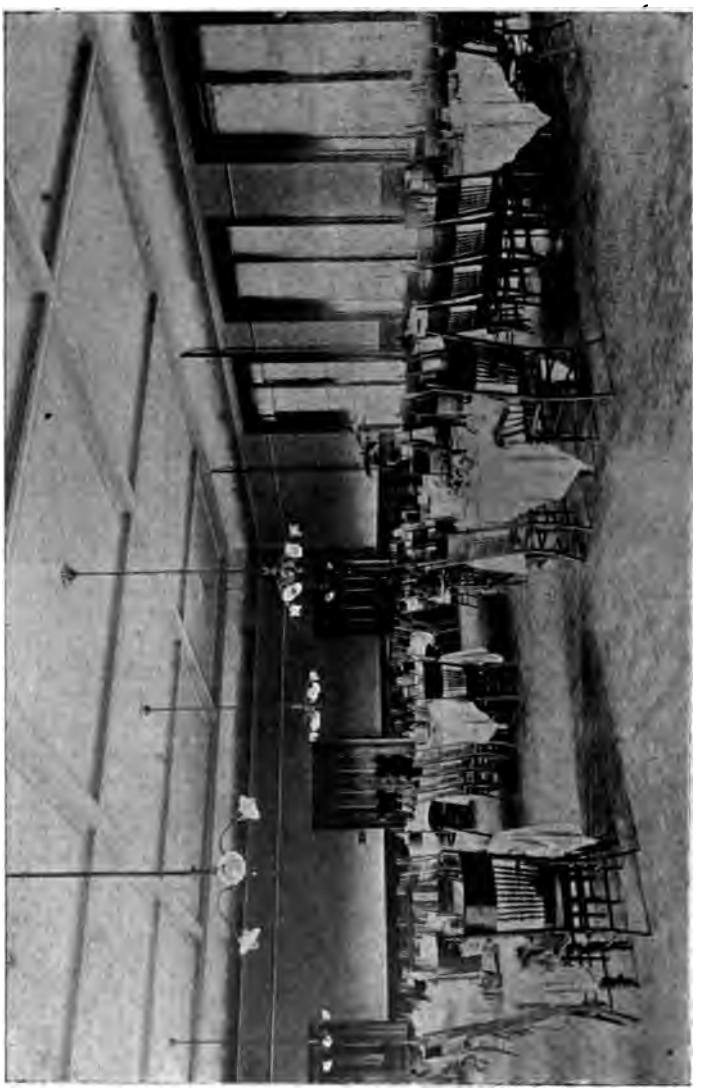
Since 1874 the institution has been under the able direction of the Rev. Dr. Hare, who has seen the work grow to such proportions as to command attention from the entire continent, for it is simply the truth to state that pupils come from California and Vancouver, from Mexico and the Bahamas, passing on their way scores of similar institutions which are using every inducement to increase their own attendance.

The small and the tall, the strong and the delicate, the self-reliant and the timid, they all arrive with many secret misgivings concerning their future life among so many strangers and so far from home. Once inside the door, the problem begins to solve itself. A teacher kindly clasps the stranger's hand and shows each her own room. The students then do their part, and many and varied are the ways of showing hospitality. They have a rule that the new pupils must stay in their own rooms on the first Friday night after their arrival, when the old students call on them in merry delegations of threes, fours, or fives. The following Friday the new girls visit the old students. It is said that the sociability which reigns during these "calls" is calculated to wear off any last traces of shyness which remain. They have a language of knocks on walls between rooms which is most perplexing to the uninitiated. The simplest of these signify, "I am alone," "Come in," "I have got a treat," etc.

At stated times the principal, or some one in authority, invites the

entire class into the concert-hall for "Oysters." The more expectant bring spoons, but it soon becomes apparent that no old girl is so armed.

studies; sometimes the young ladies take tea with their friends up town, and always the drawing-rooms are thrown open, where the students



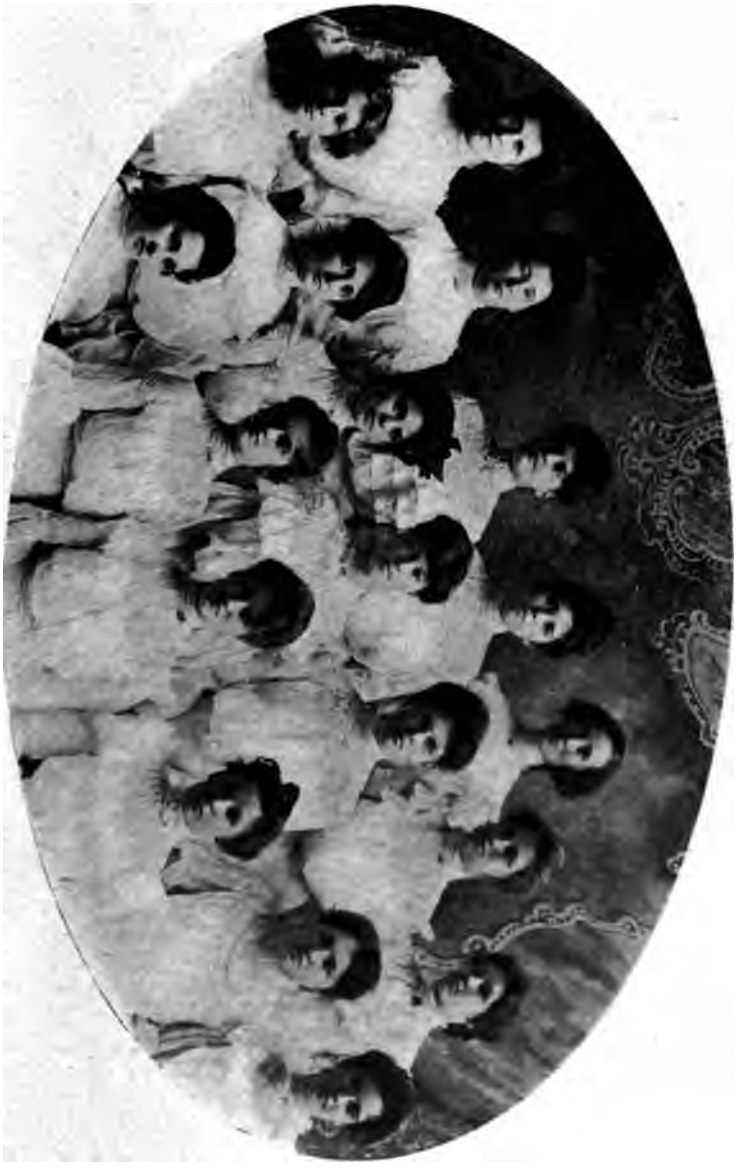
DINING-ROOM.

"Oysters" turns out to be little lectures on deportment and what-not-to-do's, which, although wholesome, may be eaten without spoons. Friday night always brings its *special* features and exemption from

may learn to receive, entertain, and make their adieux in proper style.

The home-like atmosphere is very apparent everywhere. One might imagine the young ladies all members of one immense family, so pro-

minent is the feeling of genial good-will. Teachers and students are one, sitting down to the same tables, and enjoying the same social



GRADUATING CLASS, 1903.

life. Each student's room, while provided with light, heat, and the necessary furniture, may be decorated to its occupant's taste, and many of the young ladies contrive to throw a great deal of character into their surroundings.

A typical room will contain a quantity of interesting pictures, snapshots from their own cameras, magazine fronts, and their favourite Gibsons and Learneds. They will

STUDENT'S ROOM.

also be adorned with tennis racquets, golf sticks, flags, and heaps of comfortable looking cushions worked in queer designs, a great favourite being the top on which is traced the names of all the students for the year. The best of all is that the mistresses of these charming apartments dispense such a lavish hospitality that no one has cause to complain of that cramped feeling which is apt to result from living in one room. The care of sick or delicate pupils is as motherly as it is skilful. A teacher makes constant rounds through the apartments, advises, and summons medical aid if necessary, while a nurse is constantly employed in the building. But, fortunately, the surroundings are so healthful, and the outdoor exercises so varied, that there are few cases of serious illness among students.

From the fact that there are ninety-eight acres of land in connection with the institution, it is not surprising that outdoor sports are a special feature of college life. Excellent opportunity for tennis, basket-ball, and croquet playing is afforded on the extensive lawn in front of the building, and some one is always kind enough to teach new students who care to learn. Twice a year Whitby Tennis Team contend for the "trophy" with the young ladies of Victoria University. The trophy is now in the possession of the Ontario Ladies' College.

All the haunts in and about the town are familiar to those who are fond of walking; while the lake shore is the scene of many a picnic, students sometimes being allowed to take their lunch along and play gipsy for the day. But of all merry revels Apple Day is said to be the gayest. In the orchard belonging to the college there ripens, when the year is good, a great variety of tempting fruit, to which, in due

STUDENT'S ROOM.

season, the students are allowed access. Apple Day comes just before the picking of the late winter varieties, and the girls one and all are let loose among the trees with permission to carry off as much booty as they can. One runs hither with a pillow-case, another darting thither in search of choicer fruit carries a laundry-bag, in another corner one sees a cloak spread upon the grass with its four knotted corners humbly doing duty as a receptacle. What care these aggressive young Amazons so long as they bear off a goodly quantity of their shiny, red-cheeked, unresisting captives?

But winter comes with its frost and cold. The orchard is a wilderness of snow; the lawns are buried in ice. But Whitby College girls laugh at winter, conquer it, and compel it to contribute to, instead of detract from, their enjoyments. Naturally the preference is given to amusements that may be carried on inside.

The musically inclined organize a musical club, the art students form an art club, the aim of which is to interest the members in the lives and works of master painters. The literary society has also a large attendance; at their first meeting is chosen the editorial staff of the "Vox," a highly amusing and entertaining little journal published monthly throughout the collegiate year, and expressing very definitely the spirit of college life. At the close of the year, the juniors give a supper to the seniors, at which toasts are given, and the class prophecy and class history are read. The annual drive and visit to the photograph gallery results in the class picture.

Each succeeding class of graduates tries to leave its distinctive mark about the building. One year saw the planting of a flourishing

pear-tree, another was marked by the setting out of several slips of Boston ivy.

On the ground floor of Frances Hall are situated two large apartments, namely, the dining-room and concert-hall. The former, which is light and cheery, is capable of containing a great many tables, each of which may seat a dozen persons. Over the head of each table a teacher presides; the young ladies serve different dishes in turn, and thus pick up, in a pleasant way, many useful points of etiquette. The doors between the dining-room and the concert-hall may be opened upon special occasions, forming a very spacious auditorium.

Let it not be inferred from the foregoing paragraphs that life at the college is a mere round of sports and amusements. It is the happy combination of work and play that produces the enviable results. All morning long the students are as busy as bees in their various departments, and again in the evening from seven until nine, the vacant halls are emptied of the laughing, chattering groups, for this is the hour when books are opened upon

THE GRAND STAIRWAY.

tables, and when piano notes, below, and everywhere, prove ımber of aspiring musicians. : courses of study are very in their scope, and the founda- or future culture is laid firm eep. It is just in this respect resident college excels a day- . Instead of being obliged m a brain full of facts in view impending examination, these ıts are acquiring gradually, ntly and thoroughly a train- ıat fits them for any sphere vhich womanhood is likely to led. They are not only told hings ought to be done; they em. They are not only in- d how cultured people should hey live daily under the most ıg influences. They are con- y in touch with the best . They hear the orators and ians of the large cities. ve all they are constantly a wholesome religious influ- It is superfluous to add that ible is taught as broadly as branches, no attempt being to interfere with a student's or denominational beliefs. interesting events mark Sun- one is the sight of over one ed young ladies walking by from college to church. The is the receiving by every ıt of a slice of bread and butter the regular supper, which is on Sundays. The sight of a ed and twenty girls scurrying away to their rooms with their prize is said to never lose its interest.

"All things must die," says Tennyson; and nothing can be more apparent than that mournful truth. College days, sharing the mortality of things earthly, must one by one glide into the misty past. Students must part, and relentless trains and boats, after their flinty manner the world over, must carry long-knitted friends to remote distances. "Nothing will die," exclaims the poet exultantly a moment later, and again, and this time gladly, we admit the force of the truism. Above all, influences cannot die. They follow us like invisible guardians to the end. And here is seen the most widespread result of the work of the Ontario Ladies' College. Can a student from some remote settlement ever go back to her former life without exerting a compelling influence in her community? Can a soul filled with the love of the beautiful live under the inspiration of the great masters, and then relapse into ignorant indifference? Can hundreds of healthy, cultured, thoughtful young women inhabit the borders of our land without raising its whole moral tone? In the near future when our Canadian literature and art shall have come into their own, a finger will point to the hoary pile that crowns the loftiest eminence of Whitby Town, and its voice will say, "Canada has no nobler mother of education than this."

BETHLEHEM.

BY MARIA ELMENDORF LILLIE.

'as the kingly little town ;
: are our human hearts, O Lord !
hlehem the Child came down ;
end, Incarnate Word !

was the city, few awake ;
d are our hearts and dull, O Lord !
ger laid He for our sake ;
e Thyself room, *great God !*

And Bethlehem held pilgrim feet ;
Tired with the way our hearts, O Lord !
On Mary's breast slept Babe most sweet ;
Saviour, Thy rest afford !

O star and host, shine on and sing !
Our hearts Thy Bethlehems, Lord,
Small cities to receive the King,
Jehovah, mighty God.

THE PLACE OF RELIGION IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOL.

BY JOHN MILLAR, B.A.,

Deputy Minister of Education for Ontario.

THE subject of this paper has often been discussed. The question of religion in the school has many acrimonious associations. More than once in this Province it has given rise to bitter feelings. Too often it has become an important issue in political contests. In England, the subject of religious education, in view of recent legislation, has put many parts of the country in a ferment, and even aroused the spirit of Hampden. In France the question brings up the name of Jules Ferry, and the strife that arose some thirty years ago as a consequence of his administration of educational affairs. In the United States, the experience of New York in the seventies, and Wisconsin of a later date, shows the difficulty of disposing of an important matter without arousing animosities. Germany is perhaps the only great nation that has made religion—Lutheran or Roman Catholic—a part of its school programme. The experience of Germany is not, however, very encouraging. It is not too much to infer that when the science of education is better understood, there may be less difficulty in considering the question on its merits. Several religious denominations in Ontario have more than once urged the propriety of adopting the Bible as a text-book in our schools. Their purposes are good, and their proposals should be carefully considered. A clear understanding regarding the function of the school is desirable.

There is a sense in which religion can have no place in the public school without presenting very serious practical difficulties. There is, however, a sense in which religion may be given a place that will meet with general approval. As religion is something that should be observed in all the actions of life, it is hard to see how it can be excluded from the school, any more than from the farm, the shop, the office, and the legislative halls. The problem, as often discussed, is whether religion may be taught in such a way as to meet with the approval of different denominations. The pedagogical problem, which should first be solved, is whether the teacher must give religious instruction in order to make moral training effective. Unfortunately, many persons ignore the pedagogical problem, and assume that the person who instructs in grammar, and in morals, must also instruct in religion. The science of education, so far as I have read the subject, does not sustain the position that the teacher must give instruction in religion in order to train children morally. I have also failed to find that the ablest teachers, whose practical knowledge should be valuable, hold a different view.

On the question of the place of religion in the school, conflicting views are held by the general public. A few persons contend that a position of neutrality respecting religion is the only safe one to be taken where there is a mixed population. A small number of this class would not only oppose religious instruction, but expect the teacher to adopt a neutral attitude

as to the value of religion. It is not too much to say, however, that a system of secular schools, which leaves the value of religion an open question, would meet with little favour. It will certainly not satisfy those who hold that religious motives are essential to moral training. The mere abolition of religious exercises does not prevent, and cannot prevent, the reference to religion that comes up in giving effective instruction in literature, in history, and in science. To exclude religion from the school is impossible. A neutral attitude on the value of religion is practically out of the question. The so-called neutral position would be a surrender and capitulation to an element in society certainly not the most praiseworthy.

There is a second class of persons who go towards the other extreme. They believe that morality cannot be taught effectively unless lessons in religion are given by the teacher. Some go so far as to urge that instruction in the Bible, in the catechism, or in the common dogmas of all the Churches, should have a place in the programme. Opinions of this kind give rise to separate or parochial schools, as well as denominational colleges. Unanimity on the question of religious instruction is not essential to national greatness, or to educational progress. Much may be said in favour of some variety, rather than uniformity, in social, political, and educational agencies. Persons who favour private schools, as well as those who believe in separate or denominational schools, should have some freedom respecting courses of study and management of these institutions. My arguments are for those who favour undenominational education.

The Public Schools of Ontario have been established with the understanding that they will meet the requirements of the various religious denominations. Those who believe in the principles upon which they are conducted, generally hold that moral training in school requires religious sanctions, but not religious instruction. This view not only prevails in this country and in the United States, but it is steadily gaining ground in England. The growth of a spirit of union and tolerance has lessened the demand for dogmatic instruction in religion, while it has not lessened the importance that should be attached to Christianity. No denomination can claim exclusive possession of those principles that are essential to morality. Good citizens are found among both Roman Catholics and Protestants. Neither moral worth nor material prosperity is dependent on a belief in the special tenets of any one sect. Religious instruction, even when given in the schools, is no guarantee that young people will grow up free from sin and crime. Children have turned out bad through defective discipline that had every advantage from religious instruction in their homes, in the Church, and in the school. Apart from the question by whom religious instruction should be given, it can never make up for defects in the other factors that are essential to the development of character.

Intelligent people are fairly well agreed as to the leading principles of Christianity upon which morality is based. Every civilized nation has assumed in its legal enactments, and in its administration of justice, the omnipotence of God. The civil oath exacted in our courts shows the character of the national will. It recognizes that religion is a quickener of the individual conscience, and that the belief in moral responsibility is firmly established in the human heart. On these grounds, the use of religion, but not neces-

sarily religious instruction, has its place in every well-conducted public school. It is the duty of the teacher to employ, for purposes of discipline, those motives and incentives which human nature possesses as its divine attributes. The State admits religion to be the essential basis of morality, but this admission does not foster the special views of any sect. For the purposes of the school, the value of religion may be assumed, without an examination of its principles. A prominent educationalist, the late Dr. White, says, "You might as well say that we shall not use the sunlight, unless we teach the chemistry of it; that we shall not breathe air unless we analyze it in the schools, as to say that you cannot use religious sanctions unless you use the dogmatic definitions of religion."

The aim of the school is to train children to become good citizens. The advocates of religious instruction often say that the parent has an inalienable right to decide how his child shall be educated. Doubtless he has certain rights, as well as duties, regarding the religious, moral, intellectual, and physical training of his children. If the State decides to confine its efforts to what will assist the parent to train his children morally and intellectually, their religious wants must still receive the attention of the parent. His religious obligation is not removed if the State in its wisdom should regard religion as a matter that should be left to the parent or the Church. The aim of the Public School is to develop character, and religion is simply an instrument to be used for the purpose only so far as necessary. If religion were to be added to the subjects of the Public School curriculum, it is evident from its transcending importance it should receive greater recognition on the time-table than any other subject. Just as soon as the necessity of religious instruction in creeds or dogmas is admitted, the establishment of denominational schools, instead of national schools, is the logical outcome.

I believe it will be acknowledged that morality is not confined to the teaching of any one religious body, and that those who do wrong have not lived up to the doctrines of their Church. There are certain leading principles held by all denominations. The belief in a personal God, the dependence of man on his Maker, the immortality of the soul, and the accountability of every intelligent person to the Supreme Being, are recognized principles of every good kind of ethical teaching. Reverence for authority is a necessary condition of obedience to law, and this implies a reverence for and a belief in the Source of all law. Every good disciplinarian is required to assume all the essential principles of Christianity. I have never known a teacher who felt that his power in character-building was weak because he was prohibited from giving instruction in religion: indeed, the teacher in a good Church School promotes moral training exactly in the same way as the teacher in a good Public School. Will any one contend that the moral character of pupils taught in sectarian schools is superior to that of those trained in our Public Schools? The population that reaches this continent from Europe, where education is denominational, does not show more obedience to law than the people trained in our national schools. I have been told by English educationalists that the moral tone of boys in Canada is, on the average, better than in the Old Country.

After all, the efficiency of national schools, when properly supported, is the crowning evidence of the soundness of the principles upon which they have been estab-

They have done much to down sectarian barriers; to unreal distinctions; to pro- ue democracy, and to unite eat brotherhood children of nationalities and creeds. late Colonel Parker said:

ie is the centre; the Church ome better; but the common s the place where the lessons n both may be essentially prac- Here classes learn to respect each hildren of the rich and the poor, lligent and the ignorant, are d blended by mutual action and ove. The common schools pre- erfect means of moral training— ork, and play—all tending to the on of true manhood."

assuming that religion is is of morality, and that re- influences have in some way r contributed to the moral of every well-conducted per- am also assuming that any t to base moral obligation on authority alone weakens the nce and enfeebles the will. iese assumptions, the teacher strong starting-point. The n that come to our Public ; ordinarily have received in homes, and in the Church, reliminary training in relig- liefs. Generally, they will ie to receive instruction from ne sources. The teacher has, re, the essential incentives at or the highest type of moral g. The school cannot be 'godless," where the teacher's from a pedagogical point of e faithfully performed. The nay be used in the school for ends, although not used in hnical sense of the term. If ier is well qualified, he will ainted with the Bible as the ork on ethics. He is con- however, not with theories, th practical ethics. It is not ry for him to discuss the te basis of moral distinctions, er to teach his pupils to be obedient to their parents, to be honest and truthful, and to abstain from every kind of wrong-doing.

Religious sanctions are, however, sufficiently imperative for a teacher's purposes. Apart from the practical difficulties in the way of giving, through the teacher, religious instruction in the Public Schools, I hold that sound principles of teaching would condemn the methods of this kind which are frequently proposed. The fact is too often overlooked, that the question in dispute is one that should be discussed in the field of pedagogy, and not in that of theology or politics. Better moral training is certainly demanded in our schools. This object can be secured, not by more religious exercises, but by better teaching. Greater skill in taking up the branches already found in the curriculum will accomplish a great deal. If we have better qualified teachers, better discipline will be secured. The best teacher is the one who is the best disciplinarian. The good teacher does not need to give instruction in the common doctrines of religion, but to use religious sanctions as school incentives whenever they are warranted by the demands of sound discipline; indeed, a good teacher rarely brings to his aid the highest class of incentives. The parent does not find it prudent to use ordinary motives of a religious character in order to induce his children to do right. There is danger in associating religious influences too closely with the routine work of the school or of the home.

"In view of these differences between religious instruction and secular instruction, and in view of the contrast between the spirit of the school and the spirit of the Church, it is clear that the school cannot successfully undertake religious instruction; in fact, experience goes to show that the school fails to achieve success when entrusted with religious instruction, and it is certain that the

Church becomes less efficient when it abates in any way the impressiveness of its ceremonial in its art and music and in its use of the language of the Bible in its ritual."—*Dr. W. T. Harris, U.S. Commissioner of Education.*

Good discipline in a school promotes morality. A pupil generally learns morality as an art, and not as a science. Doing right may become a habit. The function of school government is training pupils in habits of self-control. Self-control implies self-denial and resistance to temptation. Habits of regularity, punctuality, accuracy, courtesy and other valuable features of character are promoted by good discipline. Moral training should be mainly incidental. Ethical truths expressed in a didactic form often fail to bind the conscience of the child. A set period for moral lessons is not found in the time-table of a good teacher. Morality is no more to be taught by rote, or by means of a book, than football or swimming. Doing good is the only way to become good. A good disciplinarian will see that all the arrangements of the school make it easy for the pupils to do right. A moral, or Christian teacher or parent, if deficient in powers of discipline, will make a poor teacher of morals. A good example is not enough. The bad teacher of the subjects of the curriculum, even though a good man, is a poor teacher of morality. To train a child to act and speak rightly, he must be trained to think rightly. This implies the necessary power to be possessed by the teacher. That country is doing most to promote moral training in its schools which is doing most to provide well-trained teachers.

Unjust charges are often made against the Public School. The imputation that the school is greatly at fault is too serious to be passed over. The frequency with which crimes are committed by persons who pass through our schools is mentioned as proof that knowledge is not the blessing it has been claimed to be. It is contended that the Public Schools turn loose upon society thousands whom they have helped to make sharp rogues. Now, it should be understood that the science of education has to do with all knowledge, and that it is yet very imperfectly understood. The average ratepayer regards himself, however, as fully competent to settle the most difficult educational problems. For every evil that afflicts the community, some persons are ready with a remedy. Too often the imperfections of the school are regarded as the only source of prevailing troubles. It is a fact that no human agency is more beset by advocates of plausible nostrums than the Public Schools.

It should be at once asserted that it is very unfair to make the school a scapegoat for all the evils that are rampant in society. The school is not the only agency for promoting morality. The teacher cannot visit the homes of his pupils and counteract the bad training of those who have reached positions of parental authority without realizing its responsibility. It is not easy for him to implant principles of obedience, truthfulness, honesty, courtesy, and self-control in the minds of children who from their infancy have been furnished with examples of an opposite kind. It is too much to expect during the short time which the average child remains in school that the teacher's influence will overcome the bad associations of the streets, the vile language so often heard, the degrading effects of the saloon, and the hundred other evils that pollute society in all large cities. It is unreasonable to expect teachers to be able to stamp out evils which society itself tolerates. It is safe to say

that in spite of the alleged defects of the school, every parent who has not relegated his own duties to the Church, or to some other agency, finds the well-qualified school-teacher his most effective support.

The need of ethical training must be admitted. Morality is essential to the welfare of the State. The numerous opportunities presented to persons of sharp intelligence for the sudden acquisition of wealth, the facilities for gaining political power, and the temptations to which young men of mere shrewdness are exposed, show that if moral education is ignored in our schools, ruin will come to the State in spite of our much-valued civilization. The rapidity with which intelligent power has supplanted physical force has given the man of brains extraordinary influence among his fellows. The outlook is in many respects alarming. Every day brings its disclosures of untruthfulness, dishonesty, and corruption. Intemperance and profanity are prevalent. Defaulters and gamblers exist. Scandals in public life are not unknown. It is idle in the face of crimes brought to the public gaze by the press and the courts to deny the urgent need of training in morality. Ethical training should be given by the school, as well as by the home and the Church. Each has its duty in the matter. What, then, should be done to remedy existing conditions? Some one may ask what suggestions do I offer?

1. Better teachers. The qualifications at present exacted are not sufficient. The academic attainments should be raised. The professional course should be lengthened. A stiffer course in pedagogy should be exacted. Works in ethics should be prescribed for the Normal Schools and the Normal Colleges. Moral science should receive fully as much attention as psychology. It will be necessary, however, to expend more money if better moral results are to be obtained. The salaries of Public School teachers have in many places almost reached the starving point. Much higher remuneration for teachers is necessary. The legislative grant, and perhaps the municipal grants in townships, should no longer be apportioned on mere average attendance. The qualifications of the teachers and the expenditure made by trustees should become factors in determining the apportionments to be received. The expenditure for education should be doubled.

2. The personality of the teacher should be valued more by trustees. His university standing or his success in the passing of pupils at examinations should be deemed of minor importance, when compared with character. His influence for good outside the school should receive attention. His ability as a character-builder should be valued more than his facility in giving instruction. Parents should be more desirous of having the ethical side of their children strengthened than their intellect developed. Knowledge should not be regarded as synonymous with education. The parent should co-operate more readily with the teachers in their arduous task. A parent should get acquainted with the teacher, and regard him as a co-worker in the training of his children. The parent should be taught to feel that the moral training of his children is his own duty, rather than that of the school or the Church. Fortunate is that child whose parents and teachers are working harmoniously and intelligently for his good.

3. Children should receive more religious instruction. This religious instruction cannot always be given intelligently by the parent. The Church should make better

provision to supply the neglect of parental religious training. I do not think much can be said in favour of having systematic religious instruction given in the schools after school hours, or even by closing the schools some school day during the week. France adopted the plan of closing the schools on Thursdays for purposes of religious instruction. The result is that little, if any, religious instruction is given in many places to the children on Sunday. The importance of the Sabbath day should be heightened. The most valuable religious instruction will doubtless be given in the Sunday-school; but the time is too short. Why not have the sermons in our churches in the mornings on Sunday mainly for the children? Parents would then be encouraged to bring their children to church. There is too little expended by churches for the youth. Why should not the greatest efforts be employed in behalf of the children? I have reason to believe that this view of the question is taken by many clergymen at the present day. He is a poor parent that would not rather pay for religious instruction for his children than for himself.

CHRISTMAS.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

How many times, since o'er Judea's plains
  The angels' anthem sounded full and clear,
The voice of song and music's sweetest strains
  Have told the story to our hearts so dear.

Yet may not one more voice, though weak and small,
  Join in the chorus grand sent up to heaven,
Telling again the glad, good news for all,
  How God unto the world His Son hath given?

Cycles have rolled since the first Christmas Day,
  When from His Father's house the Son came down
To share our sorrows, take our sins away,
  And make Himself, for us, of no renown.

But time can never age this story sweet;
  Clearer and yet more clear its tones will ring,
Till the whole earth shall worship at His feet,
  Jesus, Immanuel, our Lord and King.

Then, as we celebrate His birth once more,
  Sing, ye who love His name, the angels' song;
Peace and good-will to men the wide world o'er—
  To God in heaven: the glory shall belong.
Toronto.

In the pure soul, although it sing or pray,
The Christ is born anew from day to day;
The life that knoweth Him shall bide apart
And keep eternal Christmas in the heart.

REST AND FATIGUE.

BY G. STANLEY HALL,

President of Clark University.

ATIGUE is one of the greatest enemies of the human race. Modern physiology shows that it is the cause of nearly half, and perhaps more, of the several hundred catalogued diseases that prey upon man. In our age, with its high pressure, its hot and bitter competition, and enting struggle for sur- ioral and physical ravages y increasing. Cities, in ever larger proportion of dwell, are biological hot- id, for some, furnaces, evelopment prematurely, aging late hours and ex- nd consuming nerve and

twenty-five years have e the brilliant and la- George M. Beard devised eurasthenia for the many nerve-tire and brain-fag rticularly the product of Indeed, many think that the classic land for the seases, both light and ome take the pessimistic our national constitution ng, less able to bear the upon it, or in all these ot yet entirely adapted to c and other conditions of tinent. Perhaps our fore- o settled New England, hard in clearing the land, t the stones and building ds of miles of stone walls nd the farms and parti- elds, and wringing out a for their large families luctant soil. Perhaps the decay of old families and the abandoned farms are due to the exhaustion of the stock that so overdrew its energies in these ways for generations.

Perhaps the best beginning is to call attention to the brilliant methods of experimentation that show the effect of fatigue upon brain cells. It is well known that the cells of the brains of almost all creatures, from the honey-bee up, are very similar when taken singly in their form, structure, and laws, and differ mainly in their number and in the way in which they are organized together, so that it is pretty safe to reason from the nerve cells of animals—even those of low degree—to those of man. If a few bees and pigeons are killed in the morning when they are fresh, and their brains placed under a microscope, the cells are found to be comparatively clear, the nucleus is rounded out, the little cavities or vacuoles about it filled up with nutritive store, and the waste products of decomposition, which fatigue causes, washed out by the blood. If a few of these animals, or even dogs or sparrows, are killed after a long, hard day's work, their brain cells present a very different aspect. They are ragged, shrunken, and have started on the downward road, which if long enough continued, will end in chronic exhaustion and death by the fatigue diseases, some of which are slow, and some of which, like paralysis, are due to sudden collapse. Normal sleep winds up these cells again and restores them to their best condition, and thus the daily rhythm alternates. The danger is that repair at night will not balance the loss

of the day's work, and then there is slow deterioration for days, weeks, and perhaps months and years, toward settled invalidism.

We now turn to the outer and subjective effects of fatigue as shown and felt as the result of brain work. Here again we have a mass of interesting experiments, from which we can only strive to select a few of the most typical illustrations, which have an immediate, practical value. For the last ten years or more many persons have been systematically tested in laboratories under strict conditions in counting letters and figures, adding the latter, writing at dictation, reading aloud, memorizing syllables, and so forth. All these tests show that the first result of active effort is increased rapidity and intensity of effort. The second five minutes the mind often acts with greater efficiency, and the muscles with greater power than at first. This, there is reason to think, is accompanied by a slight swelling of the cells and an increase of blood in the brain. After a while, this stage of augmented energy declines and work begins to be slower or feebler or less accurate. This curve of decline differs very widely in different individuals. Some begin to show slight traces of exhaustion almost from the first, whereas others maintain their level of energy for a long time. The decline is almost always very slow at first, and then more and more rapid. We see this in a very characteristic way by a simple experiment.

The subject has simply, with the supported arm, to lift with the finger a weight tied to a string and going over a pulley. He must lift the weight as high as he can by a simple contraction and then let it back again at every click of a slow pendulum. The height to which he lifts it each time is written by a single straight mark recorded on a drum slowly rotating in a horizontal plane. In the above each upright mark is a single lift of the weight. At first the height slightly increases, and slowly fatigue appears in the diminished height to which it is lifted, until at length a point is reached at which, with the greatest effort of the will, it cannot be lifted at all, so fatigued and exhausted are the cells of the brain, medulla or spinal cord supposed to be. This is a kind of temporary functional paralysis, but if we keep on trying to bend the finger at every tick a strange phenomenon appears—the power begins to come back and may rise to a considerable height. This so-called re-enforcement is perhaps due to rest of the cells originally worked, and perhaps to the aid of other neighbouring cells that are slowly roused to action and shunted in. The re-enforcement is rarely as high as the original pull-up, and its effects are gradually lost. If our efforts persist, sometimes a second and perhaps even a third re-enforcement is seen.

This kind of curve is the best picture we have of the way in which the influences that exhaust and those that repair the will centres act and react upon each other. If the effort were less—e.g., if we were only lifting half a brick—the decline would appear much later. Tests like these must always be made by means of an effort so intense that it cannot be very long maintained at its maximum by any one. Probably the brain, thought, volition, voluntary attention, etc., follow somewhat the same curve as is here represented, and if we could subject the brain cells here involved to the microscope while they were acting, which is of course impossible, we shall see the slow changes in those cells from the rested to the fatigued state as pictured above—a half-hour's rest restoring them to their normal func-

tion in this case as a night's sleep winds up all the cells of the brain which the day has worked.

We have another interesting picture of how fatigue works functionally in the continuous and monotonous adding of figures. At first and for a brief season both the rate and accuracy of the process are maintained and sometimes augmented, but the progressive fatigue of the tension is soon apparent, and shows itself subjectively by difficulty of focusing the mind sharply upon the work in hand, and objectively by a steady increase of the time required to add a long column, and also by an increase in the number of mistakes.

From all the studies upon this subject, two things are plain. First, there is a normal fatigue which for health of body or mind ought to be attained. Very many suffer from want of sufficient work for brain or muscles to make them healthfully tired. It is as if the powers of building up and recuperation, like everything else, needed to be exercised by practice in order to be kept strong and healthful. One of the arts of life, which makes self-knowledge so desirable, is for each person to determine what average amount of daily effort is necessary to produce the greatest amount of good sleep.

The other conclusion is that beyond this point of fatigue lie many grave dangers. To force the mind to work when its edge is gone is very exhausting. Again, a chronic tired state is hard on the temper, as well-rested people are cheerful and exuberant, and those who overwork themselves are either irritable, low-spirited or both. To make school children work when their tender minds are overdrawn is to cultivate directly ill-temper and morose dispositions. Again, it tends to give them a slow, dawdling pace of work, and low ideas and habits of accuracy, and, not least, there is no surer way of killing interest in a subject than to force it upon exhausted pupils. Finally, another point of great practical importance is that for young children in kindergarten and primary grades, the period of intensive work should be but for a few minutes at a time without a change, and these periods should increase with age. For the very young, school lunches have a wonderful effect in overcoming fatigue and clearing up both the mood and the mind.

In fine, I hardly know who are most to be pitied, the rich or idle and lazy who underwork, or the very poor who must overwork to live. The former grow flabby or tense, according to their heredity in both muscle and mind, become fastidious, finnicky and sentimental, are especially prone to yield to temptations of drink and of sex excesses, must aimlessly change their interests, location, and pursuits from sheer *ennui;* are easily bored, and finally lose the power of being strenuous about anything. The effects of an inactive life upon the offspring are sometimes sadly and markedly degenerate.

The overworked, especially if young, are prone to many forms of arrest. Children are undergrown in both height and weight; they are robbed of the paradise of leisure, which is the literal translation of the Greek word school. The high ideals and ambitions normal to adolescence fade into a dull state of apathy and discouragement, and worst, of smouldering revolt against the existing order of things. To be always tired is miserable, and invidual or social misery is a powder-magazine liable to explode at any time.

Man is endowed with a fatigue sense that tells him when he is tired. It seems to be a specific feeling, due perhaps to accumulated products of

decomposition in the muscles. This pain-tire is a warning to stop or let up. It is, however, possible to press on in defiance of it, and if we persist in so doing there comes a point when this fatigue sense is itself fatigued and tired out, and ceases to act. This is when runners get their second breath; when those beginning night-work have fought through the period of sleepiness that comes when they have been wont to go to bed, and feel very wide awake and alert as if they could go on for ever. But the day of reckoning comes. They are now living on their capital, which is being rapidly overdrawn.

Some may be interested to know that there is now almost a new kind of philosophy of fatigue. Some speculators think man became conscious because his intuitions were slowed up by exhaustion, so that the mind has to pick its way slowly and logically instead of divining instantly as it used to do. It was the fall of man. Wilder dreamers have even described the origin of cosmic gas and nebulæ, from which all the worlds come, as due to progressive fatigue of the ether, which is far more subtle and back of it. It is a little as if they were attempting to rewrite the first phrases of the Old Testament so that it should read, "In the beginning was fatigue."

I have said that fatigue is a factor in many diseases. It predisposes to the outbreak of hereditary troubles which rest tends to repress. Now, pleasure and pain are the two poles of life, which when sane is well poised between depression and exaltation, which may be intensified to melancholia and mania. Perhaps the latter is more often the cause and the former the effect of fatigue, but however that be, rest and nutrition work remarkable cures even in hereditary acute melancholy.

As a psychologist, I believe in the Sabbath day. One day in seven should be kept holy from work and sacred to man's primitive paradise of leisure. I am no Puritan pietist or even Sabbatarian in any severe sense, but hold that this is one of the greatest of all human institutions, and that the command to keep it as a day of rest is written in our physiological constitutions. If need be, it may be kept in sleep, man's great restorer. Monday our nerves and brain must be refreshed, and we must start a new weekly rhythm on a higher plane than we closed the old one. The mental scenery must be changed. The brooder's overthought must have enlarged our plans and given us both momentum and direction. What form the rest-cure should take differs perhaps for each person. I go to church, but my neighbour should perhaps spend the day in the fields, with children, in music, in books, but for all there should be peace, tranquillity, repose, surcease of worry, and relaxation. In no land should the Sabbath be so hallowed as in this land of hustle, tension, and Americanitis.

The problem of rest is no less complete than that of fatigue. Under some conditions it is the muscles which are first exhausted, the brain and nerve cells remaining relatively fresh; while the nerve fibres themselves, the function of which is to conduct impressions, recent experiments show to be hardly more subject to fatigue than an electric wire. The worst, and no doubt most common, type of fatigue is nerve-fag, and this is easiest caused by care, worry, anxiety, or by doing work for which there is no zest, but rather repugnance or, at least, indifference. Hence, it follows that to turn on interest cures exhaustion and converts work into play. A farmer wished some large piles of small stones thrown into a ditch a few rods away. It was late in the afternoon, and he knew his boys would plead fatigue, so he pretended to find a big nest of snakes in the

water and began to stone them himself with great eagerness. The boys joined in the sport, and the work was done before the end of the hour with actual refreshment, because the play-instinct was a relay. So the problem of overpressure in school, of which we hear so much, would not only vanish, but children can do much more work than is required and without harm under teachers who have the art of inciting interest. The fatigue of forced work is very real, but there are two ways of increasing a fraction. One is by lessening its denominator and the other by increasing its numerator; so to augment interest is a form of rest.

Change of work is often real rest. Every one ought to have an avocation as well as a vocation, and cultivate an amateur interest in some form of exercise, game or culture very remote from his line of breadwinning activity. Perhaps no tire is so acute as that which is very partial and involves certain muscles, movements, and brain centres, leaving others perhaps overrested. By exercising the latter, and, as it were, equalizing the area of fatigue or making it more symmetrically distributed, many of the best effects of rest are secured. Many of even the diseases of exhaustion are because energy of one part of our psychophysic organism is overdrawn, while that of other parts is overrested. This may make even sleep partial and haunted by the spectres of the night. Every one who works with his muscles should carefully reserve some fraction of the day for reading and intellectual work. We are prone to forget that this is just as important as for literary men to take exercise. It is really amazing what one can do with only a fragment of a day and of their total strength if it is systematically used in one direction. Those who seek recreation in mere amusements of a frivolous nature are wasting precious time and capacity.

Again, pleasurable, emotional excitement is a great relaxor. Every kind of work is liable to leave the muscles and nerves tense and overdrawn. We often see muscle *tonus* corrugating the brow, rigidifying the face or attitudes, and showing that innervation impulses continue to flow out from the nerve centres after toil is over. Americans lack the very words *gemuth* and *esprit,* and it is very hard for us to entirely forget the struggle for existence in social intercourse. The careful studies of Partridge and others show that the desire for this kind of unbending is one of the chief causes that lead Americans to drink, because they have lost the power to feel the normal exhilaration which inebriation stimulates. Instinct points to this as a great boon, and so it is sought over cups and glasses in the conviviality that comes from artificial stimulation. A little more rollicking jollity, with jest and quip with congenial friends, the tale, the song, perhaps the quiet harmless game that does not overtax the system—of all this we have too little in our stern American life with its tendencies to overtonicity and cramps of will and attention.

Again, a word about the philosophy of laughter. When the system is nerved and is making conscious or unconscious effort, the nerves that tighten the walls of the bloodvessels are hard at work, and pressure in the arteries is great; but a hearty laugh, as Bruck's interesting experiments show, tends to bring the blood over into the veins where there is no pressure, relieves the arteries and brings the exquisite sensations of relaxation and rest. This is favoured even by the attitude of a hearty laugh. To draw in a full breath, throw back the head, open the mouth and let the expiration "gurgle forth with sonorous inter-

mittence," to quote a phrase from "The Philosophy of Laughter," and to do it again and again, slowly throws off the chains of the world's great taskmaster and brings us back, back toward the primeval paradise, where there was nothing but joy, and sin and sorrow were unknown.

Once more, optimism is one of the supreme sedatives. There are men who worry because the sun will some time go out and the earth grow dead and cold like the moon; or the coal measures be exhausted; or the fertile areas of the world dry up because of the denudation of forests, but the philosophy of health is that the best things have not happened, that man's history has only just begun, that, on the whole, there has been steady progress, that in virtue, comfort, knowledge, arts, religion, and nearly, if not quite, all the essentials of the further development of man, faith in human nature and belief in a future better than the present is the conclusion of every philosophy of development and evolution. It is our good fortune to live in a day of the evolution of evolution, and this is giving a new meaning to the very word progress and makes us feel that the world is rational and beneficent to the core, and that where conscious purpose and effort fail we sink back into everlasting arms. This is a sanifying point of view authorized now by both science and religion, and is a good psychic state to sleep on or in which to enter the great rest.

The idea of the Kingdom of God is not yet realized. It makes the optimistic assumption that the human race as a whole is ascendent, not decadent, and that society is in the making, not moribund. Again it is not content with the less discouraging philosophy of history that assumes that everything good and great that can happen or be done in the world of man has already occurred, that Eden has bloomed and faded, and if it come again, will only because history eternally repeats itself; that history is made up of cycles in the sense of either Plato or Herder; that periods of great reform and advance can never present anything of importance that is new, but only undergo a palingenesis indefinitely repeated. Lotze says that we must not envy our more fortunate descendants in the future, but only serve them, for God loves man at all stages alike. Weiss interprets the Kingdom as meaning a worthy close of the historic stadia, perhaps *sub specie aeternitatis;* that the personality of man is God's greatest work; that we should rejoice that others, who come after, can stand upon our shoulders, and that no ultimate good is lost for the early workers in the historic field, to which we should subordinate ourselves as we love to do for our children.—*Ainslee's Magazine.*

CHRISTMAS.

The silent skies are full of speech
  For who hath ears to hear;
The winds are whispering each to each,
The moon is calling to the beach,
And stars their sacred wisdom teach
  Of faith and love and fear.

But once the sky the silence broke,
  And song o'erflowed the earth;
The midnight air with glory shook,
And angels mortal language spoke,
When God our human nature took,
  In Christ the Saviour's birth.

And Christmas once is Christmas still;
  The gates through which He came;
And forests wild and murmuring rill,
And fruitful field and breezy hill,
And all that else the wide world fill
  Are vocal with his name.

Shall we not listen while they sing
  This latest Christmas morn,
And music hear in everything,
And faithful lives in tribute bring,
To the great song which greets the King,
  Who comes when Christ is born?

—*Phillips Brooks.*

A CHARLATAN ELIJAH.

ELIJAH THE RESTORER FORETELLS THE OVERTHROW OF HUMAN GOVERNMENT BY THEOCRATIC PRINCIPLES.

A typical cartoon printed in "Leaves of Healing."

HE history of popular delusion and fanaticism has some strange chapters, but few are more strange than that of the extraordinary career of John Alexander Dowie, the self-styled Elijah II. The recent pilgrimage of Dowie and three thousand of his followers, at a cost of $250,000 to New York City, for the purpose of preaching, like a new Jonah, a message of repentance to its polyglot people, has brought him prominently before the notice of the continent. The man is a strange combination of often contradictory elements. Even the Bohemian reporters whom he denounces with such vituperation feel the fascination of the man, and admit his rude magnetic eloquence. We heard him preach some years ago to an audience of some five thousand in Chicago Auditorium, and were profoundly impressed with his evangelical earnestness; but that was before he combined his blasphemous pretensions with his shrewd money-making tactics. He is a product of this sensation-loving age. It is to the press which he so denounces that he owes most of his popularity. He distributes broadcast throughout the world his "Leaves of Healing," which advertise his preposterous claims. They are found in the reading-room of nearly every hotel in Europe. His very clap-trap per-

formances are designed to catch the ears of the groundlings, but while they provoke the mirth of the foolish, they make the judicious grieve. The New York papers are filled with broadsides of report and pictures of his mission. The Independent presents the following estimate:

"We do not agree with those who declare that Dowie is a wilful hypocrite, playing the part of a prophet to deceive people and gobble their wealth. There has been a gradual growth in his preposterous self-delusion. He told people that they would get well by his prayers, and they did get well, and he felt that he had a peculiar divine power. That made him speak with more and more authority. He confused his own self-assertion with the commands of God. His success developed his delusion. His conceit deceived himself while it deceived others. Then he grew arrogant, dictatorial, almost blasphemous. His was a 'strong delusion,' which led him to 'believe a lie,' the supreme lie being that he was the promised 'Restorer,' the new 'Elijah,' the prophesied one who should establish Zion on earth and usher in the victorious kingdom of God. Of that kingdom he is the present viceroy. By an extraordinary combination of worldliness with piety, not wholly unexampled, he has gathered the wealth of his theocracy into institutions owned by himself, because it was necessary that they should be controlled by the vicegerent of the Most High.

"It is his glory that he preaches the strictest morality. There is not a sterner, a bolder preacher of morals in the American pulpit. He minces no words. He talks plainly of sins which other preachers are silent about. And he lengthens the catalogue, and expands the Decalogue. Alcohol and tobacco and oysters and swine's flesh and physicians' drugs and secret societies are equally forbidden to his people; they are all filthy works of the devil."

The following account of the arch-charlatan by J. K. Friedman, in Everybody's Magazine, will be read with interest:

There is probably no business house in the States quicker to adopt modern time-and-money-saving inventions than the Christian Catholic Church. The things rendered unto Elijah the Second are shrewdly invested by Elijah the Restorer for the benefit of John Alexander Dowie. The man is shockingly human for a prophet.

His house in Zion City, built in the English style of architecture, is lavishly furnished; there is a stable full of costly equipages; a summer house across the lake is maintained in great luxury. Indeed the man's vanity and love of ostentation find an outlet in innumerable forms of gaudy and expensive display. By way of justification he is said to have once remarked that the Pope of the Roman Church is surrounded by the best that earth affords, and that there is no reason why the Overseer of the Christian Catholic Church should be left a whit behind.

The tastes of this rarely organized being are nice to daintiness; the smell of liquor and tobacco, the taste of pork, are abhorrent to him, and doubtlessly had much to do with religious pronunciamento against the use of these in any shape and form. His private life has been in accordance with the strictest and most conventional moral laws.

One of the prime sources of Dowie's power over his people would seem to lie in his command of terms of abuse and opprobrium. When the mood of denunciation is on him, he pours forth such a volume of coarse epithets and virulent up-

ng that the boldest of his op-
ts wilts before him. Yet,
, one is told of the Restorer's
al cowardice hid under an air
vado, of his fear of the light-
ınd thunder and the elements
y. Constantly near him is a
ıard of strong men, and he
ains a vigilant secret service
ment. Beyond this he is care-
surround himself with a red
ɔefitting his importance, and
ews—of which he would seem
—are granted only by special
ıtment.

it matters little how those
well beyond the gates of Zion
ıay judge Dowie, nor in what
they weigh and find him lack-
he glory and grandeur of the
er still remains undiminished
disciples, his elders, his white-
choir, the thousands and thou-
ɔf members of his Restoration
and his countless followers.
trength has been tried by
test, and it stands as firm
ock. Three years ago a na-
bank through which Dowie
decided to throw his account
ankruptcy was predicted by
ɛss, but the Bank of Zion was
e affected as if only a paltry
had been withdrawn from its
s.

tly after the dedication of
bernacle in Zion City, when
se expenditures must have
l the resources of the pro-
his credit was assailed;
ɛs of failure were again rife,
creditors flocked around
s mantle to be cured of their
ıl woes with a zeal that out-
ɔse who came to have their
l torments relieved; but all
satisfied, and to-day there is
a merchant in Chicago who
fuse Dowie whatever accom-
ɔn he requires.

ie's faith in Dowie is all-
and all-sufficient. It is un-
doubtedly the clue to his almost unexampled success. It is easy to dismiss such a character, with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders, as a hypocrite and a charlatan, but vituperation explains nothing, and hypocrisy, save in its crudest and crassest forms, is too complex to be blown aside with a phrase. The vogue of the man alone, the belief of others in him, would inspire his own faith in himself, and again he scarcely could have inspired that unquestioning faith in others unless he believed in himself. Robert Browning's "Mr. Sludge the Medium" is a searching analysis of perhaps a kindred psychology. Dowie's career explains much of him, and a legitimate and commonsense deduction explains still more.

John Alexander Dowie was born in Edinburgh. He left Scotland for Adelaide, South Australia, when he was thirteen, and he clerked in that boom town for seven years. If he did anything in those days that brought him into prominence, it has escaped the records; but what he did do was to train himself in business methods (being a Scotchman he had no more to be forced into it than a duck into water), and to prepare himself for the ministry. To-day he has given such a positive demonstration of his genius for business that no one can doubt his abilities; and one may ask those who charge him with a barefaced and impudent hypocrisy why he left commerce for theology unless his whole nature had a strong leaning toward religion.

One night, in Melbourne, there swept over his consciousness like an inspiration the full force of the sixteenth chapter of St. Mark—"He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved. . . . In my name shall they cast out devils. . . . They shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover." His imagination

was fired with the idea that he was the prophet foretold by Malachi, and on this inspiration he founded what is supposititiously new in his creed and built the foundation of his really immense fortune. He laid hands on his wife's head, prayed and cured her of headache, and then, as a wit will have it, he proceeded to lay hands on everybody and everything else. Those who know Dowie say that from early life he "had visions" and that he manifested all those symptoms which the alienist would put under the general head of "religious hysteria."

His wife and others cured, and the legions of the faithful increasing by virtue of these proofs of miraculous powers, Dowie at once started to form the Divine Healing Association, which developed later on into the larger organization of the International Divine Healing Association, with John Alexander Dowie, quite as a matter of course, for its president.

The next step in the career of the prophet was his project to found a great healing centre in London, and to spread the faith from there around the world. He travelled on to San Francisco, preaching everywhere along the coast, and reached Chicago by easy stages. It was the year of the World's Fair, which brought its swarms of heterogeneous visitors to the city. It seemed as though the mountains had come to Mohammed, and the canny Scotchman was far from letting the golden opportunity slip. The White City did no more for the fortunes of any man than for John Alexander Dowie's. And while the "Doctor," whose energies run far up in the horse-powers, worked, preached, and cured eighteen hours of the twenty-four, his corps of well-trained missionaries, his deacons, and his disciples were forced to follow at the pace their master set. The printing-office worked overtime to turn out the divine "Leaves of Healing," which is Elijah's official organ, devoted to the prophet's doings and his sayings, accounts of his miraculous cures, with the photographs and the testimonials of those cured. No patent medicine has ever been better advertised, to quote the wit that I have quoted before, than "Dowie's Handy Remedy for All Diseases."*

Before long the residents of that Woodlawn district complained to the authorities about the hordes of the lame and the halt and the sick and the blind with which the divine healer inflicted the neighbourhood. This was the signal for the press of Chicago to launch out a series of bitter attacks, and in the year 1895 Dowie was arrested something like one hundred times for violating municipal ordinances for the care of the ill. All these prosecutions cost him $20,000 for fines and fees, but the newspaper advertising was worth the money. It enabled him to put his wares before the public regularly every Monday morning at a cost infinitely below department store rates for the same space. Besides, it pushed the crown of martyrdom down on his brow and touched the sympathies of his followers to the quick. When the legion of the faithful increased to an army, and his present quarters became too cramped for the dissemination of his faith, Dowie decided to move.

There was a woman in that Woodlawn district (just to show you how converts to Dowieism are made)

* One woman testified, "With God nothing is impossible. In answer to prayer I learned to read my German Bible." Here is the Meisterschaft system left far behind in the matter of speed, and one may presume that a School of Languages will be the next addition to the enterprises of Zion City.

tred for the prophets and
ods knew no bounds; but
a a member of her family
eath's door, given up by
hysicians, she sent for this
"quack," "monster," to
ands and offer up prayer.
ent was not saved, but his
a as a consulting doctor of
lid not suffer. Of all such
f human nature Dowie is
udge, and when fear, des-
or superstition, push the
of us to extremes of a
owardice, the prophet is
h Zion's banner of hope.

Woodlawn, Elijah the
oved his abode northward
gan Avenue and Sixteenth
ented the commodious St.
Church, then degenerated
base uses of a storehouse,
this tabernacle as a centre,
institutions spread on both
he boulevard for six blocks.
is the Zion Press, the Zion
ion College, Zion Schools,
nes, and the huge Imperial
Park Row was finally ab-
or a divine hospice of heal-
was Zion Avenue as effec-
if it had been so named.
rophet had outgrown the
onal Association, so he dis-
he scaffolding by which he
unted to the clouds, and
per flourish of trumpets
ed the founding of the
a Catholic Church in Zion,
iself as the General Over-
verything that appertained
iritual, temporal, or finan-
'are. He was now the ab-
aster of all its properties,
owner of all of it in fact
a theory, and he is to-day.
n Bank, for instance, is a
institution, owned by the
, its stock consisting of
notes signed by Dowie and
eing interest to the holder
and the bank is typical of
all the Zion industries from start to finish, from souls, if I may so put it, to shoes. In the Overseer's business genius Dowie's flock has just as implicit faith as in his religious prophecies—indeed religion and business, business and religion, are one and inseparable in Zion.

Meanwhile St. Paul's Church grew too small for the expanding faith, and one fine day Dowie surprised Chicago by calmly stating that he had rented the monster hall of the Auditorium for his Sunday services. Chicago was still more surprised when the Overseer filled the place to overflowing weekly.

However, the Overseer of the Christian Catholic Church with characteristic canniness recognized that it would be unwise longer to defy a public opinion being intensified against him as the days went on, by the more energetic action of the health authorities; and, besides, he was just at the turning-point where he was likely to get the wrong end of free newspaper publicity. So the Zion City Land and Investment was incorporated—John Alexander at the head of it, to be sure—and his agents purchased 6,000 acres of land, forty-two miles north of Chicago, on the shores of Lake Michigan. The cost of the property is estimated at a million and a quarter, but the Overseer raised that on his personal notes without seeming difficulty, and the whole deal went through with a rush and a quiet that must compel admiration as a bit of up-to-date promoting. It is characteristic of the Restorer's business instincts that he proposes to dispose of this land in small lots on long leases for fifteen times its original cost.

Zion City itself is plain and unassuming enough; its newness and its crudities remind one of the boom towns of our more Western prairies. Instead of the saloons and the

dance-halls and the theatres, however, there are the Tabernacle and the Hospice, for in Zion all worldly amusements are forbidden; and instead of the rougher and more ready Westerner there are the eight thousand mild-eyed, peaceful, meek-looking followers of the latter-day Messiah. In a word Zion City may be described as a purely religious town, run on a co-operative basis—the co-operation ceasing, to the eyes of the vulgar and the uninitiated, when the funds get to John Alexander Dowie. Each member of Zion pays a tithe of his income to the prophet, for Elijah levies no charge for his prayers and his cures, and all offerings must come by the free will of the donors—a system of finance that has the prosperity of its originator to recommend it to institutions avowedly secular.

Perhaps Dowie's pet child among the infant industries of Zion City is the lace factory, and on its mature growth he builds the highest hopes of the commercial supremacy of his religious centre; the manner in which the infant was persuaded to enter the folds of Zion may serve as a final example of the Prophet's business astuteness and his magnetic influence over the minds of men. Some years ago a Nottingham lace manufacturer by the name of Stevenson, who practised in his own household the cure of disease by prayer and the laying on of hands, opened a correspondence with the Overseer, intermingling bits about his private business with more intimate and protracted revelations of his faith. Elijah, so goes the tale, wrote voluminous replies and started in to investigate what the probable profits of making English lace would average in an American fiscal year. A heavy duty built an unwelcome barrier against foreign laces, and there was not one inch of the stuff manufactured here at home—so much is Uncle Sam willing to do for the strong of faith and so easily might he undo—but with that, being absolutely impartial, I have nothing to do at all! Well, Dowie finally induced Stevenson to pay him a visit in America, and the result of that visit was that Stevenson married Dowie's sister, and that Elijah and his mundane brother-in-law imported machinery and skilled hands from England and invested $440,000 in the enterprise. When Stevenson's wife died the partners had a misunderstanding; the case was dragged into court, and the Restorer finally settled the difficulty by the payment of $175,000. As to the merits of the controversy, Stevenson's brother sided with Dowie against his own flesh and blood in nine out of the ten points at issue, and this very day, his faith in the Overseer untarnished, he is striving with might and main to make the venture successful.

Dowie's methods of propagating his creed exhibit marked generalship. Besides the great gatherings in the Madison Square Garden, his missioners have been holding eighteen hundred open-air meetings in half a score of languages. The picturesque uniform of the Zion Guards and the thunderous music of its band of sixty pieces, with the rattle of thirty drummers, all arrest attention. He declares his purpose to go round the world in his new crusade at a cost running up into millions of dollars.

The press reports that on October 26th, with broken voice and streaming tears, he announced to an audience of ten thousand persons that he was not the son of his reputed father, but of a British army officer who abandoned his wife. He proceeded to overwhelm with vituperation the man who subsequently married his mother and gave him

which he bears and what
he possesses.
enerable old man declares
pseudo-prophet's tale is
ntrue, that he is the very
e man whom he maligns.
ress the disorder which he
, some seven hundred
n were secured, but Dowie
s stormy tactics unavailing,
crusade soon came to an
ous end.
s crusade in New York
have been an utter failure.
o the time of this writing,"
Literary Digest, "not a
as been announced as hav-
brought into the Dowie
a sick person has been re-
healed. On several occa-
er hearing Dowie for a few
a large part of the audi-
left the great auditorium,
by the angry rebukes of
rseer of Zion.' The New
pers have declared their
gness to print some of his
He has referred to the
n, the reporters, and his
g auditors as 'curs,' 'yel-
gs,' 'razorback swine,'
' 'miserable mosquitoes,'
sts,' 'rats,' and other zoo-
ological, and entomologi-
mens. Other and coarser
re also used. The auditors
ceived these outpourings
certed coughing, shuffling
college yells, or by leaving
while some of the reporters
he clergy have repaid him
own way."
bursts of simulated rage at
papers and the clergy," says
erican, "are by way of ad-
ent. He is aware that the expectation of hearing him revile eminent persons and belch squalid vituperation at the press will draw crowds. The kind of notice that he gets from the newspapers, of which he affects to complain, is precisely the kind of notice he desires and fishes for."

In one of his recent meetings at New York, Dowie declared as follows:

"For many years I have held the political power in Chicago, and I control over 50,000 votes there. Whatever way I say the election shall go, it goes, and I shall have the same power here some day. Fifty thousand votes would control the situation here if I had them, and in five years I will control that number in this city."

If Mr. Dowie controls the political power in Chicago, its moral status does not do him much credit.

Mr. Dowie is a man of intense egotism. One aspect of this is his passion for being photographed. He claims to have had the largest photograph of himself ever made of any human being.

The papers refer satirically to his vulgar ostentation, riding around behind a $3,000 horse with all the nonchalance of a Chicago pork-packer. His mission to New York is described by The Independent as the Higher Fakirism. He is bracketed with Brigham Young and Mrs. Eddy, and contrasted with Moody and Wesley, and the Salvation Army. Moody gained the hearts of the Edinburgh students by his tact and courtesy; Wesley was hailed as a king where he once had been ruthlessly mobbed, and the Salvation Army has won the respect of the world.

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r Christmas comes once more,
nly Guest is at the door,
d words the shepherds thrill,
s tidings—Peace, good-will!

The belfries of all Christendom
Now roll along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

—Longfellow.

THE MADONNA.

THE MADONNA AND CHILD.

THE years may enter not her shrine;
For ever fair and young she stands,
And with her gracious, girlish hands
Folds tenderly the child divine.

Her lips are warm with mother-love
And blessedness, and from her eyes
Looks the mute, questioning surprise
Of one who hears a voice above

Life's voices—from the throng apart,
Listen to God's low-whispered word
(Strange message by no other heard),
And keeps His secret in her heart.

Sweet maiden-mother, years have fled
Since the great painter dropped his brush,
Left earth's loud praise for heaven's kind hush,
While men bewailed him, early dead—

Yet mothers kneel before thee still
Uplifting happy hearts; or, wild
With cruel loss, reach toward thy Child
Void arms for the Christ-love to fill.

Time waits without the sacred spot
Where fair and young the mother stands;
Time waits, and bars with jealous hands
The doors where years may enter not.

—Sophie Jewett.

TENNYSON, MAN AND POET.

BY SYDNEY HOPE.

THE influence and appreciation of many poets who have had undoubted claims to greatness, have been sadly and conspicuously detracted from by the wide disparity between their lives and their achievements. Acknowledgment of the creative and superior abil-

Byron, Burns, and Shelley.
ely accorded, qualified by
ıised contempt and con-
for the looseness of
lives. Not so with Tenny-
A gentleman at heart, his
as an embodiment of his
principles, his respect and
of all moral law. It has been
him that he was never known
ın unjust or ungenerous act,
rough all the earlier years of
, public neglect, and dispar-
ıt, exhibited only sweetness
gentleness of temperament,
further proof of his real in-
greatness, developed neither
pomposity, nor overween-
f-consciousness with the suc-
his later years.
poet ever reached so many
ever appealed to so many
nces. It was through this
lity of mood that he came to
niversally loved and admired.
of diverse moods himself, he
ı to the moods of every per-
y.
ing in general sympathy, as
ics combine in agreeing, there
rtheless a subtle understrain
uch" that impresses even the
cial reader with a sense of
w-feeling with his kind.
)id of any peculiarities or

LORD ALFRED TENNYSON.

eccentricities of character, apart from a love of solitude and seclusion, he reflects unerringly the prevalent spirit of his age. There is a breadth and catholicity of view that manifest his love of harmony and order.

In entering the field of poetic literature, Tennyson had to contend with many difficulties unexperienced by his immediate predecessors. All the great things, as he himself said, had been done; literature had been enriched and all the great subjects seemingly exhausted by a no less brilliant phalanx than Cowper, Byron, Scott, Shelley, Wordsworth, and Keats, when Tennyson first essayed to raise his voice in humble song. Learned in all the arts and methods of his contemporaries and the past, he diverges by launching out into new waters for himself. Brevity, beauty in detail, elaborate technique he makes his motto, and these remain his dominant characteristics through all his works.

This tendency may have been indulged in to excess in his earlier works, as for instance in "Claribel" and "Recollections of Arabian Nights," where there is little real subject matter, but the charm of exquisite imagery and musical rhythm developed to perfection. What more intoxicating in rhythmical flow than:

At eve the beetle boometh
Athwart the thicket lone:
At noon the wild bee hummeth
About the moss'd headstone:
At midnight the moon cometh
And looketh down alone.

And again:

Far off, and where the lemon-grove
In closest coverture upsprung,
The living airs of middle night
Died round the bulbul as he sung;
Not he; but something which possess'd
The darkness of the world, delight,
Life, anguish, death, immortal love,
Ceasing not, mingled, unrepress'd. . . .

But time and experience developed a breadth of capacity, a strengthening of conviction, a wider range of practicability, with a loss of none of his earlier skill at musical phraseology. Indeed, this is one of the distinctive and characteristic charms of Tennyson's verse. Never does he sacrifice form to sense, nor repel the æsthetic taste by inconsistency of relationship, by incongruity of situation. Every circumstance has its perfect setting, every scene a fitting background.

There is ever through all his written language a delightful and harmonious adaptation of sound to sense, of soft euphonism to sentiment, a lending of measured metre to musical effects, as in the "Lotos Eaters":

There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.
Here are cool mosses deep,
And through the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

. . . . . .

But, propt on beds of amaranth and moly,
How sweet (while warm airs lull us, blowing lowly)
With half-dropt eyelid still,
Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
To watch the long bright river drawing slowly
His waters from the purple hill—
To hear the dewy echoes calling
From cave to cave thro' the thick-twined vine—
To watch the emerald-colour'd water falling
Thro' many a wov'n acanthus-wreath divine!
Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,
Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd out beneath the pine.

No less subtle in its power to create, by working upon the imagination of the reader through merely suggestive pictorial detail, are the series of remote pictures faintly delineated through the visionary language of "Mariana" and the "Lady of Shalott." The atmosphere of desolation within and without serves only to centralize its effect upon the unhappy object of neglect, who murmurs her plaintive heart-song to the general air of misery about her.

In contrast to all this mysticism, this vague unreality of things, is the spirit of energy, the depth of passion, the flow of practical human life that pervades and animates the more natural conception of his "Idylls of the King." Here life and action take on more practical form; here men and women act, think, and feel from more comprehensive motives, and establish themselves in our affections from the fact of their susceptibility to err.

But into these old-world stories of strife, weakness, and passion Tennyson has woven the distinguishing thread of his own peculiar genius; the warp and woof of his own inimitable design, investing them with a new skill to touch the vagrant

fancy, a grander scope to meet a deeper need.

Here, too, is the accentuation and culmination of that optimistic faith, that confirmation of belief in an immortality that had its painful doubts and waverings in "Locksley Hall," and in the requiem flow of "In Memoriam."

In no capacity is Tennyson more apt than in his skill at vivid pen-sketching; in bringing before the mind in distinct, clear-cut outline the very picture of the locality and environments of his most striking scenes. He can be vague, mystical, elusive, deluding the senses away into dreamy, misty unreality; but when delineation is his object, he executes with a stroke that leaves no effort to the imagination. Take for instance that series of inimitable word-paintings in "The Palace of Art":

For some were hung with arras green and blue,
Showing a gaudy summer-morn,
Where with puff'd cheek the belted hunter blew
His wreathed bugle-horn.

One seem'd all dark and red—a tract of sand,
And some one pacing there alone,
Who paced for ever in a glimmering land,
Lit with a low, large moon.

One show'd an iron coast and angry waves,
You seem'd to hear them climb and fall
And roar rock-thwarted under bellowing caves,
Beneath the windy wall.

And one, a full-fed river winding slow
By herds upon an endless plain,
The ragged rims of thunder brooding low,
With shadow-streaks of rain.

And one, the reapers at their sultry toil,
In front they bound the sheaves. Behind
Were realms of upland, prodigal in oil,
And hoary to the wind.

And one, an English home—gray twilight pour'd
On dewy pastures, dewy trees
Softer than sleep—all things in order stored,
A haunt of ancient Peace.

Not a superfluous word, and yet each a perfect whole, clear, intense, illuminated with all the light of reality.

Deeper than all expressed emotion, subtler than any voiced language, is that vain longing after unattainable things, that regretful realization of impotence to recall the past, expressed in the mournful lines of "Tears, Idle Tears":

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds
To dying ears, when into dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

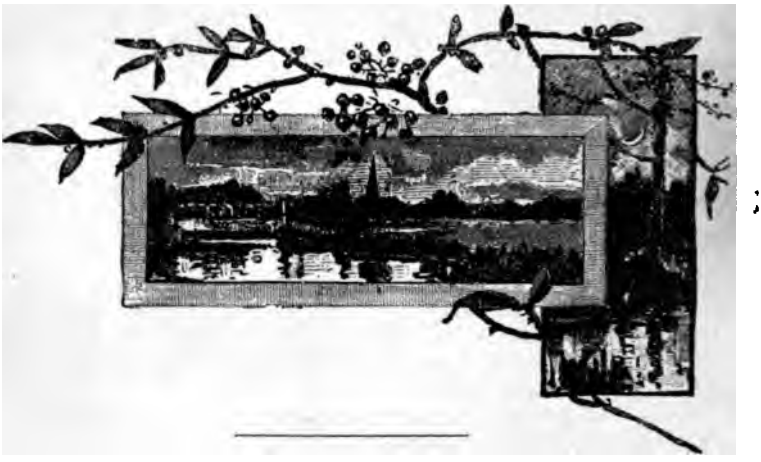
Practical and distinctly human are many of his themes, but to imbibe the real Tennysonian spirit you must eliminate your own personality and submit to wander with him unrestrained upon the misty heights of imagination, in valleys of dim unreality, beside lisping, gurgling waters, or through the shrouded caverns of the past.

No less sublime than the poet's exalted life was the dignity and grandeur of his death. Age, that so often impairs the faculties, served

only to ripen and infuse with stirring vigour his wonderful genius.

Only a short time before the end did he pen that exquisite lyric that stands his most fitting monument, the last tribute of a great master-spirit, pregnant with the unquenchable hope of after-being, to its own immortal soul:

For tho' from out our bourn of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.



THE CITY OF DAVID.

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

A little Babe this place has glorified!
A little Child upon His mother's breast
Once breathed a blessing that has never died
Upon these little streets that, side by side,
Run east and west.

His little presence—He who was a King—
Still, still is felt amid trade's pulsing breath;
The thought of Him is like a living thing
That blooms amid the Oriental spring,
And knows no death.

At midnight, when the stars in clusters rise
Above this sacred city; when the moon,
Pallid and old, in the far heaven lies;
Or when the torrid sun in these hot skies
Broods at high noon,—

Ever there wakes the thought of Him once more,
Tho' long and long ago His mother came
One winter night to yon poor stable door,
Yea, here lives on, to-day, as years before,
His love, His name!

RISTMAS CONVERSION AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR BROWNING.

BEAUTIFUL for situation are the lovely valleys of Chillawack and Sumas. In their rear, snow-peaked mountains lift their pure heads to the sun, and in front of them the mighty Fraser River rushes on to meet the sea, which sea, as if appreciating its , lover-like, comes more than y to meet and embrace it.
e time of which I write these were not peopled as they are

They were great solitudes, here and there by a settler's nd saved from desolation by ndian villages. In one of ins lived an elderly white Born and reared in the east, emigrated to California, and ence to Oregon, bringing up in a mining town on the River. It was there I first n. He was a character characters. He was kindly pectful to me, and acted in ices as usher and a kind of eward. But, my, how he swear! Not the ordinary swearing, but the extra- .

were men in that town who ave an oath in almost every they uttered, but this man iabolical genius for framing ie of Jesus Christ in a lurid of words which made me if by chance I passed when blaspheming. Poor, mor- ne fellow, how I pitied and for him!

passed away and with them ing town and the emigration of my quondam usher and plate steward to the Sumas valley, where, under the shadow of the mountains, he "took up a ranch" and lived alone. The Christmas time was drawing near and it was the first Christmas he had ever spent alone with God and his own conscience. There settled down on him a sense of utter desolateness. The past oppressed him, the present had nothing but sorrow for him, and as for the future, he dared not anticipate it.

It was with these mingled feelings that he crept into his bed on the eve of Christmas Day. But sleep was murdered, and rising he lit his lamp and began to come to himself. He remembered he had a Bible in his trunk. A brother long years before had given the book to him, but it had lain untouched, and now for the first time he opened it and began to read. As he read he became conscious of another presence than his own being in the room, and that presence was the Christ whose name he had so often used in blasphemy. To go down at the feet of the Presence and weep and pray was his impulse, and without a moment's hesitation he at once went down on the floor of his cabin and prayed.

Then began a struggle which, like Jacob's, lasted until the breaking of the day. But with the morning the Sun of Righteousness had arisen on his soul, and as he went out of his cabin door and looked upon the mountains they seemed to dance for joy, and the river in the distance was singing a doxology of praise. What next!

He could not keep all this joy to himself. He dared not tell his neighbours of it, for they would call

him either a lunatic or a fraud. And so he left his cabin and by land and water travelled over forty miles to see me, that he might tell the story of his conversion to one whom he believed would sympathize and rejoice with him. And what a meeting we had! He wanted to stay with me, but I urged him to go back home and, gathering his neighbours together for a watch-night, tell them how Christ found him that Christmas morning, and how he had found pardon and regeneration and a heaven on earth.

He left for his valley home, and in a few weeks I received a request to come and assist in a glorious revival which was shaking the valleys as trees are shaken by the wind. I went to find that the meetings were progressing gloriously, and that my brother who was saved so remarkably had done just what I had advised him to do, and had followed it up by testifying for Christ anywhere and everywhere that offered. The change in his life was so marked since his conversion that it seemed as if God had saved him for two purposes—his own salvation and the salvation of the people around him.

During that meeting and others which grew out of it, the character of the settlers in those beautiful valleys underwent a miraculous transformation. Even the Indians caught the contagion. The white and the red man wept together in penitence, and rejoiced together in the forgiveness of their sins. Captain John, an Indian chief, with many of his people, gave their hearts to God. He still lives as the helper of Brother Crosby. Many whites and Indians converted in those meetings have passed on before, but others yet live, and from letters which I receive I am assured they are still faithful to Christ.

I can see now as I write this article the man I knew in the mining town, and I hear again his words of blasphemy. Then the scene changes, and I see him as when he came to tell me of how Jesus had come to him that memorable Christmas. And once more the scene changes, and I see him as when he rode across the prairie, not daring to look back, for we had exchanged the last good-bye. To-day these valleys are dotted with churches and schools; an Indian institute stands as proof of the faith and works of the godly women of Ontario—the leaven which began to work on that Christmas morning is leavening the whole lump.

> So shall the bright succession run
> To the last ages of the sun.

Toronto.

SHINE OUT, O STAR!

What shall we do for the blinded eyes
  Straining their gaze afar,
Seeing no promise of dawn arise,
  Searching in vain for the Star?

Dear God, so far in the lifted heavens—
  So low in the dust they lie,
To whom no glimpse of the day is given,
  No Star in their midnight sky.

The burdened and weary, the sick and faint,
  Who moan out their despair,
Till the still air pulses with their complaint,
  And the pang of unheeded prayer.

Sweet choir of God, this Christmastide
  Sing out your song again:
Is the Christ-child born! Has He come to abide?
  Does it mean "good-will to men"?

Shine out, O Star, on their darkened way,
  Whose eyes with tears are dim,
The Christ-child lives somewhere to-day—
  Make clear the road to Him.

—*Mary Lowe Dickinson.*

THE NATIVITY.

BY SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

COMETH again with winter's whitened landscapes,
And drear upheavings of December's sea,
The great day when the Lord took human fashion
The light of this our little world to be.

Oh! you proud palaces of earth, be humble!
Oh! famous places, vaunt to-night no fame!
What shrine, what carved cathedral should be hallowed,
And not yon limestone cave which hath no name

Of any king or conqueror to gild it,
Of any triumph won by sword and spear,
Grander than stricken fields and tented armies
To each man, like his own home, known and dear?

Forsaken, lone, dwelt in by herdsmen, stony,
Poor, and obscure, but sacred near and far,
So that the kneeling camels seem to worship,
The flowers to waft it incense, and each star,

A lamp lit every night by angel-watchers
With fragrant flames of paradise, to show
Where stood that bearing bed so blessèd, wherefore
Those Magi did in fear and wonder go

To haunt so opulent with heav'nly promise
That lands and seas find settled centre there,
And naught of royal, no supreme dominion,
No Emperor's pleasaunce may with thee compare.

Bethlehem, thou "House of Bread," thou petty city
Built fortunate under the Syrian sky!
Ye who read this, take with me wings of fancy,
Speed in the magic of this tale and spy

The lowly spot, beneath its constellations
Studding the vault with jewel-stars—each star
A "mansion of His Father's house"—the hamlet
Sits white-roofed, quiet on its rugged scar.

Yonder the mule-path winds to Hebron, gleaming
Dusty and grey amid the olives. There
Was Khan of Chimham, where did ofttimes gather
The caravans of Abraham; and here

Ruth "stood amid the alien corn," and David
Played with his fellow shepherd-lads. A fane
Built by Byzantium's empress marks where tarried
The Virgin; where endured the bearing-pain

Bringing such bliss to earth. And yon sloped meadow,
Broken by crags, gave pasture to the sheep
Which on that night—unknowingly nigh heaven—
Those silly swains from wolf and bear did keep.

These be the knolls they supped among, while minstrels,
Such as no banquet knew before, did turn
Their barley crusts to dainty diet, mingle
Their peasant chatter with those words that burn

All spirits, by remembrance, to bright hope;
Which, even to think on, change all grief to glory,
New times proclaimed by love's own tongue. Yea! this
Was scene and stage-place of the immortal story

Too wonderful for faith, except it listen,
As did these Syrian hinds, with hearts for ears,
And see with inward eyes; heav'n's compact given
To half-believing earth, who all these years

Awaits fulfilment, knowing not the gift
Lies in her lap to handsel: "Peace on earth,
Good-will to all," if only all will live
Simple as these and comprehend this birth,

And have what angels have, what the star meant
Guiding those Magi, what the angelic crew
Sang o'er the manger on the hill; for what
When man is ready God is ready too.

But, Lord, how long? The foolish nations stagger
From war to war, and of this hill of peace
Would make a fortalice and march battalions
Where songs of angels bade all carnage cease.

Rocks! ye did know! Olives and terebinths!
From ancient roots ye spring, which burgeoned here
And saw the golden gates, if any saw,
Opened, and heard the message loud and clear

Spoken by seraphs, if 'twere spoke. Shall man
Be deafer than the rocks, more blind than trees,
More slow to "rise and go to Bethlehem"
And worship at the manger as did these

The Orient Shepherds? Be ye comforted,
Peacemakers! and such souls as do await,
Prostrate beside those wise men from the East,
The star that shall return to banish hate;

To make an end to bloodshed: to bring in
Sweet reason, righteousness and brotherhood,
"Peace upon earth" and "good-will toward men."
Ah! words divine! and be it understood,

Long-suffering, watchful earth! from yonder worlds,
Countless, amazing, prodigally set
In silver swarms, from centres numberless
To infinite circumference, not yet

Have its rays reached our eyes from many a star,
Since even light asks time. So it might be
The far-off inner beam of Bethlehem
Finds still much space to travel. Therefore we—

Knowing this great thing happened, noting here
Under thy white walls, Bethlehem, the rocks,
The very rocks which heard; the olive-trees
Growing where grew His olives—by no shocks

Of death or doubt or darkness will be driven
To let go certainty that at the last
The promise of the angels shall come true,
The blindness of the ages shall be past.

And, little city, thou shalt be again
Chief of the cities, dearest, proudest, best,
Since first He breathed our earthly air in thee,
And first in thee sucked at a mortal breast.

And since from thee came all our Christendom
As mighty rivers rise from crystal rill.
Therefore guard safe the echo of the promise,
Thou "House of Bread"! Thou lowly Syrian hill!

A SINGULAR LIFE.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD.

IV.—Continued.

THE church was thronged. Citizens and strangers jostled each other in the porch, the vestibules, and the aisles. It was one of those religious festivals so dear to the heart of New England, and so perplexing to gayer people.

The respectability of the town was out in force. The richest fish firms, the largest shipowners, and the oldest shed the little light of local on the occasion. Most of fact, were members of the Windover had what an ir- outsider had termed her '. The examination—to be 'ed that evening by the or- —of the new minister was an note.

he platform, decorated by the id Society with taste, piety, enrod, sat the council called ne and to ordain Emanuel o the ministry of Christ. re venerable men; they drove the surrounding parishes in gies, or took the trains from towns. A few city names onded; one or two of them nent. The columns of The Topsail had these already display type, and the re- n the galleries dashed them llow slips of paper.

minister elect, panting with , ran up the steps and into h, the first thing he per- is the eye of one of his professors fastened sternly . It gave him the feeling hty little boy who was late

This guilty sensation was ied by a vision of the back le's bald head in an eminent ig the lay delegates, and by of the jewelled Swiss re- amiliar to his infancy, too ispended from Mr. Hermon 's hand. The church clock for the occasion a wreath of ters, which had received an te lurch to one side, and pious timepiece a tipsy air) charitably maintained that Bayard was but seven minutes late. The impatience of the council and the anxiety of the audience seemed to aver that an hour would not cover, nor eternity pardon, the young man's delay. He dropped his valise into the hand of the sexton, and strode up the broad aisle. The dust of the street fight still showed upon his clothes. His cheeks were flushed with his fine colour. His disordered hair clung to his white forehead in curls that the straitest sect of the Pharisees could not have straightened. Every woman in the audience noticed this, and liked him the better for it. But the council was composed of straight-haired men.

Somebody beckoned him into the minister's room to repair damages: and as he crossed the platform to do so, Bayard stooped and exchanged a few whispered words with the moderator. The wrinkled face of that gentleman changed visibly. He rose at once and said:

"It is due to our brother and to the audience to state that your minister-elect desires me to make his apologies to the parish for a tardiness which he found to be unavoidable,—morally unavoidable, I might say. And I should observe," added the moderator, hesitating, "that I have been requested not to explain the nature of the case, but I shall take it upon myself to defy this injunction, and to state that an act of Christian mercy detained our brother. I do not think," said the moderator, dropping suddenly from the ecclesiastical to the human tone, "that it is every man who would have done it, under the circumstances; and I do not consider it any less creditable for that."

A sound of relief stirred through the house as the moderator sat down. The audience ceased twisting its head to look at the tipsy clock, thus enabling the Ladies' Aid Association to get that aster wreath for the first time out of mind. Mr. Hermon Worcester's watch went back to its comfortable fob. A smile melted across the anxious face of Professor Haggai Carruth, of Cesarea. The minister-elect reappeared with plumage properly smoothed, and the proceedings of the day set in, with the usual decorum of the denomination.

He listened dreamily to the conventional preliminary exercises of the afternoon. His mind was in a turmoil which poorly prepared the young man for the intellectual and emotional strain of the day. That scene in the street flashed and faded and reappeared before him, like the dark lantern which an evil hand brings into a sacred place. The blow of the man's fist upon the child seemed to fall crashing upon his own flesh. Across the crescendo of the chorus of the hymn the cry of the little boy ran in piteous discord.

And now for three quivering hours the young man stood the fire of the most ingenious questioning which had been witnessed in that part of the State for many a year.

At first it rather amused him than otherwise, and he bore it with great good nature.

He was patient beyond his years with the small clergyman from the small interior parish, whose hobby was that theological students were not properly taught their Bibles, and who had invented a precious catechism of his own, calculated to prove to the adience how little they or the candidate know of Boanerges, Gog, and Magog, and the four beasts of the Apocalypse. Having treated all these burning questions satisfactorily, Bayard fenced awhile with the learned clergyman who was alive only in the dead languages, and who put the candidate through his Greek and Hebrew paces as if he had been a college boy.

Bayard had felt no serious concern as to the outcome of the examination, a mere form, a husk, a shell, with which it was not worth a man's while to quarrel. The people of the church —had already begun to call them his people—were enthusiastically and lovingly pledged to him. He smiled into their familiar faces and manfully and cheerfully stood his ground. All, in fact, went well enough, until the theology of the young man came under investigation.

With a sudden and impressive gesture of the hand, as if he cast the whole merciless scene away from him, he stepped unexpectedly forward, and in a ringing voice he said :

"Fathers and brothers of the Church ! I believe in God Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth. I believe in Jesus Christ His Son, our Lord and Saviour. I believe in the sacredness and authority of the Bible, which contains the lesson and the history of *His life.* I believe in the guilt and the misery of sin, and I have spent the best years of my youth in your institutions of sacred learning, seeking to be taught how to teach my fellowmen to be better. I solemnly believe in the Life Eternal, and that its happiness and holiness are the gifts of Jesus Christ to the race. I do not presume to explain how or why this is or may be so ; for behold we are shown mysteries, of which this is one. If I am permitted to guide the people who have loved and chosen me, I expect to teach them many truths which I do not understand. I shall teach them none which I do not believe. Fathers and brothers, I show you my soul ! Deal with me as you will !"

He stood for a space, tall, white, still, with that look—half angel, half human—which was peculiar to his face in moments of exaltation.

The troubled voice of the moderator now recalled him, using the quaint phrase of elder times for such occasion made and provided : "The council will now be by themselves."

In three-quarters of an hour the council returned and reported upon the examination. Emanuel Bayard was refused ordination to the Christian ministry by a majority of five.

Agitated beyond self-control, the people split into factions, and resolved themselves into committees. The gray-haired moderator and the dejected Professor, themselves paler than the rejected candidate, sought to convert the confusion into something like order wherewith to close the exercises of that miserable day. During the momentary silence which their united efforts had enforced, a thick voice from the swaying crowd was distinctly heard.

Job Slip, who had somehow managed to take an extra drop from his pocket-bottle during the electric disturbance of the last half-hour, was staggering up the broad aisle, with the Italian and the sober man at either elbow.

"Lemme go !" cried Job, with an air of unprecedented politeness. "Lemme get up thar whar I ken make a speech. I won't cuss ye, for this is a meetin'-house, but I will make my speech !"

"Hush, Job !" said a girl in a sailor hat. She came forward before all the people and laid her hand upon the drunkard's arm. "Hush, Job, hush ! You bother the minister. Come away, Job, come away. Mari's here, and the young one. Come along to your wife, Job Slip !"

"I'll join my wife when I get

ready," said Job, solemnly, "for it's proper that I should; but I ain't a-goin' to stand by an' see a man that licked me licked out'n his rights an' not do nothin' for him! No, sir! Gentlemen," cried Job pleasantly, assuming an oratorical attitude and facing round upon the disturbed house, "I'll stick up for the minister every time. It ain't his fault he was late to meetin'. You hadn't oughter kick him out for that, now! It's all along of me, gentlemen! I drink—and he—ye see—don't. I was threshin' the life out'n my little boy down to Angel Alley, and he knocked me down for 't. Fact, sir! That there little minister, he knocked me down. I'll stand by him every round now, you bet! I'll see 't he gets his rights in his own meetin'-house!"

Half a dozen hands were at Job's mouth; a dozen more dragged him back. The council sprang to their feet in horror. But Job squared off, and eyed these venerable Christians with the moral superiority of his condition. He pushed on towards the pulpit.

"Come on, Tony!" he cried to the Italian. "Come, Ben! You, Lena!" He beckoned to the girl, who had shrunk back. "Tell Mari an' Joey to foller on! Won't hear us, won't they? Well, we'll see! There ain't a cove of the lot of them could knock me down! Jest to save a little feller's bones! Gentlemen! look a' here. Look at us. We're the delegation from Angel Alley, sir. Now, sir, what are you pious a-goin' to do with us?"

But a white, firm hand was laid upon Job's shoulder. Pale, shining, frowning, Bayard stood beside him.

"Come, Job," he said gently, "come out with me, and we will talk it over."

The broad aisle quickly cleared, and the rejected minister left the church with the drunkard's hand upon his arm. The remainder of the delegation from Angel Alley followed quietly, and the soft, green baize doors closed upon them.

"Say," said Job Slip, recovering a portion of his scattered senses in the open air,—"say, I thought you said they didn't fight where you was goin'?"

The drunkard's wife stood outside. She was crying. Bayard looked at her. He did not know what to say. Just then he felt a tug at the tail of his coat, and small, warm fingers crept into his cold hand. He looked down. *It was the little boy.*

V.

It seems a little thing to write about, but at the time it was not the least aspect of the great crisis into which Emanuel Bayard had arrived, that, when he came out into the strong, salt breeze of Windover that afternoon, it suddenly occurred to him that he had nowhere to spend the night. Alas for the bright and solemn festival in which his should have been the crowned hero's part! He heard the excited women of the parish asking each other:

"Who is going to eat up that collation?"

"What is ever going to become of all that one-two-three-four cake?"

"Feed those old ministers now? Not a sandwich! Let 'em go home where they belong. If we're going to have no minister, they shall have no supper! We'll settle him in spite of 'em!"

Thus the Ladies' Aid Association, with flushed cheeks and shrill voices. But the deacons and the pillars of the disturbed church collected in serious groups, and discussed the catastrophe with the dignity of the voting and governing sex.

Sick at heart, and longing to escape from the whole miserable scene, Bayard walked down the street alone. His steps bent blindly to the station. When he had bought his ticket to Boston, it came to him for the first time to ask himself where he was going. Home? What home? Whose? Hermon Worcester's? That glance at his uncle's rigid face which he had allowed himself back there in the church recurred to him. The incensed and disappointed man had suffered his smitten boy to go forth from that furnace without a sign of sympathy. He had given Emanuel one look: the pupils of his eyes were dark and dilated with indignation of the kind that a gentleman does not trust himself to express.

"I cannot go home," said Emanuel suddenly, half aloud. "I forgot that. I shall not be wanted."

He put his ticket in his wallet and turned away. Some people were hurrying into the station, and he strode to a side door to escape them. The handsome knob of an Oriental grapestick touched his arm. The white face of the Professor of Theology looked sternly into his.

"Suppose you come out to Cesarea with me to-night? We can talk this unfortunate affair over quietly, and—

I am sure you misapprehend the real drift of some of these doctrines that disturb you. I believe I could set you right, and possibly—another examination—before a different Council"—

Bayard's head swam for an instant. He was in that state when a woman's sympathy is the only one delicate enough for a man's bruised nature to bear. He quivered at the thought of being touched by anything harsher than the compassionate approval, the indignant sorrow, the intelligent heart—

"No," he said, after a scarcely perceptible hesitation. "Thank you, Professor—I can't do it. I should only disappoint you. I am almost too tired to go all over the ground again. Good-bye, Professor."

He held out his hand timidly. The thin, high-veined hand of the Professor shook as he responded to the grasp.

"I didn't know," he said more gently, "but you would be more comfortable. Your uncle"—the Professor hesitated.

"Thank you," said the young man again. "That was thoughtful of you." But he shook his head, and pushed out of the door into the street.

There he stood irresolute. What next? He was to have been the guest of the treasurer of the church that night, after the ordination. It was a pretty, luxurious home; he had been entertained there so often that he felt at home in it; the family had been his affectionate friends, and the children were fond of him. He thought of that comfortable guest-room with the weakest pang that he had known yet: he felt ill enough to go to bed. But they had not asked the dishonored minister, now, to be their guest. It did not occur to him, so sore at heart was he, that he had given them no opportunity.

He was about to return to the station, with a vague purpose to seek shelter in some hotel in a village where nobody knew him, when a plain, elderly woman dressed in black approached him. He recognized her as one of the obscurer people of his lost parish. She had been comforted by something he had said one Sunday; she had come timidly to tell him so, after the fashion of such women; she had known trouble, he remembered, and poverty, it was clear.

"Ah, Mrs. Granite!" he said pathetically. "Did you take all the trouble to come to say good-bye to me?"

"You look so tired, sir!" sobbed Mrs. Granite. "You look down sick abed! We thought you wasn't fit to travel to-night, sir, and if you wouldn't mind coming home with us to get a night's rest, Mr. Bayard? We live very poor, sir, not like you; but me and my girl, we couldn't bear to see you going off so. We'd take it for an honour, Mr. Bayard, sir!"

"I will come," said the weary man. And he went, at once. Certain words confusedly recurred to him as he walked silently beside Mrs. Granite. "He had not where," they ran,—"He had not where to lay his head."

The light burned late in the clean spare room in the cottage of the fisherman's widow on Windover Point that night.

Early in the morning her mother sent Jane Granite running for the doctor; and by night it was well known in Windover that the new minister was ill.

He lay helpless for two weeks under one of those serious nervous collapses which seem ignominy to a young man. But Mrs. Granite and Jane nursed him adoringly, and as soon as the doctor permitted, Jane brought the patient his mail. It contained a curt but civil letter from his uncle, regretting to learn that he had been indisposed, and requesting an interview.

As soon as he was able to travel, Emanuel went to Boston.

An unexpected incident which happened on the morning that he left Windover gave back something of the natural fires to his eyes, and he looked less ill than Mr. Worcester had expected, when they met in the library on Beacon Street.

This circumstance checked the slightly rising tide of sympathy in his uncle's feeling; and it was with scarcely more than civility that the elder man opened the conversation.

"I wish to discuss this situation with you, Emanuel, once for all. You have for some time avoided the issue between us which is bound to come."

"I have avoided nothing," interrupted Emanuel proudly.

"It is the same thing. You have never met me half-way. The time has come when we must have it out. You know, of course, perfectly well what a blow this thing has been to me—the mortification—the . . . After all I have done for you"—

The cold, clear-cut features of Hermon Worcester's face became suffused: he put his hand against his heart, and gasped. For the first time it occurred

› young man that the elder, too, uffered; with a quick exclama- f sympathy or anxiety, he turned ›ly, but Mr. Worcester got to his and began to pace the library

hat do you propose to do?" he "Seven years of higher edu- , and — how many trips to ›e? And all the—that—feeling › has for a child he has brought 'asted, worse than wasted! What u propose to do? Thirty years nd a failure at the start! A ›ce to the faith of your fathers! t on an old religious name! now! what next? . . . I se I could find you a place to a store," added Hermon Wor- bitingly.

anuel had flushed darkly, and his swift pallor came on.

›cle," he said distinctly, "I think nterview we have been prepar- ›r so long may as well be dis- i with. It seems to me quite s. I can only grieve you, sir; ›u cannot comfort me."

›mfort!" sneered the other, with ›ast agreeable expression; for ›n Worcester had many, in fre- use.

ell," said Emanuel, "yes; there mes when even a heretic may something of that sort. But › about to say that I think it or us to talk. My plans are uite formed."

deed, sir!" said Mr. Worcester, ng short.

have been invited by a minority people to start a new work in ›ver, of which they propose that l become the leader."

›t the pastor!" observed Mr. ›ster.

›s, the pastor,—that was the It will be a work quite inde- nt of the old church. I cannot for your sympathy in this step. › decided to take it. It strikes ›cle, that we had better not dis- he matter."

s mother before him!" cried ›n Worcester, violently striding d down the velvet carpet of the ›, "I went through it with his r before him,—this abhorrent in- ›nce to the demands of birth and ng, this scandal, this with- l from the world, this publicity to family differences, the whole ›ble business! She for love, 'ou for—I suppose you call it ›n! I can't go through it again, and I won't! It is asking too much of me!"

"I ask nothing of you, uncle," said the young man, rising.

"You'll end in infidelity, sir."

Mr. Worcester snapped in the private drawer of his desk, and locked it with unnecessary force and symbolism.

"I don't forbid you my house, mind. I sha'n't turn you into the street. You'll starve into your senses fast enough on any salary that the rabble down in that fishing-town can raise for you. When you do—come back to me. Keep your latch-key in your pocket. You will want to use it some day."

"I must run my chances, sir," said Bayard in a voice so low that it was scarcely audible. Instinctively he drew his latch-key from his pocket and held it out; but Mr. Hermon Worcester did not deign to notice it. "I have never thought about your money, uncle. I'm not that kind of fellow, exactly. You have always been good to me, Uncle Hermon!" He choked, and held out his hand to say goodbye.

"But look here—see here—you'll stay to dinner? You'll go up to your room, Manuel?" stammered the elder man. "I explicitly told you that I didn't drive you out of your home. I don't desire any scene—any unnecessary scandal. I wish you to understand that you are not turned into the street."

"I have promised to be in Windover this evening, to settle this matter," replied Bayard.

He walked up the street slowly, for he was weak yet. At the door of an old friend he was tempted to pause and rest, but collected his senses, and struggled on.

He turned to look for a cab; then remembered that he had no longer fifty cents to waste upon so mere a luxury as the economy of physical strength. It was his first lesson in poverty,—that a sick man must walk, because he could not afford to ride. Besides, it proved to be a private carriage that he had seen. The elderly coachman, evidently a family retainer, had just shut the door and clambered to the box; he was waiting to tuck the green cloth robe deliberately about his elegant legs, when a low exclamation from the coach window caused Bayard to look back.

Helen Carruth had opened the door, and stood, irresolute, with one foot upon the step, as if half her mind

were in, and half were out the carriage. She was richly dressed in purple cloth, and had that air which he could not conceive of her as dispensing with if she were a missionary in Tahiti. She looked vivid, vital, warm, and somehow, gorgeous to him.

"You?" she cried joyously; then seemed to recall herself, and stepped back.

He went up to her at once.

"I have been staying with Clara Rollins for a week," she hastened to say. "I am just going home. It's her afternoon at the Portuguese Mission, so she could not see me off. I did not know you were in town, Mr. Bayard."

"I am not," said Bayard, smiling wanly. "I am on my way to Windover; I am late to my train now."

"Why, jump in!" said the young lady heartily. "We are going the same way; and I'm sure Mrs. Rollins would be delighted to have you. She's at the Woman's Branch."

"The Woman's who?" asked Bayard, laughing for the first time for many days. He had hesitated for a moment; then stepped into the carriage, and shut the door.

"I presume you've been in this vehicle before?" began Miss Carruth.

He nodded, smiling still.

"At intervals, as far back as I can remember."

"Miss Rollins was saying only yesterday what an age it was since they had seen you—Mr. Bayard!" she broke off, "you look ill. You are ill."

He had sunk back upon the olive satin cushions. The familiar sense of luxury and ease came upon him like a wave of mortal weakness. For a moment he did not trust himself to look at the girl beside him. Her beauty, her gaiety, her health, her freedom from care, something even in her personal elegance overcame him. She seemed to whirl before his eyes, the laughing figure of a happy fortune, the dainty symbol of the life that he had left and lost. The deliberate coachman was now driving rapidly, and they were well on their way over Beacon Hill. She gave Bayard one of her long, steady looks. Something of timidity stole over her vivacious face.

"Mr. Bayard," she said in a changed tone, "I have heard all about it from my father. I wanted to tell you, but I had no way. I am glad to have a chance to say—I am sorry for you with all my heart. And with all my soul, I honour you."

"Do you?" said the disheartened man. "Then I honour myself the more."

He turned now, and looked at her gratefully. The first drop of human sympathy from man or woman of his own kind was inexpressibly sweet to him. He could have raised her hand to his lips. But they were in Mrs. Rollins's carriage, and on Beacon Street.

"Oh!" cried Helen suddenly. "Look there! No, there! See that poor, horrible fellow! Why, he's arrested! The policemen are carrying him off."

Bayard looked out of the carriage window, and uttered a disturbed exclamation. Struggling in the iron grip of two policemen of assorted sizes, the form and the tongue of Job Slip were forcibly ornamenting Tremont Row.

"I must go. I must leave you. Excuse me. Drive on without me, Miss Carruth. That is a friend of mine in trouble there."

Bayard stopped the coachman with an imperious tap, and a "Hold on, John!"

"A what of yours?" cried Helen.

"It is one of my people," explained Bayard curtly. He leaped from the carriage, raised his hat, and ran.

"Just release this man, if you please," he said to the police authoritatively. "I know him; I am his minister. I'm going on the train he meant to take. I'll see him safely home. I'll answer for him."

"Well—I don't know about that, sir," replied the smaller policeman doubtfully.

But the larger one looked Bayard over, and made answer: "Oh, bejabers, Tim, let 'im goa!"

Job, who was not too far gone to recognize his preserver, now threw his arms affectionately around Bayard's recoiling neck, and became unendurably maudlin. In a voice audible the width of the street, and with streaming tears and loathsome blessings, he identified Bayard as his dearest, best, nearest, and most intimate of friends. A laughing crowd collected and followed, as Bayard tried to hurry to the station, encumbered by the grip of Job's intoxicated affection. Now falling, now staggering up, now down again, and ever firmly held, Job looked up drunkenly into the white, delicate face that seemed to rise above him

by a space as far as the span between the heavens and the earth. Stupidly he was aware that the new minister was doing something by him that was not exactly usual. He began to talk in thick, hyphenated sentences about his wife and home, his boy, and the trip he had taken to Georges'. He had made, he averred, a hundred dollars (which was possible), and had two dollars and thirty-seven cents left (which was altogether probable). Job complained that he had been robbed in Boston of the difference, and, weeping, besought the new minister to turn back and report the theft to the police.

"We shall lose the train, Job," said Bayard firmly. "We must get home to your wife and little boy."

"Go wherever y' say!" cried Job pleasantly. "Go to Chicago, along of you, if you say so!"

There was something so grotesque in the situation that Bayard's soul recoiled within him. He was not used to this kind of thing. He was no Christ, but a plain human man, and a young man at that. His sense of dignity was terribly hurt. Without turning his head, he knew when the carriage drove on. He felt her eyes upon him; he knew the moment when she took them off; Job was attempting to kiss him at that particular crisis.

Bayard managed to reach the last platform of the last car as it moved out of the station, and to get his charge to Windover without an accident. He had plenty of time for reflection on the trip; but he reflected as little as possible. With his arm linked firmly through Job's and his eyes closed, he became a seer of visions, not a thinker of thoughts. Her face leaned out of the carriage window,—faded, formed, and dimmed, and formed again. He saw the astonishment leap into her brown eyes, and that look which no sibyl could have interpreted, forming about her merry lips. He heard the coachman say, "Shall I drive on, miss?" And the answer, "Yes, John, drive on. I must not miss the train."

He opened his eyes, and saw the sullen horizon of the sea across the marches, and the loathsome face of Job leaning against the casement of the car window at his side.

By the time they reached Windover Slip was sleepy and quite manageable. Bayard consulted his watch. It was the hour for his evening appointment with the officers of the new parish.

"Again!" he thought. He looked at the drunkard wearily. Then the flash of inspiration fired his tired face.

"Come, Job," he said suddenly. "Never mind our suppers. Come with me."

He took Job as he was,—torpid, sodden, disgusting, a creature of the mud, a problem of the mire. The committee sat in the anxious conclave of people embarked upon a doubtful and unpopular enterprise. Emanuel Bayard pushed Job Slip before him into the pretty parlours of the ex-treasurer of the old First Church. For the treasurer had followed the come-outers. He had joined the poor and humble people who, in fear and faith, had tremblingly organized the experiment for which, as yet, they had no other name than that they gave it in their prayers. Christ's work, they called it, then. The treasurer was their only man of property. His jaw dropped when he saw Job.

"Gentlemen," said the young pastor, "gentlemen, I have brought you a sample of the material under discussion. What are we going to do with this?"

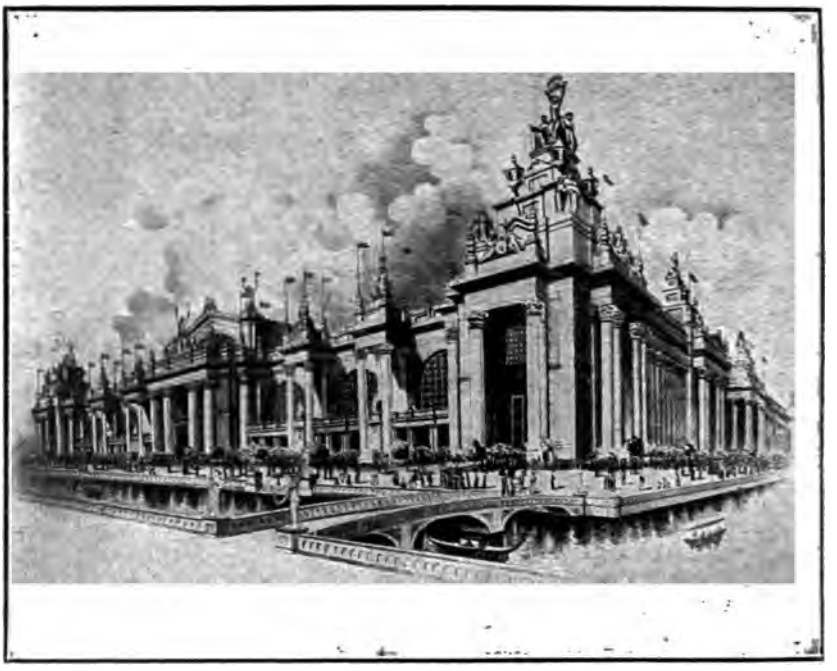
(To be continued.)

"The lesson of Christmas, O, learn it,
If Wisdom's rich treasure you prize;
'Tis taught by a Babe in a manger,
Go kneel at His feet, and be wise.

"The story of Christmas, O, tell it,
That its power and sweetness may win
Lost souls to believe in the Saviour,
Who came to redeem them from sin.

"The spirit of Christmas, O, seek it,
Its love and its fulness to know
Will crown all the years with a glory
That nothing on earth can bestow."

CANADA AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.



THE ELECTRICITY BUILDING.

CANADA'S Pavilion will be one hundred feet square and surrounded by porticoes. It will have two stories. The architect is L. Fennings Taylor, of Ottawa, Canada. The Canadian reservation is about half-way between the Agriculture Building and the Forestry, Fish, and Game Building. The handsome pavilion, which is to be Commissioner-General Hutchinson's official home on the World's Fair grounds next year, and which will serve as a club-house for Canadian visitors to the Exposition, will stand south-west of, and close to, the big floral clock on the northern slope of Agriculture Hill. The building will face the avenue which runs north and south in front of the Administration Building and extends to the Agriculture Building.

As the Canadian building is to be such a near neighbour to the Palace of Agriculture, my Canadian readers will be interested in knowing something about this giant structure.

The Palace of Agriculture at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis is the largest structure ever built for the reception of a single department, and is fifteen per cent. larger than any other building at the Exposition. It is 500 x 1,600 feet, thus containing a floor space of almost twenty acres. The building is probably the best lighted of any on the grounds. Its fronts are practically successive series of windows, each 75 feet long and 27 feet high.

The grand nave, 106 feet wide, which runs through the 1,600-foot length of the building, rises to a height of 60 feet, and supplies the grandest vista of installation space of any building ever designed for exposition uses.

It is readily seen by the foregoing that the Canadian building site is one of the most advantageous on the grounds, and Exposition Commissioner Hutchinson deserves great

praise for the shrewdness he has displayed in selecting it for Canada.

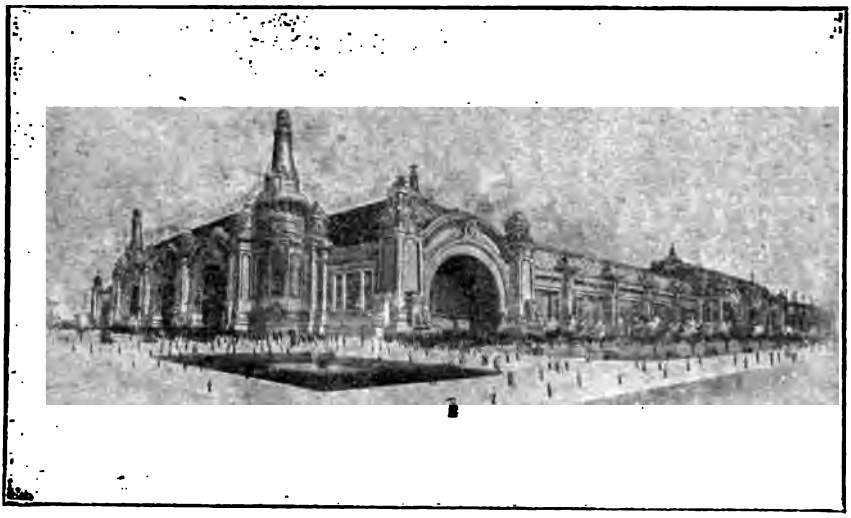
"Canada made an exhibit of rare excellence at the World's Columbian Exposition in 1893," says Col. C. F. Mills, Secretary of the Live Stock Department, "and in not a few of the classes received the larger portion of the prize money. The prize fund provided for the live-stock exhibit at the World's Fair next year will be nearly twice as large as the amount awarded at Chicago in 1893, and the skilful breeders of Canada, of whom there are many, can be depended upon to exhibit stock of such superior quality as to justly entitle them to receive a liberal share of the quarter of a million of dollars set apart by the Louisiana Purchase Exposition for stock shown at St. Louis in 1904."

Canada intends to spring a surprise at the Exposition next year with her exhibit of lumber and timber. Of most direct interest to the people of the United States, perhaps, is the record of Canada in the wood-pulp industry last year. The wood-pulp industry of Canada for the calendar year 1902 was carried on by thirty-five mills, which had an output of 240,989 tons of wood-pulp.

Of the product of Canadian mills the customs returns show that during the calendar year 1902 the export amounted to $2,511,664, leaving $1,871,518 for home use. In a general way, therefore, Canada exports 57 per cent. of her production. As seen by the foregoing figures, forest products of Canada are one of her main features, and the country yields the palm to none in the matter of natural resources.

The site for the British national pavilion at the World's Fair having been dedicated with due ceremony, the construction of the building is being rushed with the expectation of having it completed before winter. It is a large building, being a reproduction of the Orangery of Kensington Palace, London.

Water Craft at the World's Fair.—Electric launches, large electric barges, Venetian gondolas, and a large number of other small craft will ply the mile of waterways at the World's Fair next year. The lagoons reach every section of the main picture of the Exposition, passing by the facades of many of the big exhibit palaces and offering an unexampled view of the cascades and fountains.



THE TRANSPORTATION BUILDING.

Besides these boats there will be operated a fleet of water craft of all nations, including the house-boat of China, the balso of India, the outrigger of the South Sea Islands, the surf-boats of Hawaii, the canoes and dug-outs of the American Indian, and the catamaran of Australia. Novelty boats designed to represent peacocks, swans, sea-serpents, and other real

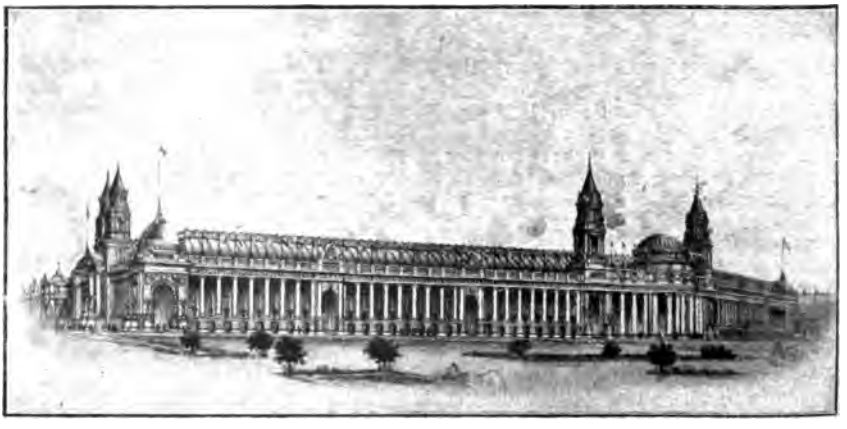
THE HORTICULTURAL BUILDING.

and fabled beings will also be operated.

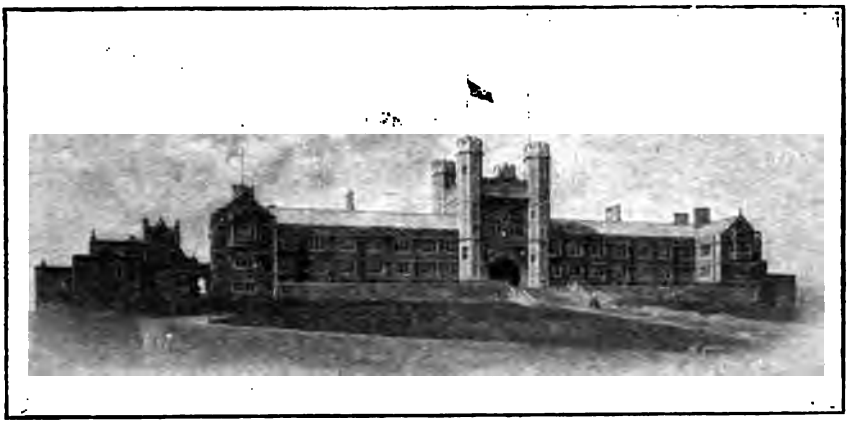
The sculpture for the decoration of the buildings and grounds of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition is first modelled in the studios of the different sculptors commissioned to do the respective works, and is then enlarged or "built up" in a large workshop at Hoboken and at the World's Fair grounds in St. Louis. The work of enlarging requires the services of a large force of men, and makes a busy industry. Many of those so employed are students and young sculptors who thus obtain a livelihood while studying art and at the same time have an opportunity to make progress in knowledge of the art of sculpture and skill in modelling.

The preparation of the decorative sculpture for so vast an exposition is a monumental task. It engages the attention of over eighty sculptors, besides the large number of men—about ninety—employed in the enlargement work. This activity goes on under the direction of the well-known sculptor, Karl Bitter, who is assisted in the discharge of his important task by an advisory committee.

The Electricity Building has a frontage of 650 feet toward the north and 525 feet toward the east, facing the main lagoon. The design is a bold columnated treatment of the Corinthian order. On two sides of the building are loggias, which add pleasing effects of light and shadow.



THE VARIED INDUSTRIES BUILDING.



THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.

A tremendous travelling crane, to be used in the installation of the big electrical machinery, which is to be shown in the building, will run on tracks in the western bay.

The Palace of Fine Arts of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, which will contain the products of the highest development of man, will be on top of Art Hill. Every effort has been made to preserve the present contour of the park around the Art Buildings. This makes it possible to preserve many more of the beautiful trees surrounding the building than could have been preserved by any scheme of filling and terracing away as is done in other similar locations.

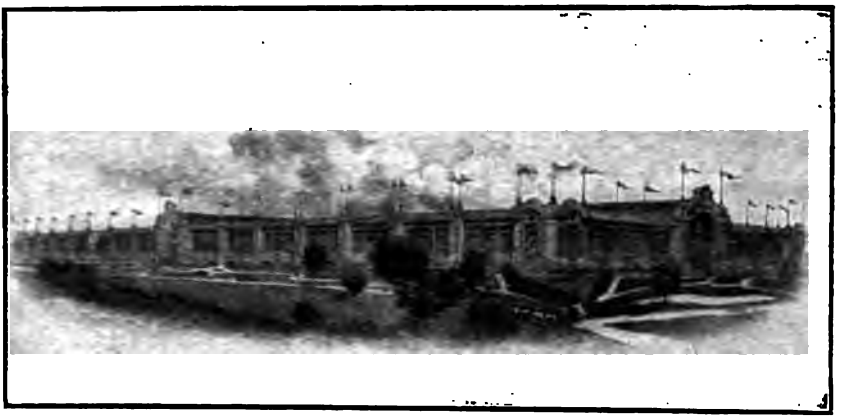
The group is designed in graceful, well-proportioned Ionic style, accentuated at the main entrance of the centre building by a Corinthian order of majestic proportions. On this facade the architect has avoided the use of window openings, thus giving the building the accepted characteristic of an art palace.

The ground, 488 feet by 262 feet, enclosed on three sides by the Art Buildings, is designed as a sculpture garden in a highly ornamental and pleasing classic style. It is the desire of the architect to place here copies of antiques and to inlay the walls facing the garden with copies of tablets and mural sculptures that have brought down to us the art histories of the distant past.

A large and majestic hall for statuary is to extend through the centre of the building.

The Varied Industries Building is a magnificent structure on the outer perimeter of the main picture of the Fair. It presents a facade of 1,200 feet on the north and south, and 525 feet on the east and west, giving 656,250 feet of exhibition space, all on

THE ART BUILDING.



THE AGRICULTURE BUILDING.

the ground floor. It is a columnated design, embodying a free treatment of the Ionic order. In the centre of the north facade is a low dome flanked by towers about 200 feet high. These towering features afford ample space for electrical display and illumination. The colonnade construction on the main fronts affords protection for pedestrians from both sun and rain. In the centre of the structure are two large courts, affording light and ventilation to the building. Graceful iron sheds, or canopies, will be erected in the courts. The size and grace of this building adds materially to the beauty and attractiveness of the main picture of the Fair.

The Transportation Building will be 525 by 1,300 feet. This building covers over fifteen acres. The facades show almost a most pleasing adaptation of the French Renaissance. The building combines a feeling of the magnificent exposition building and of the high-class railroad depot which prevail on the European continent. These two essential elements are apparent throughout the structure. On the east and west fronts are three magnificent arches which embrace more than half of the entire facade.

The statuary is happily placed in front and at the base of the main piers at the sides of the grand openings. This affords sixteen groups, which will illustrate transportation in all its phases as well as the progress made in this science.

The Administration Building at the World's Fair is the principal structure of seven new and magnificent buildings, known as the Washington University group, which is to be the permanent home of this institution after the close of the Exposition.

THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

This building is in the Tudor Gothic style of architecture as exemplified in the college buildings of England of the time of Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth. It is 325 by 118 feet, and in the shape of the letter "H," with an imposing centre entrance, the most noteworthy architectural effect of the structure. It consists of a massive tower, topped by four octagon towers. The facade of the tower is elaborately ornamented with canopied niches and with strong courses on which appear the heraldic shield bearing the university coat-of-arms.

The Horticulture Building is in the shape of a Greek cross, with a centre pavilion and two wings. It is the intention to force plants here during the winter and spring preceding the opening of the Exposition for use in landscape and bedding work about the grounds.

The Agriculture Building will stand on a hill just west of Skinker Road and about half a mile south of the Administration Building. Its dimensions will be 500 by 1,600 feet. The ornamentation is to be concentrated in the main entrances, the openings of which will be 52 feet wide and 74 feet high. It will probably be the best lighted structure of the Fair. Although the largest structure on the grounds, it will cost less than some of the buildings in the main architectural picture of the Fair. The contract price is $529,940.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

BY ADENE WILLIAMS.

Across the twilight fields of Time they ring,
Those Christmas bells of all the vanished years.
How tender is their echo in their ears
Of all the joys that home and friends can bring;
Of dear delusions that to childhood cling;
Of buoyant hopes, unvexed by anxious fears;
Of laughter mingled with no trace of tears—
How clear they ring! How faint their echoing!

And still they ring, with peal like that of yore,
The same, yet not the same; for more and more
Too bitter-sweet their undertones resound,
Commingling with the thoughts e'er circling round—
As doves their homes—those 'yond earth's changing climes:
On those rapt ears fall Heav'n's blest Christmas chimes.

—*The Pilgrim.*

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

ON THE WAY TO BETHLEHEM.

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no evil spirit walks;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm, —
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.

SWEETER carols than bird ever sang usher in the wintry weather. The poem of childhood was chanted by angels on the hills of Palestine nineteen hundred years ago, and its meaning has been deepening in the hearts of Christian men and women ever since.

Is it not beautiful that when the flowers of the wood and field have done blossoming, when the trees are leafless, and no birds make melody among the barren boughs, the whole world breaks out into singing over the cradle of its dearest Child?

Some of the Christmas carols are as simple as nursery-songs, and rude as the ages in which they began to be sung, when Christianity itself was in its childhood. The wassail-cups and yule-fires of the old Saxons were *often strangely* mixed up with the tender and sacred birthday-story of the New Testament. Sometimes these carols were sung by children at the mansion window or door:

Here we come a-wassailing
Among the leaves so green;
Here we come a-wandering,
So fair to be seen.
Love and joy come to you,
And to your wassail too,
And God bless you, and send you
A Happy New Year!

We are not daily beggars,
That beg from door to door:
But we are neighbours' children,
Whom you have seen before.
God bless the master of this house,
God bless the mistress too,
And all the little children
That round the table go.

There are others which, through their very simplicity, carry us back to the hills where the watching shepherds listened to the song of the angels, so many centuries ago, so that we hear with them the first notes of that celestial anthem whose echo will never die away from the earth. Listen to this:

All in the time of winter,
When the fields were white with snow,
A babe was born in Bethlehem,
A long, long time ago.

MADONNA AND CHILD.
—By Max.

Oh, what a thing was that, good folks,
That the Lord whom we do know,
Should have been a babe for all our sakes,
To take away our woe!

Not in a golden castle,
Was this sweet baby born,
But only in a stable,
With cattle and with corn:
But forth afield the angels
Were singing in the air;
And when the shepherds heard the news,
To that Child they did repair.

The sweet old carols sung by village waits or minstrels from house to house will never lose their charm so long as tender memories of Christmas in old lands beyond the sea shall fill the heart. Many of them have come down the centuries mingling with the sweet jangling and tender yet thrilling associations of the Christmas bells. The following is one of the gladdest and sweetest of them all:

Carol, carol Christians,
Carol joyfully,
Carol for the coming
Of Christ's Nativity;
And pray a gladsome Christmas
For all good Christian men,
Carol, carol, Christians,
For Christmas come again.
Carol, carol.

Go ye to the forest,
Where the myrtles grow,
Where the pine and laurel
Bend beneath the snow;
Gather them for Jesus;
Wreathe them for His shrine;
Make His temple glorious,
With the box and pine.
Carol, carol.

Wreath your Christmas garland,
Where to Christ we pray;
It shall smell like Carmel
On our festal day;
Libanus and Sharon
Shall not greener be,
Then our holy chancel
On Christ's Nativity,
Carol, carol.

Carol, carol, Christians,
Like the Magi now,
Ye must lade your caskets
With a grateful vow:
Ye must have sweet incense,
Myrrh and finest gold,
At our Christmas altar,
Humbly to unfold.
Carol, carol.

Give us grace, O Saviour,
To put off in might,
Deeds and dreams of darkness,
For the robes of light!
And to live as lowly,
As Thyself with men;
So to rise in glory,
When Thou com'st again.
Carol, carol.

MADONNA AND CHILD.
—By Max.

MADONNA AND CHILD.

Still more ecclesiastical in its character is the following monkish rhyme with its Latin refrain, which was lustily chanted for hundreds of years by processions of serge-clad choristers in vaulted minster and in cloistered abbey :

Christ was born on Christmas Day ;
Wreathe the holly, twine the bay ;
Christus natus hodie :
The Babe, the Son, the Holy One of Mary.
He is born to set us free,
He is born our LORD to be,
Ex Maria Virgine :
The God, the Lord, by all adored for ever.

Let the bright red berries glow,
Everywhere in goodly show ;
Christus natus hodie :
The Babe, the Son, the Holy One of Mary.
Christian men rejoice and sing,
'Tis the birthday of a King,
Ex Maria Virgine :
The God, the Lord, by all adored for ever.

More ancient than any of these, and of a quaint and simple charm is the legend of Joseph and the angel. The now obsolete forms of some of the words will be noticed.

As Joseph was a-walking, he heard an angel sing :
His song was on the coming of Christ our Saviour King.

"He neither shall in housen be born, nor yet in hall ;
Nor in the place of Paradise, but in an ox's stall."

"He neither shall be clothed in purple nor in pall,
But in the fair white linen that usen babies all.
He neither shall be rocked in silver nor in gold ;
But in a wooden manger that rocks upon the mould."

Then be ye glad, good people, this night of all the year ;
And light ye up your candles, His star it shineth near.
And all in earth and heaven, our Christmas Carol sing,
Good-will and Peace and Glory, and all the bells shall ring !

The story of the Wise Men of the East, or the "three Gipsy kings," Gaspar, Melchior, and Belshazzar, as they are generally called, is related in a great number of these Christmas carols. Sometimes, as fortune-tellers, they predict in mysterious wise the strange blending of glory and of shame in the life of our Lord.

The gifts of the Wise Men are often represented as emblematic of the divinity, the regal office, and the humanity of Christ. Aurum, thus, myrrham, regique Deo, hominique,

MADONNA AND CHILD.
—By Courtois

dona ferunt, says Juvencus: "They offered Him incense as their God, gold as their king, and myrrh as a man subject to suffering and death." This idea is beautifully expressed in the following musical carol:

THE WISE MEN FROM THE EAST.

O'er the hill and o'er the vale
Come three kings together,
Caring naught for snow and hail,
Cold, and wind, and weather;
Now on Persia's sandy plains,
Now where Tigris swells with rains,
They their camels tether.
Now through Syrian lands they go,
Now through Moab, faint and slow,
Now o'er Edom's heather.

O'er the hill and o'er the vale,
Each king bears a present;
Wise men go a Child to hail,
Monarchs seek a peasant;
And a star in front proceeds,
Over rocks and rivers leads,
Shines and beams incessant;
Therefore onward, onward still,
Ford the stream and climb the hill,—
Love makes all things pleasant.

He is God ye go to meet,
Therefore incense proffer;
He is King ye go to greet,
Gold is in your coffer.
Also Man: He comes to share
Every woe that man can bear,—
Tempter, railer, scoffer,—
Therefore now, against the day
In the grave when Him they lay,
Myrrh ye also offer.

The sweetest thought of Christmas is that of the human mother and the Divine Child—the lowly Mary of Nazareth and the Holy Babe of Bethlehem. It is the central conception of religious art. Over and over again in endless iteration is the tender theme repeated on altar-piece and painted window, in carving and mosaic, often rude and inartistic, but instinct with sacred feeling. Upon these, too, the wealth of genius has been lavished. No pictures in the world have such a value. For Raphael's Madonna in the National Gallery the British Government paid the large sum of $350,000. His Sistine Madonna at Dresden is worth even more, and many others are nearly of equal value, while for one Mr. Pierpont Morgan paid $500,000.

The influence of this ideal of purity and tenderness in an age of violence and unruth can never be measured. Often the idea presented is that of peasant motherhood, lowly, tender, and pure, but its very humanness and the innocent helplessness of the Babe of Bethlehem will appeal with the greater force to the rude, unlettered worshippers. Sometimes, too, vaguely seen in the background, a chorus of angelic figures hover in adoration, a suggestion of the universal homage to the Divine Child.

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

NEW PRINCE, NEW POMP.

(Robert Southwell, the writer of the following poem, is chiefly remembered on account of his unfortunate fate. He was educated for the Catholic priesthood, and when young became a member of the Society of Jesus at Rome. After a time he returned to his own country in the character of a missionary. But he found the Government adverse to his Order. For eight years he managed to escape the particular notice of the authorities, but at length he was arrested, and thrown into prison, where he endured the torture of the rack ten times. Eventually he was executed at Tyburn, February 21st, 1595.)

Behold a silly* tender Babe,
In freezing winter night,
In homely manger trembling lies;
Alas! a piteous sight.

The inns are full, no man will yield
This little Pilgrim bed;
But forced is He with silly beasts
In crib to shroud His head.
Despise Him not for lying here,
First what He is inquire:
An Orient pearl is often found
In depths of dirty mire.
Weigh not His crib, His wooden dish,
Nor beasts that by Him feed:
Weigh not his mother's poor attire,
Nor Joseph's simple weed.
This stable is a Prince's court,
The crib His chair of state;
The beasts are parcel of His pomp,
The wooden dish His plate;
The persons in that poor attire,
His royal liveries wear;
The Prince Himself is come from Heav
This pomp is prizèd there.
With joy approach, O Christian wight
Do homage to Thy King:
And highly praise His humble pomp,
Which He from Heaven doth bring.

* Artless, simple.

FOR CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE MORNING.

This is the popular English version of the "Golden Carol." In Noel, the French word for Christmas, or Christmas-carol, is corrupted to "Nowell." With regard to the three poor shepherds, alluded to in the second line, Mr. Sandys remarks, that according to some legends the number was four, called Misael, Achael, Cyriacus, and Stephanus, and these, with the names of the Three Kings, were used as a charm to cure the biting of serpents, and other venomous reptiles and beasts. In the seventh of the Chester Mysteries, the shepherds, who are there but three, have the more homely names of Harvey, Tudd, and Trowle, and are Cheshire or Lancashire boors by birth and habits. Trowle's gift to our Saviour is a pair of mittens.

The first Noel the Angel did say,
Was to three poor Shepherds in the fields as they lay;
In the fields where they lay keeping their sheep
In a cold winter's night that was so deep.
Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel,
Born is the King of Israel.

They looked up and saw a Star
Shining in the East beyond them far,
And to the earth it gave great light,
And so continued both day and night.
Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel,
Born is the King of Israel.

And by the light of that same Star,
Three Wise Men came from land afar;
To seek for a King was their intent,
And to follow the Star wherever it went
Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel,
Born is the King of Israel.

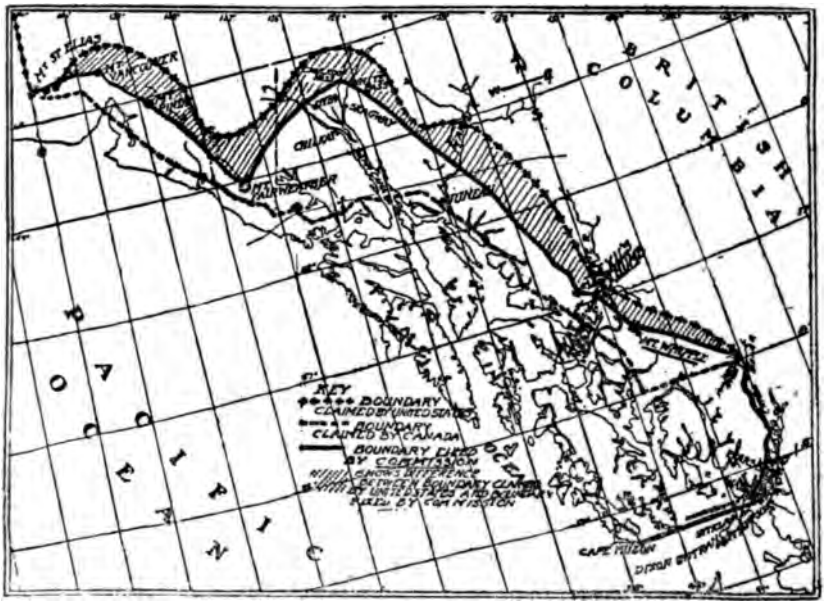
This Star drew nigh to the North-West
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
And there it did both stoop and stay
Right over the place where Jesus lay.
Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel,
Born is the King of Israel.

Then did they know assuredly
Within that house the King did lie:
One entered in there for to see,
But found the Babe in poverty.
Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel,
Born is the King of Israel.

Then entered all the Wise Men three
Most reverently upon their knee,
And offer'd there in His presence,
Both gold, and myrrh, and frankincens
Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel,
Born is the King of Israel.

Now let us all with one accord
Sing praises to our heavenly Lord,
That did make heaven and earth of nou
But with His blood mankind hath boug
Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel,
Born is the King of Israel.

Current Topics and Events.

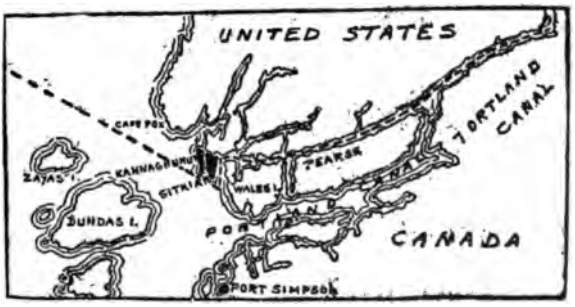


THE BOUNDARY AWARD.

Our map shows that the United tates by no means got all that it laimed in the Alaskan award, the haded strip showing the amount ceded anada by the United States. But o long as we are shut out from all ccess to the sea, this strip will do s little good. Canada will abide by ie decision to which she became a arty, but the grievance will rankle nless the statement of the Canadian ommissioners is proved false, that ord Alverstone decided adversely to he admission which he had made hat Canada's claim at Portland In- et was incontestable.

What Canada resents is not the loss of the Alaska littoral, but the sense of injustice, the feeling that we are wronged. Loss of territory we could endure, but against injustice we protest, and would not be sons of the blood if we did not protest.

It is no disloyalty to stand up for one's constitutional rights. What Lord Chatham said of the poor man's house in England is true of all parts of the Empire: "In England every man's house is his castle. Not that it is surrounded with walls and battlements; it may be a straw-built shed. Every wind of heaven may whistle round it, every element of heaven



HOW TWO ISLANDS WERE SECURED FOR THE UNITED STATES.

This map, *which is from* an American journal, shows the departure from the *natural boundary which it was* necessary for the majority of the tribunal to make *to give the United States* Sitklan and Kannaghunut Islands.

may enter it, but the king cannot—the king dare not." The words of "Junius" are still true: "The subject who is truly loyal to the Chief Magistrate will neither advise nor submit to arbitrary measures."

Canada's mistake was in submitting the question at all to a tribunal of which the three American members were active politicians who had publicly denounced the Canadian contention and would sign their political death-warrants if they admitted it. Canada would be willing to submit the question, we believe, to three "impartial jurists of repute" of the United States, the judges of their Supreme Court, but this that grasping and greedy country refused to permit, and from regard to imperial interests Canada consented to a one-sided tribunal. Lord Alverstone may assume the haughty attitude of declining to explain what the Canadian commissioners declare to be his tergiversation, but he cannot escape trial at the bar of history.

Rubbing It In.

The American papers are not very pleasant reading for Canadians just now. Many of them are exulting over the fact that the United States has secured a coast line seven hundred miles long, the principal advantage of which is that it excludes Canada from entrance to her own immense territory in the Klondike. The cartoonists are making merry at our expense. Brother Jonathan, an overgrown giant, is shown as getting a generous bumper from a flask labelled "Arbitration Award," while Canada, a little, starved boy, gets only a smell of the cork. Another shows Jonathan as having made three immense bites out of the Canadian pie, and wondering what he will take next. Another shows Canada as an angry small boy, throwing stones at his burly father, while Uncle Sam is wondering whether he should adopt such an unruly cub. In another Johnny

TO FRIENDSHIP.

Canada "Great blizzards! and so I've got to make merry on the cork!"

—From the Chicago News.

RUNNING AWAY FROM HOME.

be sorry when he finds out I've gone."
— Ireland, in the Columbus Dispatch.

k is threatening to whip both Bull and Uncle Sam.

position is misunderstood by British and American writers. Methodist Times represents us ying in effect: "We stood by Britain whether she was right ong in the Boer war, and expect o stand by us whether right or ; in the Alaska business." This terly erroneous. We stood by Britain because we thought she ight. We expected Great Brito stand by us because not only e think we were right, but in natter of the Portland Channel Alverstone thought so, too, but d around from the position he held, and without notifying olleagues he surrendered two gic islands to the United States, indeed acted, as The Methodist s asserts, "as an umpire." This e very thing of which we com-

He had no business to be an re, but to decide strictly on the nce. It is folly for him to get his dignity, and refuse to give easons for his change of base. ne American writers think that resentment against the mother ry is so great that we will fall into the arms of the United States. The thing is another great mistake. Our resentment is keener than ever against the people who refused just terms of arbitration and packed the jury to secure a favourable vote. Canadians refuse to be pawns or stool pigeons of political parties on either side of the sea. We have no intention of running away from home, as shown in one cartoon. We still glory in the red-cross flag as the grandest flag beneath the sun, but we use a daughter's privilege to protest against injustice even from a mother.

A Nation spoke to a Nation,
A Queen sent word to a Throne:
"Daughter, am I in my mother's house,
But mistress in my own.
The gates are mine to open,
As the gates are mine to close,
And I set my house in order,"
Said our Lady of the Snows.

King Edward as a Peacemaker.

King Edward has established his record as a peacemaker. A few years ago, when France was on the verge of war with Britain over the Fashoda affair, and was showing keenest sympathy with Kruger and strongest antipathy towards Britain during the Boer war, it would seem impossible to overcome the international estrangement. But the tact and skill of our peacemaking King in his visit to France, and the subsequent conclusion of a treaty to submit all international differences to arbitration, fairly makes the super-armed Europe in Mr. Racey's clever cartoon stare as if he could hardly believe his eyes. The angel of peace is guiding the new-fangled automobile along the route so often made hideous by war, while John Bull and Johnny Crapaud are hugging and smiling like long-lost brothers. The gentle art of the cartoonist is much better employed in thus promoting good will among the nations than in his more frequent role of stirring up strife.

"Another victory has been secured for the Hague Tribunal," says The Outlook. "France and Great Britain have engaged that they will refer to the Hague for settlement any differences that may arise between the two nations relating to the interpretation of treaties, provided they do not affect territorial rights or national honour. Yet it means something, and a good deal. It is the first case in which

EUROPE: "WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT IT."

two European powers have agreed to refer their differences to this new court, and it sets a precedent which is a matter of great importance. The Hague Tribunal looms larger and larger. It is not at all pleasant to be compelled to see Great Britain turning to France for the first arbitration treaty of the kind, after our own Senate had rejected a general arbitration treaty with Great Britain. Encouraged by what France has done, we hope to see our Department of State once more present a similar treaty, which no one-third of our Senate will dare to reject."

Russia in Manchuria.

Our map shows the tremendous hold that Russia has gained upon Manchuria and the way it threatens the interests of Japan. The Japanese regard Corea, a large and thinly peopled country, as the necessary sphere for the overflow of their already densely peopled and mountainous homeland. Russia is equally anxious to secure it because it severs her two Pacinc ports, Vladivostok and Port Arthur, and prevents any concerted action between her separated fleets. Russia, despite her solemn promises to evacuate Manchuria, holds on with keenest tenacity, is hurrying troops, munitions of war, and hospital stores to the Far East. If Japan can only succeed in waking the sleeping giant, China, to some effort for self-preservation, she may yet circumvent the plots of the Slavic despotism.

The Russian liberal review, "Osvobozhdenie," says that Russia has made, and is making, "enormous and senseless expenditures of men and money in order to create an accursed Yellow Russia," which has no real value for the Russian people. The

STORM CENTRE IN THE FAR EAST.

ian cost of the Chinese war was, ɔund numbers, 105,000,000 rubles ıt $210,000,000). Together with :trengthening of the navy and the :ruction of the Eastern-Chinese vay, the Government has spent e Far East more than three times amount. The significance to the ian people of the Government's ıditure of 600,000,000 or 700,000,- ubles in Manchuria will become rent when we state that for half sum it would be possible to give ɔd primary education to the whole rate population of the empire. ider it, people of Russia! Is :his a crime against which every otic citizen should protest?

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e American Review of Reviews l the idea that the United States ld encourage the secession of .ma from Colombia. The Phila- ıia Ledger, however, declares: would be hard to find in our his- a more perfidious proposition ɔ from a reputable source. Its tion would mark the apostasy of ımerican people, our abandonment ıg the place of honourable nations. suggestion of the thing is mon- s." Yet this very thing is what s to have come to pass. It is story of Naboth's vineyard over ı.

. Chamberlain is making remark- progress in his protectionist campaign. The people dearly love a good fighter, and that "pushful Joe" has ever been. Only a general election can tell how widespread and deep may be the revolt against the fiscal policy of fifty years. The fight waxes warm. The British workingman, in our judgment, is more handicapped by his enormous expenditure in drink and in sport, in betting and in the music-halls, than he is by the alleged superior intelligence of his German compatriots. Were he as thrifty as the German he could distance him in the race.

The Book Trade.

The best houses find it to their interest to employ our advertising pages to reach a very desirable class of persons. This is especially true of the book trade. Few family magazines reach so many preachers and teachers and households of culture as does this. The book trade in Canada has become a very important industry. Printing and publishing in Toronto absorb more capital than any other branch of trade. Our own Publishing House has grown enormously, so have others. The George N. Morang Company issue a splendid catalogue of high-class books, the most notable book of the year, or of many years, being Morley's "Life of Gladstone," of which they are the Canadian publishers. The Copp, Clark Company, the Gage Company, and others, also publish a large number of high-class works. The Fleming Revell Company devotes its attention specially to books of religious and missionary and devotional character, of which they have a splendid catalogue, some of which are noticed elsewhere.

Doctor Joseph: "Yes, Mr. Bull, you must pay attention to your diet—avoid foreign breakfast foods and take more colonial wheat, corn and bacon."—Toronto Star.

Religious Intelligence.

The Methodist Woman's Missionary Society.

It always warms our hearts to receive the annual visit of our Woman's Missionary Society. Special anniversary services were held in Sherbourne Street Methodist Church this year, and the church was thronged with delegates and friends.

The reports show that the Society at present has seventy-eight missionaries and associates in the field, forty of these being in active work. In Japan it has sixteen missionaries on duty; three schools, attended by 391 pupils, 135 of whom are baptized; two orphanages, containing twenty-four children, and three day-schools for the poor, with thirty-eight pupils.

A strong appeal for more workers was made. May the call not fall upon deaf ears! Much interest was added to the meetings by the presence of Miss Hattie Jost, Miss Ida Sifton, and Miss Lizzie Hart, missionaries on furlough from Japan. All spoke of the increasing interest of the Japanese in Christian teaching, and the great need of more workers. Three candidates for mission work were received, and officially recognized by the Society. They are Miss Dumfries, of Winnipeg; Miss Humber, and Miss De Wolf, now at the Deaconess Training Home. The first named will be assigned to their respective stations in the spring. Miss De Wolf will go to Japan, where she will be employed in kindergarten work.

The missionaries to the Galicians are to be appointed later in the season.

A cheering feature of the convention was the report of the Publication Committees and the Literary Department, showing that the spread of missionary literature is decidedly on the increase. The Outlook has received many new subscribers, and its receipts exceed those of last year by $333. The Palm Branch, the mission paper for the Maritime Provinces, also shows a surplus, and a goodly addition to its list of subscribers.

American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

This great Missionary Society has now twenty missions scattered throughout many countries. The diverse nature of the work is shown by its twenty-eight hospitals and forty-two dispensaries, treating a quarter of a million patients last year; by its thirteen colleges, with five thousand students; and its industrial schools. The various mission presses produce about 100,000 pages daily. The system of self-support is encouraged, as far as possible, among the churches. Last year the churches in the various fields contributed $170,000 to the support of the work, and had six thousand members added to them. The report for the past year shows no debt, but the growth of the work has been restricted by lack of means to enter open doors.

New Sayings of Jesus.

The excavations at Oxyrhynchus in Egypt, says The Independent, have produced another fragment of a Greek papyrus containing some new "logia" which seem to be as important as those discovered in 1897 at the same place. The new papyrus is very imperfectly preserved, but contains six sayings, each of them introduced, as in the document earlier found, by the words "Jesus saith," and the whole is introduced as "the words which Jesus, the living Lord, spake" to two of his disciples. Two of the sayings are to be found in the Gospel as we have it. These are: "The Kingdom of God is within you," and "Many that are first shall be last, and the last shall be first." Part of one of the others, "He that wanders shall reign and he that reigns shall rest," is quoted by Clement of Alexandria as from the Gospel according to the Hebrews.

A practical example of religious fraternity lies before us. It is The Outlook, the official organ of the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches of New Zealand. It contains many articles of interest to both of these denominations. We remember the time when a state of very active polemics existed between these Churches. That time happily has gone. The great essential verities on which we are all agreed are those which are emphasized in this paper, which will cultivate earnestly the things which make for peace, good-will, and brotherhood.

HE SALE OF COLLEGE DEGREES.

amusing case in the English
is has been the charge of libel
st The Christian World by the
Charles Garnett. Mr. Garnett is
ondon Congregational minister
as been flourishing the degrees of
M.A., B.D., D.D., which he re-
d from the University of Harri-
Tenn., pro merito, not pro
ris, to quote the Latin of that
ution. The officers of the Con-
itional Union declined to insert
ame in the Year Book with these
's affixed. The Christian World
ibed these degrees as "contempt-
and worthless." Mr. Garnett
with entered suit for libel against
paper.
the trial of the case it was
ght out that Dr. Garnett had paid
n all for his four degrees. He
tted that he had never visited
iman University, but had simply
ed an oral examination conducted
minister of the Methodist Epis-
l Church in Philadelphia. Harri-
University in no way corres-
ed with the descriptions given in
irculars. Professor Henry Davies,
ale, had visited Harriman, and
fied that he could find only five
ie forty professors named in the
lity; one, the professor of astron-
, is a practising dentist; another
anufacturer of homoeopathic
edies; a third, the director of the
ol of Domestic Science, is a Mrs.
Crow, caretaker of one of the
lings, in which there are no stu-
s, but which is occupied by the
ly of an agent of the Standard Oil
pany. Mr. Garnett's suit was
tically laughed out of court.
arriman University, it appears, is
orized by the laws of Tennessee
onfer degrees, for which its usual
ge is $10. Mr. Garnett was
orized to examine candidates in
land. It is to be greatly regretted
degrees that were meant to be
essive of honour should thus be
e a subject of laughter and deri-
. It is still more to be regretted
ministers of the Gospel should
seek unmerited honours.

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he next General Conference of the
hodist Episcopal Church is to be
oured with the presence of a num-
of women delegates. Elections
e already taken place in several of
Conferences, and from most of
n a lady delegate is being sent.
Compared with the total membership, the percentage of ladies will, however, be small.

EMINENT DEAD.

Mr. Lecky was the first English historian to give an adequate recognition and treatment of the phenomena of Methodism as a factor in the national life. A generous proportion of his history is devoted to a sympathetic study of the great revival of the eighteenth century, all the more noteworthy in that Mr. Lecky was himself rationalistic in his views, as is shown by his "History of Rationalism in Europe" and his "History of European Morals." As a man he was almost ascetic in character, a kind-hearted Irish landlord, and a hard-working member of the British House of Commons. In our Bicentenary number of this magazine we quoted largely from Mr. Lecky's treatment of Methodism.

Dr. Mommsen was a typical German scholar, a man of profound classical erudition, and like the late Dr. McCaul, of Toronto University, one of the ablest epigraphists in the world. He had reached the venerable age of eighty-six. He was the son of a Lutheran pastor, and his life was divided between the rather inconsistent occupations of politics and literature. He took an active part in the revolution of 1848, and lost his German professorship, but was soon recalled to Breslau, and in 1858 to Berlin. In 1882 he was tried on the charge of traducing Prince Bismarck, but was vindicated by the Imperial High Court of Appeals. He took a strong stand against the anti-Semitic movement which disgraced the character of many of his countrymen. He was exceedingly bitter against Britain during the Boer war, but shortly before his death expressed great admiration for that country and desire for German alliance. His greatest work was his "History of Rome," the rival in learning and comprehension of Gibbon's immortal "Decline and Fall." It has been translated into many languages. He is regarded by the Germans as their greatest historical writer. The list of his works occupies more than sixty pages. Unlike most literary men, he was the father of a very large family of sixteen children. He was exceedingly venerable

in appearance, and worked at his desk almost to the day of his death.

The tragic death of Mrs. Booth-Tucker caused profound sympathy throughout the continent. Her bereaved father pays her the tribute of being, next to her sainted mother, first among the many noble and consecrated women whom he had ever known. She was born at Gateshead, England, in 1860, was educated from childhood to the Christian work, and at twenty had charge of hundreds of young women in training-homes. In 1888 she married Frederick de Latour Tucker, and was with him the pioneer of the Salvation Army in the East Indies. After the withdrawal of Ballington Booth from the Army, the Booth-Tuckers came to take charge of the work in the United States. Her consecrated zeal, her eloquence, her tact, won the sympathy of multitudes, among them men of wealth and influence, who greatly aided the Army in its philanthropic work. Mrs. Booth-Tucker was the mother of seven children, without neglecting her duty to whom she travelled yearly many thousands of miles, and became a power for good not surpassed since the lamented death of Miss Willard, whom, in her masterful grasp of great questions, she much resembled. Though commanding large sums of money for works of mercy and love, through motives of economy she was travelling in a tourist car when she met her death by collision, while the Pullman in which she should have travelled was only slightly injured.

MRS. BOOTH-TUCKER.

It was a severe blow to the venerable General and to her sister, Commissioner Booth, of Canada. This lady, though very ill at the time, yet failed not to attend her sister's funeral. We greatly regret that, for some reason we cannot understand, over the coffin of this good woman a reconciliation with Ballington Booth did not take place. Many thousands of persons of both Chicago and New York, chiefly the poor and lowly, whom she had uplifted, paid their last sad tribute of love to this sainted woman.

OUTWARD BOUND.

BY HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

The hour has come. Strong hands the anchor raise;
Friends stand and weep along the fading shore
In sudden fear lest we return no more,
In sudden fancy that he safer stays
Who stays behind; that some new danger lays
New snare in each fresh path untold before.
Ah, foolish heart! in fate's mysterious lore
Is written no such choice of plan and days;
Each hour has its own peril and escape;
In most familiar things' familiar shape
New danger comes without or sight or sound;
No sea more foreign rolls than breaks each morn
Across our threshold, when the day is born;
We sail at sunrise daily "outward bound."

—*Christian Advocate.*

Book Notices.

: to the Study of Dante." By
ıarles Allen Dinsmore. Boston :
oughton, Mifflin & Co. To-
nto : William Briggs. 8vo.
). xiv-435. Price, $1.50 net.

poet Dante is the dominant per-
ty of the Middle Ages. No
outside the canon of Scripture
) moulded the thought and art
Christendom. "The Divina
edia," says Dean Church, is one
: landmarks of history. It is
than the beginning of a language
opening of a national literature.
one of those rare and solemn
nents of the mind's power
measure and teach what it can
Like the Iliad, it has never
e out of date." The great poet
with Homer, Shakespeare,
and Bacon.
·ly a hundred years before the
of Chaucer, Dante created the
language in a more striking
than that in which Chaucer be-
the Father of English poetry.
wers above all the men of his
of any age, like the Jungfrau
the Oberland. Amid the flood
olous reading it is well to turn
study of such great masters as
Snakespeare, Browning—the
ıre of power.
legend that Dante studied in
and Oxford is purely mythical,
s learning was encyclopedic.
ision of Beatrice Portinari on
ung Arno of Florence, in his
enth year, became the guiding
f his life, the inspirer of his
and his companion through the
of gloom. He was exiled from
ce for nineteen years for a
which he scorned to deny. He
ıreatened with death by fire if
alive—"Igni comburatur sic
noriatur." His repentant towns-
egged in vain for the restora-
f his ashes from their lonely
at Ravenna, and to-day Flor-
erpetuates in marble, as its most
s memory, its most illustrious

six hundred years Dante
tes like a pervading presence
y City of the Arno. You are
ointed out the house in which
ivine poet" was born, and the
on which he sat and watched
e of Bruneleschi's dome, while
the schoolboys with bated breath whispered, "That's the man who has been in hell."

Mr. Dinsmore is an enthusiast in the study of this great poet. He collates from many sources material for the study of his life and work. He calls to his aid the ablest students of Dante—Professor Norton, Dean Church, James Bryce, Professor Saintsbury, and many others. An illuminative chapter is that by Professor Lowell on the Divina Commedia, the Embodiment of the Christian Idea of a Triumphant Life. Dante is difficult to read in either the original or translation. The best prose version of the Inferno is that by Dr. John Carlyle, who exhibits much of the rugged strength of his more famous brother Thomas. Longfellow has all the sweetness of the Italian poet, but lacks at times his terse and tremendous strength. Mr. Dinsmore is at his best in his study of the Paradiso. He gives quaint maps and tables of the geography and astronomy of Dante's great trilogy, and presents several portraits, from varied sources, of the great poet.

"Within the Pale." The True Story of Anti-Semitic Persecutions in Russia. By Michael Davitt. Author of "Leaves from a Prison Diary," etc., etc. New York : A. S. Barnes & Co. Toronto : William Briggs. Pp. xiv-300. Price, $1.20 net.

With much that Mr. Davitt has written and said we do not agree, but we are in hearty sympathy with his indignant protest against the brutal persecution of the Jews by Russia. No matter how the Russian press may lie about the Kishineff massacre, Mr. Davitt gives us the cold facts. He interviewed the wounded in the hospitals and saw the graves of the dead, gives us the names, age, and circumstances of their persecution and death. It makes one's blood now run cold with horror, now boil with indignation, at the bare recital of these wrongs. These outrages are only the culmination of long centuries of bitter persecution. In reciting this tale of sorrow, he asserts that he has followed Russian and not Jewish guidance, for

some Russians are as indignant as any others at this shame and disgrace of a so-called civilized nation. Among the instigators and worst actors in this drama of outrage were the students in the seminaries, and the soldiers and police who, instead of protecting the Jews protected their murderers. The nameless and shameless wrongs heaped upon defenceless men, women, and children are a blot upon the Russian name, which, like the blood on the hands of Lady Macbeth, can never be washed away.

"Songs from the Hearts of Women." One Hundred Famous Hymns and Their Writers. By Nicholas Smith. Autnor of "Stories of Great National Songs," etc. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xviii.-271. Price, $1.40 net.

To write a great hymn is one of the grandest of Christian achievements. Such a song will go singing round the world, and lift millions of souls nearer to the heart of God. This book contains a hundred of the best hymns ever written by women—and they have written many of the best in the world. Their finer sympathies, their keener perceptions, their facility of utterance, their fervour of faith, give them a spiritual insight and a tenderness of sympathy which men often fail to reach. In this book a hundred of the best hymns of the sweetest singers of the centuries, from Madame Guyon to Mary Lathbury, and others still living, are collected. Brief biographical notes and elucidations are given, which greatly enhance the value of the volume. Some of the choicest hymns of Charlotte Elliott, Miss Flowers, Mrs. Browning, Mrs. Stowe, Elizabeth Prentiss, Fanny Crosby, Miss Proctor, Miss Havergal, and a company of honourable women not a few, are given. The book contains the "finest of the wheat," and will make a beautiful holiday gift.

"The Five Nations." By Rudyard Kipling. Toronto: George N. Morang Co. Pp. xiii-215. Price, $1.50.

It would be hard for Kipling to surpass his noble volume, "The Seven Seas," which captured the ear of the world. To say that this collection equals some of the best he has even written is highest praise. The sea-songs breathe the very breath of the ocean,

"The heave and the halt and the hurl and the crash
Of the comber wind-hounded."

"The Bell Buoy," "The White Horses," "The Dykes," all embody the great elemental forces of the mighty, majestic sea. Here are songs of empire that make the Little Englander, with his "seven by nine" policy, seem ineffably small. Kipling's visit to South Africa, with its illimitable expanses and grand possibilities, has given a vigour to his verse that makes each line throb with life. He voices the dumb, inarticulate feeling of the "service man," and pays a generous tribute to Joubert and Piet, our fallen foes. The references to Canada, and her share in the empire-building, are generous and just. The book is of such importance that we shall make it the subject of a special article.

"Pictures of Christ Framed in Prayers." A Devotional Life of Jesus. By Joseph Dawson. London: Chas. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 232.

This is a gem of a book, a veritable edition de luxe, with short poems of very superior merit on the life of our Lord, and beautiful borders printed in carmine and purple. Every scene and parable touching on the blessed life is here summarized. As an illustration of the high merit of the verse we quote a few lines appropriate to the season:

When Christ was born in the days of old,
They cradled Him where lay the beast,
Yet sages travelled from the East
To bring Him gifts of spice and gold;
And wisest of the wise are they
Who give the Child their best to-day.

The shepherds watching with their sheep
Knew not until celestial light
And voices leapt into the night,
As swords will out of scabbards leap:
And simple-hearted watchers still,
Oft hear at night the angels trill.

When through the streets the whisper went
That Christ was born—the Heavenly King
Who should the great deliverance bring,
All hearts were moved at the event:
And though great years have passed since then,
The Babe still stirs the hearts of men.

stamnent History." By Henry erved Smith, D.D., Professor iblical History and Interpre- n in Amherst College. Edin- h : T. & T. Clark. Toronto : iam Briggs. 8vo. Pp. xxv-

a curious coincidence to find ɔk by Professor Smith in a dited by his old antagonist, r Briggs. It is somewhat ve of the promised time when shall lie down with the lamb. r Smith's book is designed to he present period what Dean s "History of Israel" accom- or his. It puts into narrative e result of recent Old Testa- idy. It discusses temperately or higher criticism between nd textual criticism the line- rkation, says our author, can- asily drawn. The book gives of wide knowledge of the ns of recent scholarship. It an illuminative light upon the of Israel on which the thought stendom has been focused for ontns in our current Sunday- lessons. It makes the his- ity and continuity of the nar- iore apparent, and cannot fail reatly helpful in the study of ent oracles of God.

mith has come under the spell higher criticism. In dealing e origins and patriarchs in he seems befogged with doubt. cting the narrative he destroys lt and life. The individual hs are eponyms or appellations s and clans. This mode of ı seems to us to eviscerate the narrative. True criticism we think, be positive and con- e, not negative and destructive.

tory of the Churches." The hodists." By John Alfred lkner, D.D. New York : The er & Taylor Co. Toronto : liam Briggs. Pp. 264. Price, 0.

series of books is intended to concise and clear sketch of the of the several denominations stendom. The books on the erians and the Baptists have appeared; the most recent that on the Methodists, will l with special interest during entennial year. It is written nated and popular style, it the rise and development of Methodism in the Old World and the New, its territorial expansion and progress in education, material resources, missionary enterprise. A score of pages is devoted to a brief resume of Canadian history. British Methodism is recognized as the mother of churches, but some of her numerous offspring had better remain in the old home than break up into so many and often estranged divisions. Canada has set the world the first and brightest example of the reunion of these severed branches. The book is an inspiring one, specially suitable for study by our young people.

"St. Anselm, Prologium, Monologium, and Appendix in behalf of the Fool by Gaunilon ; and Cur Deus Homo." Translated from the Latin by Sidney Norton Deane, B.A. Chicago : The Open Court Publishing Co. Toronto : William Briggs. Pp. xxxv-288. Price, cloth, $1; paper, 50 cents.

The Open Court Publishing Company issues a series of philosophical classics in its Religion of Science Library. St. Anselm was one of the great doctors of the Middle Ages who influenced human thought probably more than any of his contemporaries. He was born in Piedmont in 1033, and died at Canterbury, England, in 1109. He was one of the most strenuous of the British Archbishops, and had memorable conflicts with William Rufus and Henry I. As a religious philosopher he had no superior in his own age, and few superiors in any age. He has been known as the Augustine of the Middle Ages. His famous treatise, "Cur Deus Homo," discusses the doctrine of satisfaction as a theory of the Atonement. Hitherto his works have been accessible only in costly form. They are now brought within the reach of every thoughtful reader. Criticisms of Anselm by Descartes, Spinoza, Locke, Leibnitz, Kant, Hegel, Dorner, and Lotze enhance the value of the volume.

"Hephæstus : Persephone at Enna and Sappho in Leucadia." By Arthur Stringer. London : Grant Richards. Toronto : Methodist Book and Publishing House. Pp. 43. Price $1.00.

The Methodist Publishing House has won a reputation as issuing a high-class series of books by Canadian authors, and especially Canadian

poets. This book of poems reaches, we think, high-water-mark in the flood-tide of Canadian poetry. Mr. Stringer has caught the classical spirit in these echoes of the distant past. There is something sculpturesque in their statue-like grace and beauty. There broods over all the classical idea of inexorable fate. The dramatic poem on Sappho especially has an aching sadness that harmonizes with her pitiful doom. Mr. Stringer uses the fine Homeric epithets, "golden sandalled seasons," "many-songed zephyr," and the like, and other apt descriptive phrases. The vein of genius in these poems promises still further fruit.

"Ecclesiologia, or The Doctrine of the Church." Outline Notes based on Luthardt and Krauth. By Revere Franklin Weidner, D.D., LL.D. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. Pp. 120.

Dr. Weidner has for many years lectured on dogmatic theology in the Chicago Lutheran Seminary, and is an author of repute on Theological Encyclopedia. In a former volume he has treated "Theologia, or The Doctrine of God." He designs still further to discuss the subjects of Anthropologia, Christologia, Soteriologia, and other aspects of religious truth. In this volume he treats in very concise yet lucid manner the doctrine of the Christian Church, first that of the Nicene period, then that of the Church of Rome, and that of the Churches of the Reformation. The broad distinction between the Catholic and Protestant doctrines of the Church is strikingly set forth. A very full bibliography on the subject is also given.

"With the Trees. By Maud Going. Author of "With the Wild Flowers," etc. Illustrated. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. x-335. Price, $1.00 net.

We greatly rejoice at the increased attention given to nature study in our schools and in popular literature. Miss Going's book is a model of its kind. She avoids the technical phraseology which proves a barrier to many readers, yet with the popular names she gives also the scientific classification of many of the trees. She approaches the subject from the popular and literary side, giving us the folk-lore and poetical associations of the trees around us. It is not to our credit that so many of us in this land of magnificent forests, from which our country derives so much of its wealth, know so little about them. It will lend a new interest to our walks abroad to be able to recognize the family relations of our common trees. It is like the difference between going into a market among strangers and into an assembly of friends. The very titles of Miss Going's chapters will indicate her poetical style of treatment, as: When the Sap Stirs, In the Sweet o' the Year, Keeping Tryst with the Spring, The Life of the Leaves, In the High Woods, The Cone-bearers and Their Kin, The King of the Trees, The Mellowing Year, etc. The book is illustrated with numerous drawings and beautiful half-tones.

"The Judicial Decisions of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church." By R. J. Cooke, D.D. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 171. Price, $1.00.

The administration of ecclesiastical law and discipline in a great Church numbering many millions of members is a demonstration of the supreme organizing skill of Wesley as the founder of such a Church. There must perforce have arisen many appeals to the highest judicial authority of that Church, and many important decisions and legislative rulings are distributed throughout successive Journals of Conference and editions of the Book of Discipline. The codification of this is a work of supreme value to all connected with the administration of Methodist law and discipline. The work has been admirably done by that distinguished educator, legislator, and author, Dr. R. J. Cooke.

"Some Leading Ideas of Hinduism." Being the Thirty-second Fernley Lecture, delivered in Manchester, August, 1902. By Henry Haigh. London: Chas. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xiv-143.

This book is one of the results of mission work. The writer has had long intercourse with the people of India and writes from first-hand knowledge of the subject of which he treats, as well as from wide study of the best authorities. The subject is one of great interest, and is treated in an able manner.

"Witnesses from Israel." Life Stories of Jewish Converts to Christianity." Edited by Rev. Arnold Frank. Translated by Mrs. A. Fleming. Edinburgh and London: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 118. Price, 50 cents.

There is a common theory that it is impossible, or next to it, to convert a Jew. On the contrary, many thousands of Jews have in recent years become Christian converts, and many of them distinguished ministers of Christ. This book contains the record of twelve such, all men of marked distinction. Among these is the father of Lord Herschell, late Lord Chancellor of England, Drs. Saphir and Edersheim, Professors Neander, Cassel, Caspari, and many others. Some of the sketches are autobiographic.

"Two Country Walks in Canada." By Arnold Haultain. Illustrated. Toronto: Geo. N. Morang & Co. Pp. vii-93. Price, $1.25.

These essays, when they appeared in The Nineteenth Century, and Blackwood, attracted, like a similar article in a late Atlantic Monthly, much attention for their literary grace and keen sympathy with nature. The book is quite an edition de luxe, with its large pages, ample margins, and fine illustrations. As a nature-study of Canadian autumn and winter aspects, by a cultured Englishman, though born, by the way, in Calcutta, it is a gem of literature.

"Faces Toward the Light." By Sylvanus Stall, D.D. Author of "Methods of Church Work," etc. Philadelphia: Vir Publishing Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 310. Price, $1.00 net.

This book is one of genial Christian optimism. "Every phase of the Christian life, its joys, its sorrows, its temptations and triumphs, is treated in a reverent and deeply spiritual manner that is sure to prove helpful and inspiring to every reader." The book, like the age in which we live, is Christocentric, and illustrates the truth, never so true as now, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me."

"A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on Numbers." By George Buchanan Gray, M.A., D.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: William Briggs. 8vo. Pp. lii-489.

The conflict of criticism still centres largely about the Pentateuch. This book gives the results of most recent studies on the Book of Numbers. It accepts frankly and fully the theory of its composite character, and in large part of late origin. It follows largely the lines of Dr. Driver and the Encyclopedia Biblica. It is a monument of Biblical scholarship, but conservative critics will not accept implicitly all of its conclusions.

"The Sermon on the Mount." A Practical Exposition of St. Matthew vi. 16; vii. 27. By Rev. J. G. Greenhough, M.A. Manchester: James Robinson. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. viii-269. Price, 4s. 6d. net.

It was a happy thought to collect in illustration of the matchless discourse of our Lord a group of twenty expositions of portions of that great sermon by a number of distinguished preachers. The book has thus a greater unity in variety than generally obtains in works of the sort, and the sermons are characterized by evangelical earnestness.

Reserved for further notice.

"The Silver Poppy." By Arthur Stringer. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 291. Price, $1.25.

"The Heart of Rome: A Tale of the 'Lost Water.'" By Francis Marion Crawford. Author of "Cecilia," etc. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company. Pp. 369. Price, $1.50.

"Place and Power." By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler (Mrs. Alfred Laurence Felkin). Author of "A Double Thread," etc. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 352. Price, $1.50.

Sound over all waters, reach out from all lands,
The chorus of voices, the clasping of hands,
Sing hymns that were sung by the stars of the morn,
Sing songs of the angels when Jesus was born!

Our Magazine for 1904.

Almost every country in the world has been exploited and described in this Magazine with but few exceptions. One of these is the comparatively little known continent of South America. It will be a surprise to many persons to learn from the handsomely illustrated articles on Brazil, Argentina, Chili, and Peru, what vast and varied and picturesque regions there are in that great continent. While a high degree of wealth and material civilization exists in its great cities, still the mass of the population are the most intensely Romanist of all Catholic people. Methodism has made remarkable advances in education and evangelism in those lands, which will be the subject of a series of papers of great interest. Special attention will, however, be paid to our own country, its outlook, its romantic and heroic story, its wonderful progress, its limitless outlook.

Our readers cannot fail to be pleased with the bright new cover of this number.

Most of the subscriptions to this Magazine terminate with the present volume. We hope our patrons will promptly renew for themselves, and seek to send also the subscription of some neighbour or friend. Of some issues of the year we have had to print second or even third editions, notably of our Wesley Bicentenary number, of which nearly twice our usual circulation was called for. If we can secure a further circulation of two thousand we will surprise our friends with the improvement in this periodical. We hope the preachers who are our special agents and all our friends will make an earnest effort to give us that increase. Now is the best time to subscribe. The November and December numbers, containing the beginning of its strongly-written serial, will be given free to new subscribers.

Publisher's Announcement.

The December number of The Methodist Magazine and Review completes the twenty-ninth year of publication, and completes also the period to which most of our subscribers have given their orders. It is hoped that every name now on our lists will continue with us for another year.

Owing to the cost of publication, we cannot well afford to send after the period they were ordered for without some intimation that a continuation is desired. We ask every subscriber, therefore, whose subscription expires with this number, to intimate by postal card, letter, or otherwise, that they desire the Magazine sent on, even if it is not convenient to remit the subscription at the time.

A duty which is incumbent on every head of a family is the supplying of wholesome reading matter to the members. It is quite certain that in these days of general reading, if good material is not supplied, that which is not good will find an inlet. The mind must be fed as well as the body. The reading matter should be selected as carefully as the food.

The Methodist Magazine and Review is published to supply pure and healthy reading matter to our homes, and to encourage native talent, and a love for elevating literature. For twenty-nine years it has faithfully carried out these purposes. Each number has been bright, elevating, and instructive.

Our programme for 1904 is an excellent one, embracing a wide range of reading matter. Attention is directed to the illustrated prospectus to be found on other pages of this issue.

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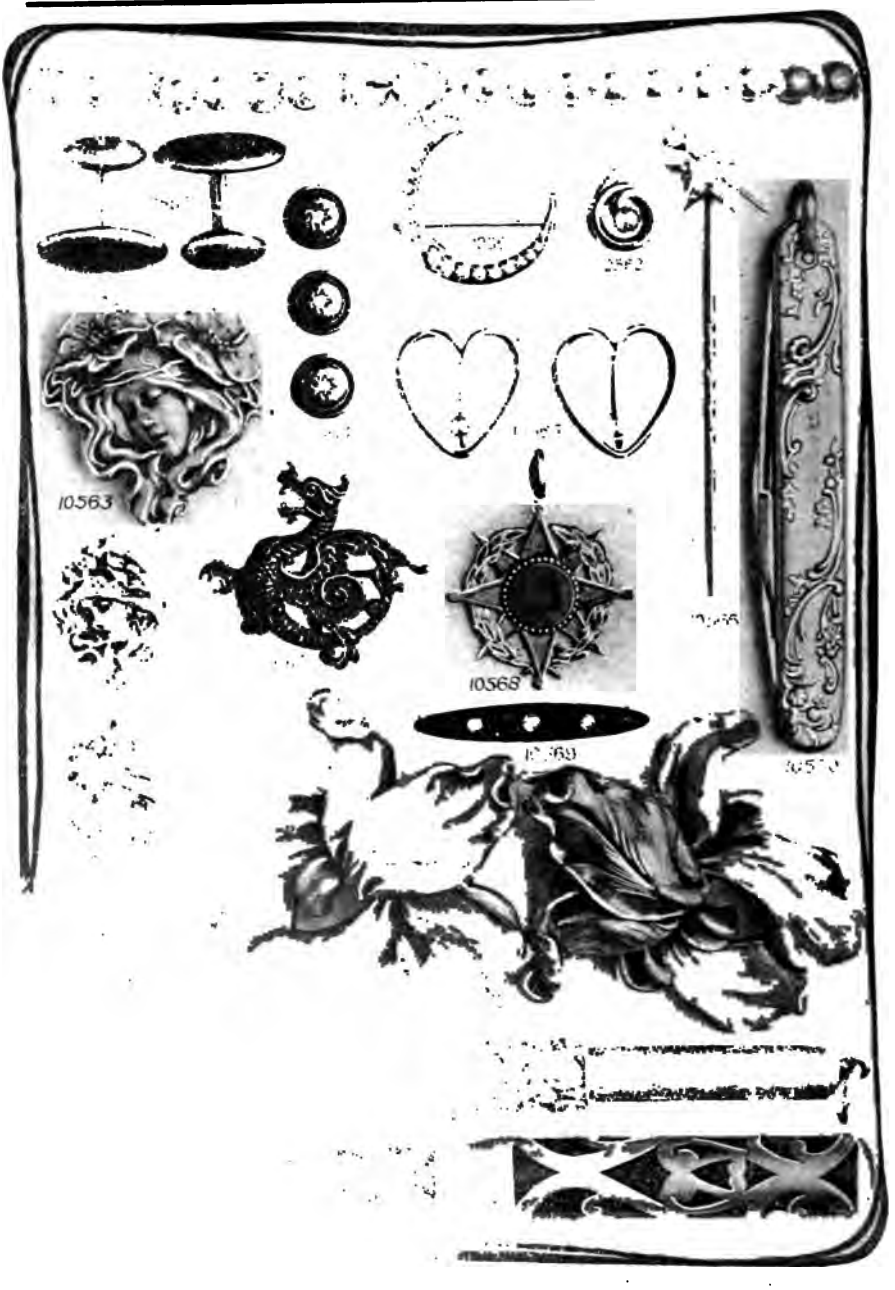

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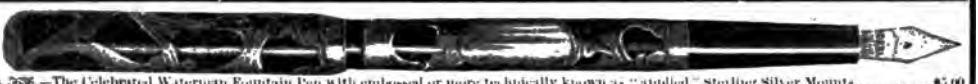

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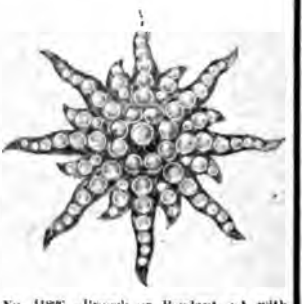

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Mr. Gerhard Heintzman has the pleasure to publish the following official letters, advising the purchase, by the Emperor of Japan, of his piano, sent by the Canadian Government to the 5th National Exhibition of Japan at Osaka.

GERHARD HEINTZMAN, ESQ., OSAKA, JAPAN, July 21st, 1903.
Sherbourne Street, Toronto, Canada.

DEAR SIR: The piano which you sent out here has turned out well as regards its proof against damp, while its tone and general finish has attracted a lot of attention.

I have had several chances to sell it, but held off for some time, but now have to advise you that I have sold it to the Department of the Imperial Household, for use in the Imperial Palace at Tokio. The letter I got accepting my offer of sale was written in Japanese, so I have made out a typewritten letter in English, which I also got signed. This letter I now enclose.

I will return to Canada at the end of the month, when proceeds of the sale of the piano will be handed to you. Yours truly,

W. A. BURNS, Commissioner.

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE AND COMMERCE.
OFFICE OF THE IMPERIAL COMMISSION FOR THE FIFTH NATIONAL INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

WILLIAM A. BURNS, ESQ., OSAKA, JAPAN, July 21st, 1903.
Canadian Commissioner Fifth National Exhibition, Osaka, Japan.

DEAR SIR: I have much pleasure in informing you that the Department of the Imperial Household has decided to purchase the Gerhard Heintzman Cabinet Grand Piano now on exhibit in the Canadian Building at the Fifth National Exhibition, for the use of the Royal Family of His Imperial Majesty, the Emperor of Japan.

Will you please arrange to have this piano packed up and shipped at once to the Department of the Imperial Household, Tokio, and advise this office when shipment is made.

Articles imported for the use of the Imperial Family are exempt from customs charges, and a certificate regarding this piano will be issued accordingly. Yours very truly,

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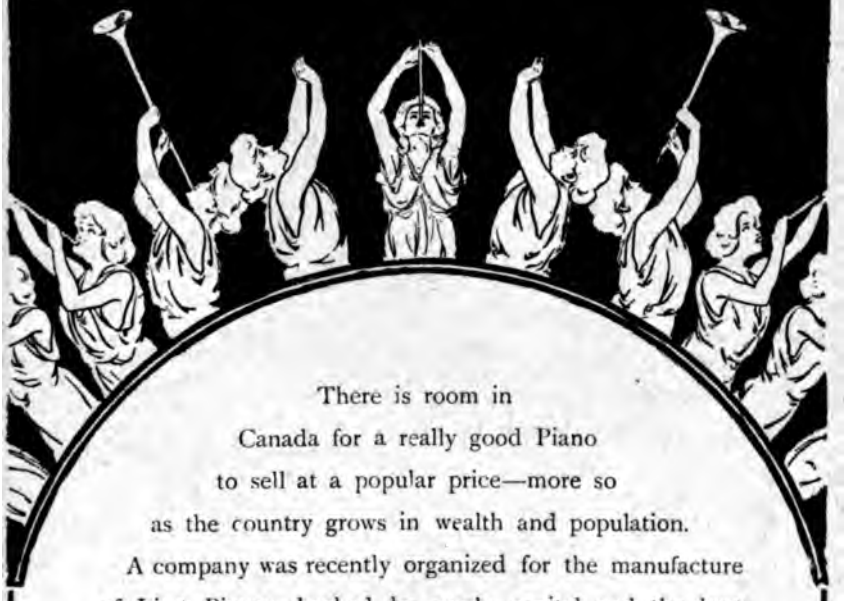

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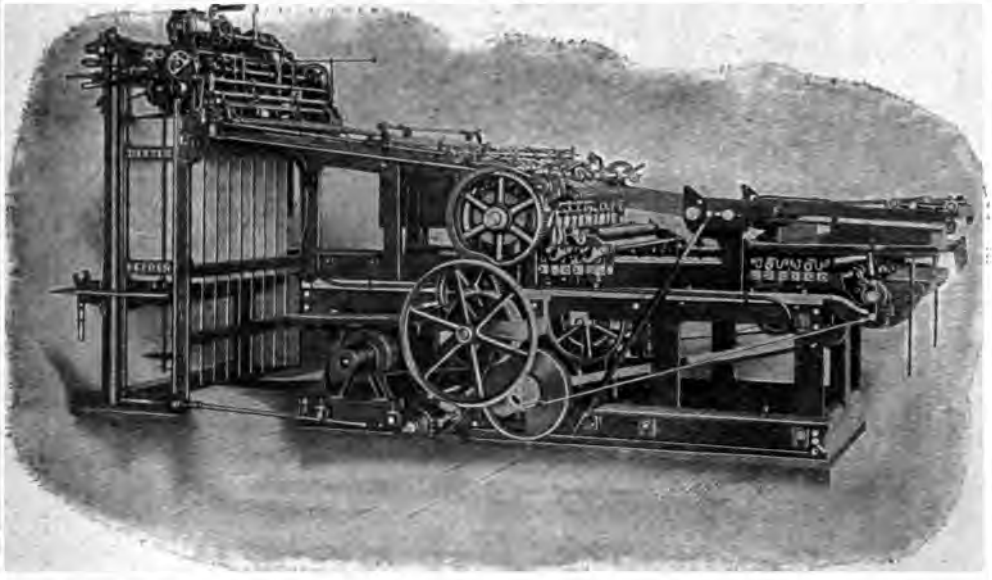

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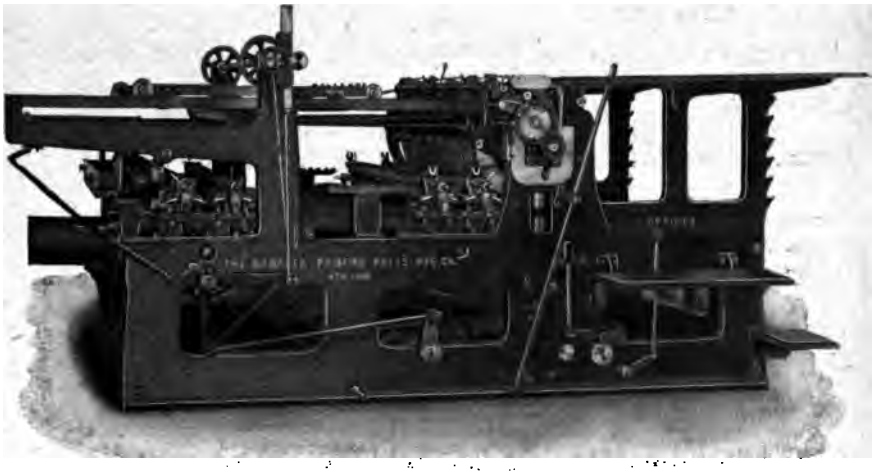

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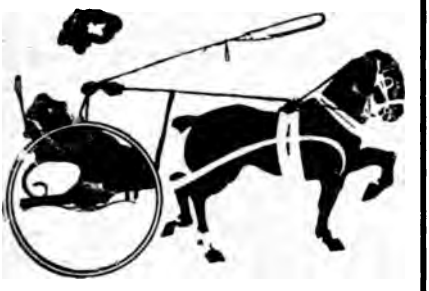

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CONTENTS FOR DECEMBER, 1903.

	PAGE
OUR CHRISTMAS SONG. Mary Lowe Dickinson	481
DRAINING THE ZUYDER ZEE	483
TYPES OF CANADIAN WOMEN	498
INSIDE THE WALLS. Mabel Burkholder	506
BETHLEHEM. Maria Elmendorf Lillie	515
THE PLACE OF RELIGION IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOL. John Millar, B.A.	516
CHRISTMAS. Amy Parkinson	522
REST AND FATIGUE. G. Stanley Hall	523
CHRISTMAS. Phillips Brooks	528
A CHARLATAN ELIJAH	529
THE MADONNA. Sophie Jewett	536
TENNYSON, MAN AND POET. Sydney Hope	537
THE CITY OF DAVID. Charles Hanson Towne	540
A CHRISTMAS CONVERSION AND WHAT CAME OF IT. Rev. Arthur Browning	541
SHINE OUT, O STAR! Mary Lowe Dickinson	542
THE NATIVITY. Sir Edwin Arnold	543
A SINGULAR LIFE. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward	545
CANADA AT THE WORLD'S FAIR	552
CHRISTMAS BELLS. Adene Williams	557
CHRISTMAS CAROLS	558
NEW PRINCE, NEW POMP	562
FOR CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE MORNING	562
CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS	563
RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE	568
OUTWARD BOUND. Helen Hunt Jackson	570
BOOK REVIEWS	571
OUR MAGAZINE FOR 1904	68

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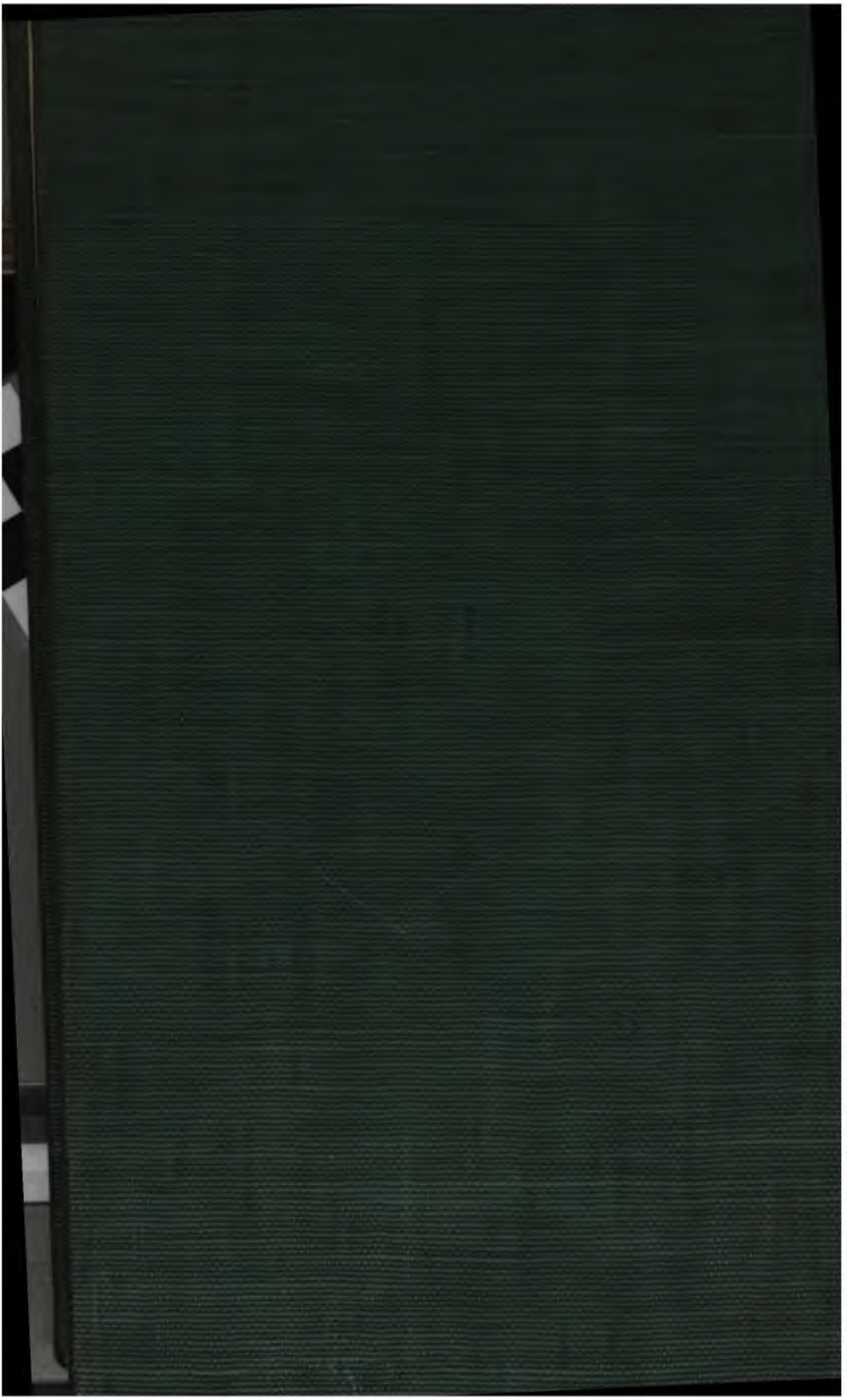
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